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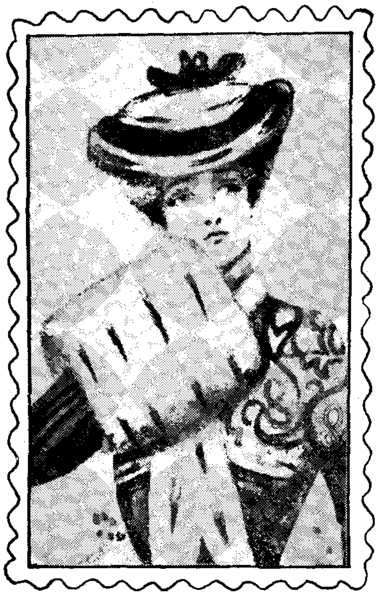
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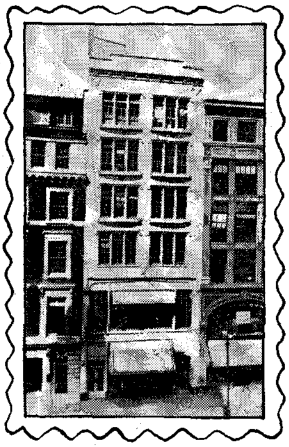
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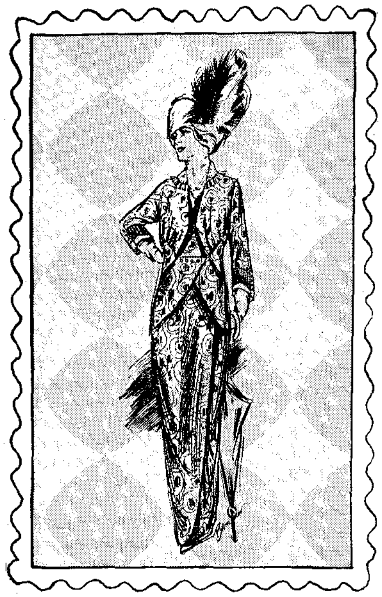
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—A melodrama about life in the governmental purlieus of Washington, where a pack of snarling senators are tearing into one another over the proposal to appoint as Secretary of State a professor who has shown leftward leanings in the past. The author, Loring Mandel (who based his play on the Allen Drury novel), has provided plenty of action, all right, but none of his characters has much depth. Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy are some of the legislators. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family" adapted for the stage with sensitivity and perception by Tad Mosel. Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley do excellent jobs in realizing the playwright's intent. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Becket—Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn in uneasy tandem as, respectively, the Archbishop and the Plantagenet King in Jean Anouilh's sprawling interpretation of the memorable bout between Church and State in the twelfth century. Sir Laurence plays with his usual ease and dexterity, but his style doesn't blend very well with Mr. Quinn's, which is much coarser in texture. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Critic's Choice—A drama reviewer, as well-heeled as a Rockefeller, finds himself at sixes and sevens because his wife has written a play that isn't any good and that integrity compels him to review. Not very brisk, although Henry Fonda, Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton do manage to give the thing a bit of life every now and then. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—Two of the drollest people on earth in a series of skits that range with high good humor over all kinds of current events and phenomena. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Faust, Part I—Goethe's drama, presented in the original German by the Deutsches Schauspielhaus, from Hamburg. A simultaneous translation accompanies each performance; receivers may be rented. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Midgie Purvis—The comic talents of Tallulah Bankhead are displayed only intermittently in this comedy about a wealthy unorthodox Middle Western matron who abandons sable and satin in revolt against her stuffy son when his fiancée and family come to call. The play was written by Mary Chase and directed by Burgess Meredith. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Period of Adjustment—There are worthy performances by Barbara Baxley, James Daly, Robert Webber, and Rosemary Murphy in this Tennessee Williams drama about the marital difficulties of two couples in the South (where else?), but the author's ideas are thin, and his style is fustian. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Eugene Ionesco's shrewd and comical report on what happens to people when they get so anxious to conform that they descend to the level of armored primordial beasts. Zero Mostel and Eli Wallach lead the cast, which is splendid, through all sorts of remarkable capers. The direction, by Joseph Anthony, is imaginative, and the translation from the French, by Derek Prouse, is altogether estimable. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—This play by a nineteen-year-old North Country English girl named Shelagh Delaney depends for its impact on unlikely characters—a whore, her fancy man, her accessible daughter, a homosexual, and a gay deceiver in the guise of a colored sailor—but Miss Delaney makes all of them quite real and well worth our sympathy. Angela Lansbury, Andrew Ray, Nigel Davenport, and Billy Dee Williams are among those effectively present. However, it is Joan Plowright, in the role of the daughter, who makes the play outstanding. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Moves on Monday, Feb. 20, to the Booth, 45th St., W., CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Under the Yum-Yum Tree—A light, very light, comedy, by Lawrence Roman, concerned with a San Francisco virgin who wants to live experimentally with her sweetheart but would like to keep sex out of the arrangement. Sandra Church is sometimes amusing as this peculiar miss, and Dean Jones is adequate as her earnest boy friend. Also on hand is Gig Young, as an amorous landlord, and he is pretty funny. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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The Wall—An attempt, not too successful, to translate to the stage the horrible predicament of the Jews incarcerated in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. Millard Lampell adapted the play from the John Hersey novel, and among the imprisoned are George C. Scott, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the best man:** Gore Vidal takes us behind the scenes at a rowdy and imaginary Presidential convention. Melvyn Douglas, Frank Lovejoy, and Lee Tracy head the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** The story of Helen Keller, who, through the good offices of an Irish girl named Annie Sullivan, overcame the handicap of being blind, deaf, and mute. Patty Duke and Suzanne Pleshette play Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan, and William Gibson is the author. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the tenth man:** Paddy Chayefsky wrote this parable about a Jewish girl possessed by a demon. With Alan Manson, Jacob Ben-Ami, and Martin Wolfson. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Washington's Birthday, at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2.) . . . **toys in the attic:** Lillian Hellman's story of the disintegration of a New Orleans family beset by sex, money, and foolish fantasies. Among the actors are Maureen Stapleton, Robert Loggia, Anne Revere, Irene Worth, and Rochelle Oliver. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—An interpretation of the way things were in King Arthur's court. Indubitably gorgeous, but not particularly enthralling in content, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the formidable team that made "My Fair Lady," participated in the production. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Do Re Mi—Nancy Walker and Phil Silvers in a somewhat stilted effort to find in the sluggish jukebox business a duplicate of the sort of thing that made "Guys and Dolls" a success. The music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are hardly distinguished, and the book, by Garson Kanin, is rather aimless. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—An exercise, purporting to be a breezy French farce, that involves lechers, procurers, and a hard-working prostitute, and is pretty short on wit, style, substance, and taste. It has a large cast headed by Elizabeth Seal, who is a very bouncy girl. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 19.)

Show Girl—Carol Channing, in an extension of a series of night-club turns, proves that she is one of the most amusing women around. She

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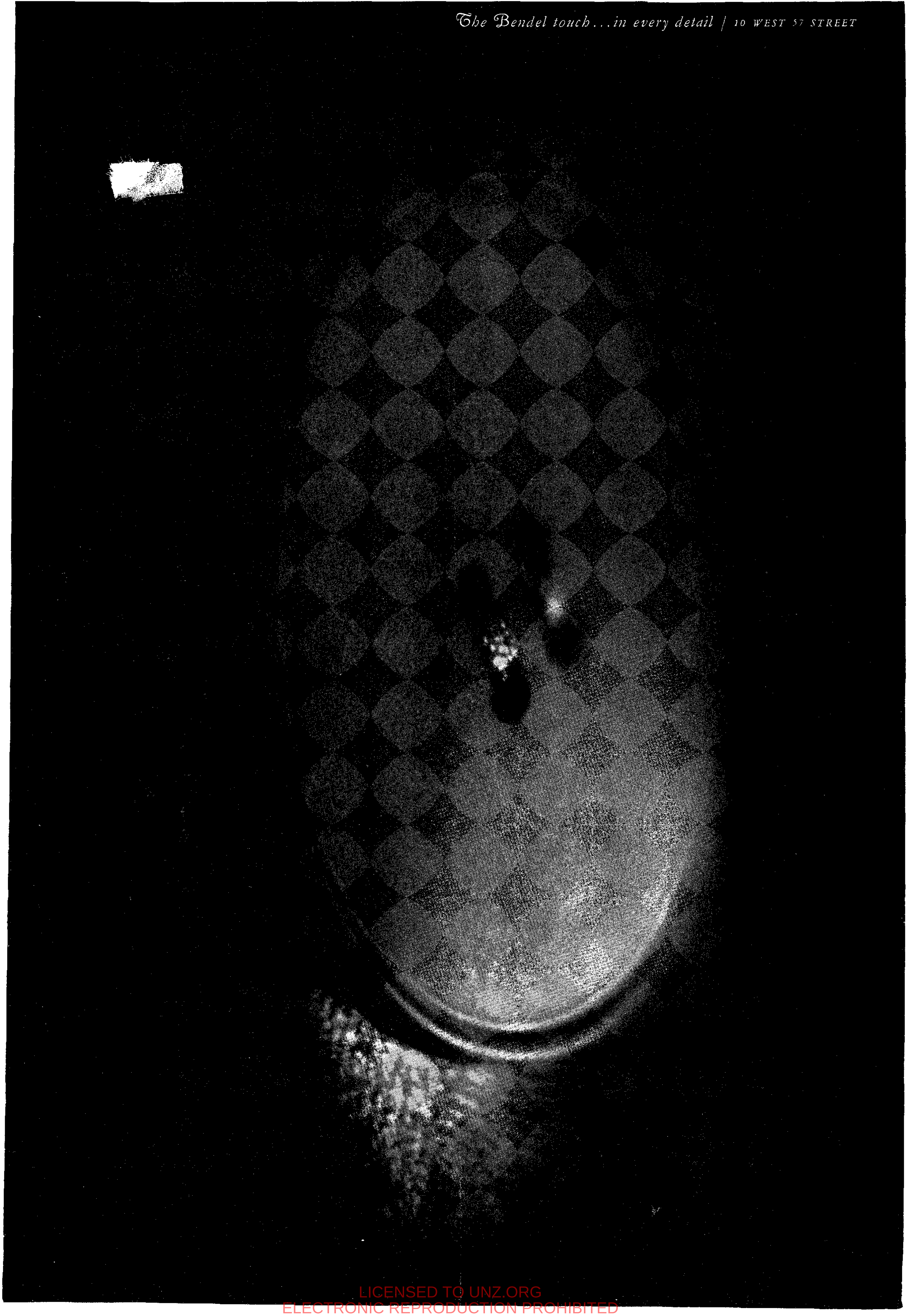
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is assisted capably by Jules Munshin and a French quartet called Les Quat' Jeudis, but the material is a little too slight for the distance it has to travel. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—Maurice Evans, playing a turn-of-the-century parson facing the forces of unrighteousness. As directed by George Abbott (who collaborated on the book with Jerome Weidman), the show is lively, all right, but not very funny. The sets, by Cecil Beaton, are admirable, and the actors, who also include Ron Husmann, Wynne Miller, Eileen Rodgers, and Lee Becker, are enthusiastic. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—Tammy Grimes having herself a jolly fling as a hoyden from rural Colorado who acquires a pile of cash through marriage and proceeds to crash society at home and abroad. Meredith Willson is responsible for the pleasant score, and the sets (by Oliver Smith), the choreography (by Peter Gennaro), and the direction (by Dore Schary) are all top-drawer. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—Noisy but hardly gay doings in the oil fields of the Southwest, where a young lady (Lucille Ball) is trying to make her mark as a promoter and also to snare the manliest roustabout in the area. Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh created the music and lyrics, respectively, and N. Richard Nash wrote the book. Reopens Monday, Feb. 20. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**Bye Bye Birdie:** Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke are the stars of this musical, and the subject is the teen-age phenomenon at its most joyous. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **Fiorello!:** The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley, a dead ringer for the eponymous floweret, is helped by Howard Da Silva and Patricia Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **Gypsy:** Ethel Merman plays the domineering momma of the young Gypsy Rose Lee. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **The Music Man:** Bert Parks in Meredith Willson's musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **My Fair Lady:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **The Sound of Music:** Mary Martin in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Theodore Bikel is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Once There Was a Russian—Sam Spewack's comedy, with Walter Matthau, Françoise Rosay, and Julie Newmar. Directed by Gene Frankel and produced by Leonard Key, Morton Segal, and Kenneth Schwartz, in association with Mel Howard. Opens Saturday, Feb. 18. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Comédie-Française—A three-week repertory of plays, starting with a double bill—"L'Impromptu de Versailles" and "Les Fourberies de Scapin"—by Molière, which will open on Tuesday, Feb. 21, and run through Sunday, Feb. 26. Presented by S. Hurok by arrangement with the French government. A simultaneous translation will accompany each performance; receivers may be rented. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays and Sunday, Feb. 26, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

Come Blow Your Horn—Hal March in a comedy by Neil Simon. The director is Stanley Prager and the producers are William Hammerstein and Michael Ellis. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 22. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The American Dream—Edward Albee's masterly one-act horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a couple of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. Alan Schneider's direction easily matches his materials, and the results are a just about impeccable collaboration. The evening is opened by the Valerie Bettis Dance Theatre in "Domino Furioso." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

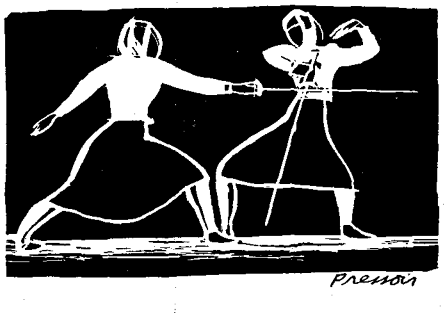
The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Call Me by My Rightful Name—A civil-rights play, inhabited by symbols, about a couple of college students (one white, one Negro) and a comely, deerlike girl, who is played by Joan Hackett. The author, Michael Shurtleff, likes such West Coast phrases as "walk proud through the land." (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Cicero—A play, largely in the form of an interminable monologue, about the closing years in the life of the Roman statesman, whose corrupt times are meant to wag a warning finger in our faces. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

Elsa Lanchester—Herself—A boisterous, rather dull recital of about a dozen songs, ballads, and the like, which suggests that the one-man, or one-woman, show takes more than bravery. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)



Epitaph for George Dillon—The hero of this John Osborne-Anthony Creighton revival—the original production garnered a lot of esteem but no money a couple of years back—is a literary fake, a bore, a sponger, and a begetter of illegitimate children, and it is a relief when he safely sells his soul. The writing is often eloquent, and the cast at least knows it. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, a new and fascinating Hedda Gabler, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—A 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An excellent, if occasionally flawed, production of Rabindranath Tagore's 1910 fusion of classic and folk Indian drama, in which we are told, through stylized speech, dance, chanting, and pantomime, how a symbolic King and Queen eventually achieve oneness. The cast is both Indian and American, and has been directed by Krishna Shah. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two excellent sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Herbert Berghof, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Kreutzer Sonata—The English couple Hannah Watt and Roderick Lovell are the whole cast in their own adaptation of Leo Tolstoy's short novel. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Leave It to Jane—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Special matinée Washington's Birthday at 3.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. Eileen Brennan plays the heroine with marvellous style. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. Special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2.)

The Moon in the Yellow River—A seriocomic play by Denis Johnston, written in 1930, that deals with the symbolic conflict between a German engineer (progress) and an Irish revolutionary (individualism). War is also present, in the person of a police officer, and

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the setting is the mouth of a large Irish river. The production is commendable. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Washington's Birthday, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Special matinée Washington's Birthday at 3.)

The Mousetrap—The main trouble with this Agatha Christie, which is a copy of older and better Christies, is a faulty suspense mechanism. However, thousands of happy Londoners, who love isolated mansions and nervous guests better than themselves, have been expressing nothing but approval for nearly a decade now. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays, except Feb. 20, through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

The Octoroon—A strong, if unintentional, attempt by the Phoenix repertory company to consign to oblivion (where it belongs) this 1859 Dion Boucicault melodrama about Uncle Tom down on the old plantation. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 5.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

There Is a Play Tonight!—Joyce Bulifant in a newly discovered comedy by the late Ferenc Molnár. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Three Modern Japanese Plays—An all-American attempt by an all-American cast to interpret the secrets of two adaptations from ancient *no* plays, and one adapation from a present-day short story. Each play is in one act. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—Marked down from fourpence. In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Tiger Rag—Nancy Andrews in a musical with book and lyrics by Seyril Schochen and music by Kenneth Gaburo. Opens Thursday, Feb. 16. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

To Damascus—The American première of August Strindberg's play, starring George W. Jones and Dolores Dorn-Heft. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0283. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Two for Fun—Mata & Hari, the husband-and-wife pantomime team, in a satiric revue, with music by Lothar Perl and Silvio Masciarelli. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. OR 9-6244. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly entertaining) is being presented at the Premise, a coffeehouse far more comfortable than most, at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Perpetual motion, the secret of which has been in the management's family for two generations, is given a real whirl here. Some of the motive power is Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Well, "when Rosalinda hears her husband making plans with Momo to attend Prince Orlofsky's ball disguised as a French marquis, she decides to go in the guise of . . ." So begins the truncated version of Johann Strauss's "Rosalinda," which uncoils in the Cotillion Room with the vigorous aid of Wilbur Evans, Jimmy Carroll, and a pleasurable new soubrette named Lorna Ceniceros. They break loose twice a night on Fridays and Saturdays, only at dinner during the rest of the week. There's also lively dance music throughout. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling little spa in which a small group of musicians, almost always Stanley Worth's, offers invitations to the dance.

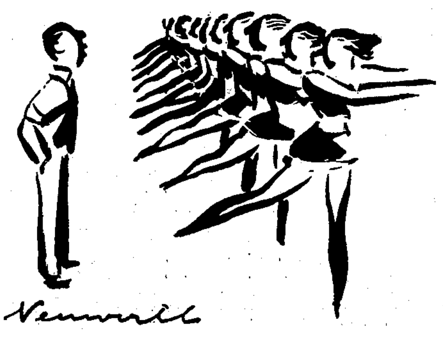
Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, a Pierian spring of dance music wells up from Ted Straeter's fervid vintners and Mark Monte's agile Latin scholars. Hildegarde, who holds her levees at dinner and supper, remains implacably *grande-dame*, but this season her arias are by no means as garden-party as they used to be. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra does lemon-or-cream music in the Palm Court from four to seven and thought-for-food music in the Edwardian Room at dinner. It's all just for listening. . . . ¶ No abrupt changes in the weather (perpetual spring) or the tempo (the dance bands of Irving Conn and Nicholas D'Amico) in the Rendez-Vous, where the music begins at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill has those Guy Lombardo saxophones, which melt at less than room temperature, to persuade the guests to venture onto the dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a comely design for living it up, Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's trio operate on a non-stop schedule except for the interlude (at dinner and again at supper) during which Marti Stevens, a modest violet who is always a pleasure to hear and behold, does her songs. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Leisure classes are held in the Columns, an exhibition of Roman architecture bathed in moonlight, by Gunnar Hansen's orchestra, which sets to a bit past seven with dining music and then, at eight-thirty, blossoms into upbeat dance music, a commodity also provided by Charles Holden's band. This goes on until two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and handsome forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley plays piano from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two of Park Avenue's best-known winter palaces—i.e., the Embassy Club, with Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band doing dance medleys from eight-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two, and the Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's fiddle goes to work at eight or so. Both are closed to the public on Sundays.



Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Responding, presumably, to the call of "Author! Author!," Betty Comden and Adolph Green, whose pens have launched a thousand Broadway song-and-dance shows, are doing some of their favorite excerpts from their collected works with as much merriment as anyone could possibly impart. They arrive at dinner and supper. On the podium, the dance bands of Emil Coleman and Theo Fanidi sound off majestically and persuasively. The scene is the Empire Room. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley pursues the very even tenor of its ways with Michael Zarin's and Ray Bari's chirruping bands (thinking tunes from six to eight-thirty, dance tunes thereafter to one) except Sundays, when the Baris are all by themselves (piano from six to eight, then dancing to one).

Note—The Rainbow Room, in the upper reaches of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, is the Last Chance bar on the way to Heaven. Drinking-and-dining music flows mildly from a trio from four-thirty through the dinner hour. The phone is CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): New York, New York, it's a hell of a town, and here are a lot of the characters who keep it popping. Murray Grand's soft yet knowing piano sets the pace from eight to ten, at which hour he withdraws to the establishment's new little Plush Room, a handsome plaza in which Jane Harvey, a handsome bit of bric-a-brac herself, sings calmly but with feeling the sort of song that flows so easily from the minds of men like Vernon Duke and Hugh Martin. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Old friends, and plenty of young ones, too, leading what looks (and sounds) like a permanent community life. Bob Printz plays hand-holding piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders do romantic single and buckety-buckety double piano from then on. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): It would not be easy to find in all the Eternal City an assembly hall that could hold a Roman candle to this one. Through the throngs of merrymakers, the beautifully regimented choir of mobile violinists run by Herman Honigsberg makes its way, tailed by a squadron of Latin guitarists and choristers. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, the other by Cy Walter, who has an in-the-pink Steinway at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday handyman. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine villa converted, with a minimum of alteration, into an opera house. Tuesday through Saturday, a supply of *lasagna* like "The Barber of Seville" is tossed around with all-out energy. The major-domo is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo even when there's no opera, and who guides a dance trio after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A bunch of Latins whooping it up in the oldest Spanish colony of the New World. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fitted for a king, with moat, drawbridge, dungeon (only for wine, now), and all that. Norbert Faconi is truly the moving spirit of this wonderland, since he is forever gliding from table to table with a violin under his chin. No music Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): State banquets in miniature. Jules Kuti plays conversational piano in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): *Poor's Manual* taking its resplendent ease. George Feyer contributes petitpoint piano from eight-thirty through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the very matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, ap

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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plies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): This one wasn't built in a day, as the careful detail of mural and music quickly indicates. It's patrolled by a closely knit group of street musicians wooing the night, which begins at six and ends at two. Closed Sundays.... **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): The South Sea Islands on a resort-clothes basis. Stringed instruments vibrate all the way from dinner through a reasonably late supper; George Taylor holds down the piano in the thoroughly American bar every night but Sunday.... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The Moorish invaders seem to have stopped in at this enterprise, whose large and artfully meandering interior reflects their stay. Conrad Monjoy's piano meanders, too, from six-o'clock cocktails to midnight supper, and a bit later on Saturdays. No music Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): As is true of the establishment's namesake in Madrid, not even Basic Spanish is required to understand the staff or the music, which is piano and guitar. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As good a place to go Mitteleuropa-native as the town affords. The evening breezes are perpetually laden with the sound of zimbalons, fiddles, customers, Tibor Rakossy's balm-of-Gilead tenor, and Janine Poret's *vin-rosé* soprano. Her last night, by the way, is Sunday, Feb. 19. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Half the time, the star of the evening is the anonymous wit who devised the décor. The rest of the time, the star is the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, a performer new to these precincts. Music from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, world traveller, is giving the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park a fine, glossy coat. He's at it from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, every night but Sunday.... **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Diogenes would need a couple of Viennese lanterns to discover any authenticated fragments of Alt Wien here, but if it's unmitigated music and unmitigated song (in a variety of tongues) that's wanted, here they are. On Thursday, Feb. 23, Vicky Autier will resume her duties as bit-of-fluff French soubrette. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): All play and nearly no words make the resident company, largely Eves before the Fall, a vivacious crew indeed to take care of what can for once be truthfully termed a spectacular. Dancing.... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The principal figure is Jimmy Durante, America's own Cyrano de Bergerac, who serves as the desperate and blustering hero of millions of his compatriots. Also present is an octet of do-it-yourself ballerinas who would be perfect components for an eight-jewel watch. Dancing. On Thursday, Feb. 23, Bobby Darin and his chest tones will replace Mr. Durante; nothing can ever replace the ballerinas.... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Frances Faye, shooting from the hip (and from her piano), brings one song after another down in shreds and tatters. Even at the top of her and her orchestra's lungs, it's a funny idea. Also on deck: Gene Baylos, a humorist who can set you to wondering where you heard *that* before, and Louis Jordan's Tympany Five, which should be seen but not heard. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Jack Douglas, once the deviser of Jack Paar's ad-libs, is now speaking brusquely and bumptiously for himself. This season, he's accompanied by Mrs. D. (i.e., Reiko-san, a Japanese oriole). The world-well-lost voice of Tommy Makem, the soloist portion of the estimable Clancy Brothers glee club, makes the artlessness of Irish balladry ever more poignant; Barbara Gilbert bears her terse little songs aloft on the wings of a wasp; and Jimmy Lyons' well-sprung trio and Otis Clements's piano fill the interludes....¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty and his contemplative piano preside over the six-to-eight activities every night except Saturday, and the Lyons family is apt to do extra sets early in the morning.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): No question-and-answer period is necessary after the newest of Julius Monk's annual *revistas*, since the issues of the day—and, for that matter, of the night—are discussed succinctly, assiduously, and acidulously for all to hear. The imps who whisk through it are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Gerry Matthews, Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl; the orchestra is the double pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A further Monk enterprise, in which Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart bound like porpoises through a piano-and-bass recital that is accompanied by their own hippety-hop commentary. Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood supplement this soirée with just about the most artful double piano in town. The music begins around nine. Closed Sundays.... **KING ARTHUR ROOM**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a sort of dowager queen of the night, is casually demonstrating to the younger generations exactly how to bring out the best in a ballad, and doing it without ever raising her voice. Sam Hamilton and Don Evans are at the pianos. The place is upstairs inside the Roundtable. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The fascinating Iberian fable known as Carmen Amaya is once more, after three long years, being retold in the back room, a place in which she foots it featly and fiercely in the midst of a host of acolytes. Sundays, the one activity is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty....¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvarado's terse voice does flamenco songs so beguiling that half the audience joins in. Sundays are silent.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Several tried-and-true ingredients; i.e., Felicia Sanders, a singer who's not only a ball but a pillar of fire; Isobel Robins, a cherub full to the brim with bantering ballads; and Milt Kamen, a people's philosopher who is going to see life through, willy-nilly. Those early settlers—Tiger Haynes and the music of his dithyrambic Three Flames, as well as Jimmie Daniels, the *conférencier*—are still around, and Loumel Morgan and Peter Daniels are still doing the intermission piano. Miss Robins and Mr. Kamen finish up on Sunday, Feb. 19; a set of replacements, among them a viable wit named Paul Dooley, arrive on Tuesday, Feb. 21. Closed Mondays.... **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Every night but Tuesday, three young people—Lynda Segal, Richard Libertini, and MacIntyre Dixon—act out a charade of their own devising (largely in pantomime that is anything but dumb-show) on the second floor. This pocket-size revue occurs at nine and twelve except Sundays, when curtain times are five-thirty and nine.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The ample new stage is full of a lightly staffed revue called "O, Oysters!," most of whose pearls of wisdom are sicklied o'er with a pale cast of words, words, words. It spouts at eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, at eight-thirty other nights. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Bobby Hackett's horn puts a silver lining around things whenever it isn't just plain chortling with glee. He and three companion semi-traditionalists have the run of the place. Bob Corwin is the intermission curator of the keyboard. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Oscar Brown, Jr., just about the youngest Messiah ever to come out of Chicago, is delivering—with a skill almost too consummate—a variety of generally worthy essays into folk music, practically all of his own making; Orson Bean, at ease on his home grounds, is a *sui-generis* wit and muser. There's an extra session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays.... **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The pièce de résistance is Mel Tormé, that rarest of singers—one whose countless variations on a theme never overlook the theme. A sturdy bunch of the boys, led by Al Cohn, makes his music. The trio of Dorothy Donegan, who can't always choose between being a pianist and a circus aerialist, is also present. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Almost the only candle in the windows of Fifty-second Street since the strip teasers have been impounded. Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are carrying on the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Empire City Six is hammering home its message, which is that the South will rise again. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons, starting at five; closed Mondays.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's piano is a powerful persuader that the music of the future is pleasurable rather than solemn. He comes equipped with a trio. No music Mondays.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The simultaneous falls of the Bastille and Niagara. The Bourbon Street Six (off duty Mondays) and Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays) are the mainstays of the evening sessions, which begin at seven-forty-five. Sol Yaged's fivesome helps out on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays. The afternoon shift is manned by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman. The music starts at three Mondays through Fridays, and at one-thirty Saturdays and Sundays. Saturdays, the upstairs room is also open, to receive the Coles, Max Kaminsky's quintet, and friends.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie, who utters many a wise word in jest, is alternately taking his ease and flipping frenzied noise through his homemade horn. He's assisted by a quintet. Also present: Illinois Jacquet and his band, which is out of its tiny mind. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out.... **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Gigi Gryce's modernist quintet, which would take candy from a baby and turn it into music, holds forth in a wholly Village setting. A junior-varsity team on Mondays.... **PRELUDE**, 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): Life among the upstate jazz buffs, who are getting a full report on progress downstate. The elixir of that life, offered up by Red Garland's trio, is available after nine or thereabouts every evening but Monday. The Garlands take leave on Wednesday, Feb. 22.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A listening post at which rapt attention is the order of the evening. Herbie Mann's flute-and-drum corps of wild West Indians leaves on Sunday, Feb. 19; on Tuesday, Feb. 21, a quintet assembled by Joe Newman, lately a graduate of Count Basie's band, will move in. Closed Mondays.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The weekends are devoted to the instruction of the young in the rudiments of rudimentary jazz. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 17-18, the faculty should include Tony Parenti, Buster Bailey, Red Allen,

Being measured for a gun in Purdey's famous Long Room—photo by Mark Shaw

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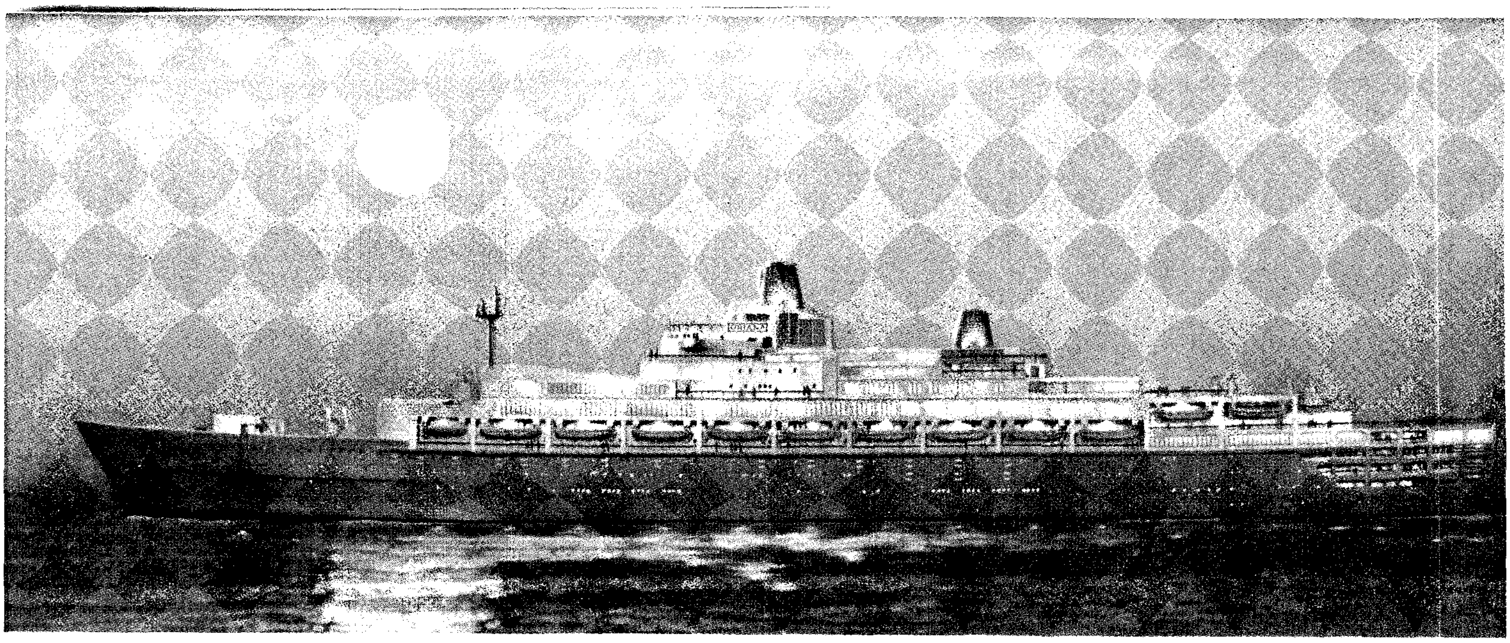

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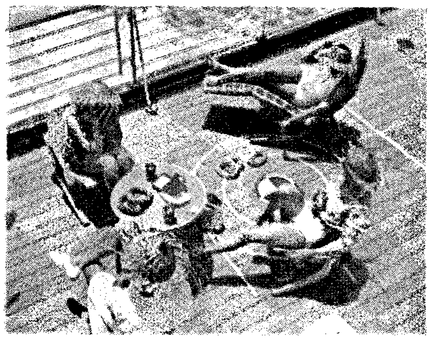

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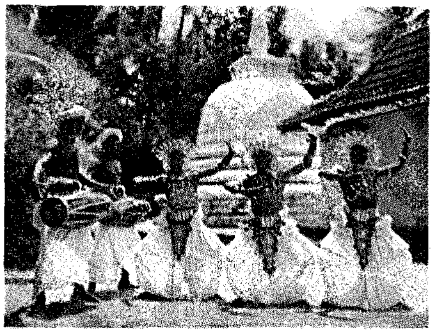

Kandy dancers at Ceylon's fantastic Temple of the Tooth.

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Dick Wellstood, Gene Sedric, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Herman Axelrod—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

Jason Berger—Slashingly drawn Expressionist landscapes by a young Boston artist; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

William Brice—Paintings and drawings, all figure studies; through March 4. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Raffaele Castello—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Trabia, 14 E. 95th St.)

Nicolas de Staël—A loan exhibition of abstract paintings, 1946-53, by a young French artist who died in 1955; through March 4. (Hahn, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

Edwin Dickinson—A large retrospective of his paintings, in one of his rare one-man exhibitions; through March 11. (Graham, second and third floors, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lynne Drexler—Abstractions; through Thursday, Feb. 23. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

José Echave—A Uruguayan artist depicting the people and landscapes of his country in paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Galería Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

Dorothy Eisner—Expressionistic still-lifes and landscapes; starting Friday, Feb. 17. (James, 70 E. 12th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Sam Francis—Lithographs and gouaches by this American associated with the School of Paris; through March 9. (Anderson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fred Garbers—Semi-abstract paintings; through March 4. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Joseph Glasco—Abstract paintings and sculptures; through March 11. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

James Grant—Abstract oils and collages; through March 2. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Monday mornings and Washington's Birthday.)

John Grillo—Abstract canvases; through March 4. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

O. Louis Guglielmi—A small memorial of his oils, tracing his development from 1936 to his death in 1956; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

Philip Guston—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through March 11. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

David Hayes—Forged-metal sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Hultberg—Cityscapes with figures; through March 11. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Jasper Johns—Drawings, sculptures, and lithographs by a member of the New York School; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

Wolf Kahn—Abstract oils and pastels; through March 4. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wassily Kandinsky—Abstract paintings (1905-40); through Saturday, Feb. 18. (New Gallery, 50 E. 78th St.)

Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, and B. F. Dolbin—Water colors and drawings; through Feb. 28. (Este, 965-A Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Franz Kline—Oils of barroom scenes with girls, plus portrait drawings, all done in the early forties; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Collector's Gallery, 49 W. 53rd St.)

Karl Knaths—Recent abstract oils, mainly based on Cape Cod themes; through March 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Fritz Koenig—Thirty bronzes and a group of drawings by a young German sculptor; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Robert J. Lee—Figure paintings and landscapes with figures; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Robert Mallary—Wall sculptures and relief collages; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Stone, 18 E. 82nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Gerhard Marcks—Twenty-five bronze sculptures of figures and animals by the German artist; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

André Masson—A retrospective dating from 1924 to 1960, in the first showing of his paintings here in several years; through March 25. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Matta—New oils, Surrealist in manner, in his first one-man exhibition of paintings in three years; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Richard Olney—Still-lifes and portraits; through March 4. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Raymond Parker—Non-objective paintings; through March 4. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Felix Pasilis—Abstract oils; through March 4. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Ranieri—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Jerri Ricci—Impressionistic water colors of landscapes, and dock and street scenes, in and about Rockport, Boston, and Gloucester; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Robert Richenburg—Large abstract paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Robert Ridley—Ten large canvases; starting Friday, Feb. 17. (Carmel, 82 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Larry Rivers—Six welded-steel sculptures and one cast in bronze; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Manmohan Samant—Fourteen canvases and one sculpture by an Indian artist. First one-man show in New York; through March 4. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Tetsuro Sawada—Papers painted in sumi, water color, and gouache by a modern Japanese artist; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

Maurice Sievan—Abstract Expressionist paintings, dark in tone; through Feb. 28. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Thomas Sills—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Hassel Smith—Paintings by a California artist; through March 11. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Teiji Takai—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Denny Winters—Figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

James Thrall Soby Collection—Paintings and sculptures (by Picasso, Miró, de Chirico, Marini, Calder, and others) from a collection that has been pledged to the Museum of Modern Art. For the benefit of the Museum's library. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Sculptures—At the **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by contemporary European artists, among them Eduardo Chillida, Elisabeth Frink, and Carel Visser; through Saturday, Feb. 18. . . . **JACQUES SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: Pieces by three Americans—Katherine Nash, David Newman, and Fred Powell; through Feb. 28. (Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Primitive Art—A show called "Surrealism in the Primitive Arts," consisting of sculptures, paintings, and masks from the South Pacific islands and the American Northwest coast; through Feb. 28. (D'Arcy, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ARTISTS'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Thyra Davidson, Robert Hallett, Adolph Rosenblatt, and six other painters: through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Weekdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Gouaches, water colors, and pastels by twentieth-century Americans, including William Glackens, John Sloan, and William Kienbusch; through March 4. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: A twenty-ninth-anniversary exhibition of paintings and sculptures by such gallery members as Isabel Bishop, Edward Betts, and Raymond Puccinelli; through Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 39 Grove St.: The Mid-Season Sculpture, Drawing, and Graphics Exhibition; through Thursday, Feb. 23. (Daily, 1 to 6.) . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Monotypes by Antonio Frasconi, Peter Takal, and others, loaned by the Philadelphia Art Alliance; through March 4. (Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings from the sixteenth century to today, illustrating similarities and diversions in style; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Closed Washington's Birthday.) . . . **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Miriam Bergman, Theo Hios, Barbara Hepworth, and others; through March 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: 1960 Venice Biennale prize-winning works in various mediums by, among others, Alberto Burri, Antonio Music, and Pietro Consagra; through March 4.

Europeans; Group Show—A show primarily of oils, entitled "Trends of the 'Twenties in the School of Paris" and consisting of works by Vivin, Picasso, Utrillo, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Arts of Thailand," an exhibition of three hundred pieces dating as far back as the sixth century. Included are sculptures (ranging from life-sized Buddhas to small animals), paintings, illuminated manuscripts, ceramics, silks, jewelry, theatrical masks and puppets, and decorative objects in gold, silver, and crystal. Through Sunday, Feb. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings done since 1945, including eleven recent murals, by the Abstract Expressionist Mark Rothko; through March 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Drawings of the past three hundred years, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others, from the Museum's collection; through March 1. . . . ¶ "Masters of Contemporary American Crafts," a display of textiles, ceramics, enamels, silver, and furniture, illustrating the influence on these decorative arts of Lili Blumenau, Kenneth F. Bates, Wharton Esherick, and five other masters; through April 23. (Wednesdays, except Washington's Birthday, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibition of gold, jade, and bronze objects, as well as ceramics and pottery sculpture, from the Han dynasty (206 B.C.-221 A.D.); through March 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, Sundays, and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibition of calligraphy and painting by a hundred and twenty contemporary artists of Free China; through Friday, Feb. 24. (Mondays, through Fridays, except Washington's Birthday, 9 to 5, and Friday evenings, 8 to 11.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty paintings and drawings from the Arensberg and Gallatin Collections, on loan from the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Among the artists represented are Braque, Chagall, Duchamp, Gris, Léger, and Picasso. Through April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A Civil War centennial exhibit of documents, books, and works of art relating to the war and Abraham Lincoln, and depicting the civic and military role of American Jews, both Northern and Southern; through Thursday, Feb. 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—Portraits found in ancient manuscripts, and portrait drawings, from the ninth to the nineteenth centuries; through March 11. (Weekdays, except Washington's Birthday, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Masks, sculptures, and other ceremonial carvings from the Papuan Gulf area in southern New Guinea; through May 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—From the Museum's collections: Forty seventeenth- to nineteenth-century Tibetan tankas, or banner paintings, done by Buddhist lamas; Far Eastern art objects; and American paintings and sculptures by B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Hugo Robus, Adja Yunkers, and others; through Feb. 26. (Daily, except Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"The Precisionist View in American Art," an exhibition of paintings, mainly from the twenties, organized by the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis. The artists include George Ault, Charles Demuth, and Charles Sheeler; through Feb. 28. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 16, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Margaret Roggero, Robert Merrill, Dino Formichini, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 2: "Simon Boccanegra," with Renata Tebaldi, Anselmo Colzani, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Lucine Amara, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Eugenio Fernandi, Robert Merrill, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Tebaldi, Margaret Roggero, Nicolai Gedda, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Zinka Milanov, Anselmo Colzani, Richard Tucker, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Giulietta Simionato, Kurt Baum, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 24, at 8: A new production of Puccini's "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Anna Moffo, and Franco Corelli. (A benefit sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild for the Production Fund; for tickets, call TE 8-8500.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 25, at 2: "Martha" (in English), with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Eileen Farrell, Giulietta Simionato, Eugenio Fernandi, Anselmo Colzani, and William Wildermann.

Manhattan School of Music Opera Workshop—A double bill—the first performances of Nicholas Flagello's one-act opera "The Sisters" (with a libretto by Dean Mundy) and, as a curtain-raiser, Ermano Wolf-Ferrari's "The Secret of Susanne." Produced by John Brownlee, conducted by Mr. Flagello, and staged by Carlton Gauld. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 22-23, at 8. For free tickets, call EN 9-2202.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At **carnegie hall**: Thomas Schippers conducting on Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 17, at 2:15; and Sunday, Feb. 19, at 3 (all with Leon Fleisher, piano). . . . ¶ Vladimir Golschmann conducting on Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 24, at 2:15; and Sunday, Feb. 26, at 3 (no soloists). . . . **brooklyn academy of music**: Mr. Golschmann conducting. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 2:30.)

Music Forgotten and Remembered—Frederic Waldman conducting a chamber orchestra, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

New York Sinfonietta—Max Goberman conducting, with Helen Kwalwasser, violin, and others. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 19, at 2:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—Daniel Saidenberg conducting the Saidenberg Little Symphony in the last in a series of programs of baroque chamber music. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Feb. 19, at 4. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

American Opera Society—Nicola Rescigno directing the first of two performances of Bellini's "Beatrice di Tenda" in concert form, with Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne, sopranos; Enzo Sordello, baritone; and Richard Cassilly, tenor. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 8:45. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Orchestra of America—Richard Korn conducting, with Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano, and Enrico di Giuseppe, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Elias Dann conducting, with Stoddard Lincoln, harpsichord, and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2031.)

Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers—Serge Jaroff directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Zita Carno—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

Martina Arroyo—Soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 17, at 5:45.)

New York pro Musica—A program of Renaissance and early baroque music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Annie Fischer—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Guitar. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:40.)

Noel Lee and Paul Makanowitzky—In the first of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano-and-violin sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

Hyman Bress—Violin. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

Berl Senofsky—Violin. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

Duo Cassadó—Gaspar Cassadó, cello, and Chieko Hara, piano. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Rafael Puyana—Harpsichord. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 24, at 5:45.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The fifth concert in the series, this one by the Vienna Octet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Folk singers. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Note—The Quartetto Italiano will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 26, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 20, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Thelonious Monk's quartet. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 18, at 2: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 7: Detroit vs. Syracuse and Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 24, at 9: Knicks vs. St. Louis.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 18: Gene (Ace) Armstrong vs. Dick Tiger, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.). . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 20, at 8: Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association.

Fencing—International Invitation Tournament—Friday, Feb. 17, at noon and 8: Men's individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 9 and 3:30: Men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 19, at 10 and 4: Men's individual sabre. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 19, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Indoor Polo—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, March 29.

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 17, at 8: New York Athletic Club. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 25, at 7:30: National A.A.U. Indoor Championships.

Trapshooting—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 25-26, at 11.)

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the **peggy bridge marionettes**: "Emperor's Nightingale." (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.). . . **children's fine arts guild**: "Ching-ling and the Magic Peach." (Royal Playhouse, 62 E. 4th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3.). . . **horizons**: "Alice in Wonderland." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Sunday, Feb. 19, at 12:45.). . . **martinique theatre**: "Aladdin and His Magic Lamp." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.). . . **merri-mimes**: "Cinderella," Saturday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ "The Firebird," Saturday, Feb. 25. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Afternoons at 1, 2:30, and 4.). . . **merry-go-rounders**: "Ballet Charades," "The Love for Three Oranges," and "Cakewalk." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Feb. 19, at 2.). . . **merry wanderers children's theatre**:

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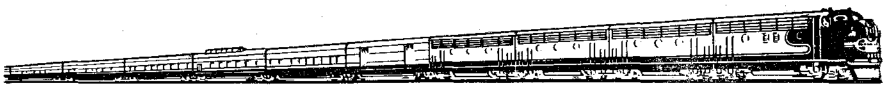

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Hiawatha." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS:** "Witches Are for Wearing." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call WA 9-7407.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Pinocchio," Saturday, Feb. 18. "Puss and Boots," Saturday, Feb. 25. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Afternoons at 3.) . . . **THEATRE EAST:** "Circus Lion." (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Astronomy in the News;" through Feb. 27. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Washington's Birthday at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Feature pictures or cartoons. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Washington's Birthday. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Feb. 16, at 1:45: Modern paintings and drawings by such artists as Jean Dufy, Matisse, Diego Rivera, and Rouault; from the collection of Stanley N. Barbee and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 1:45: English furniture, Georgian silver and Sheffield plate, porcelains, and Oriental rugs; the property of Leonard S. Golding and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 21-22, at 1:45: American and other autographs and manuscripts, belonging to various collectors.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "The Western Film"—Through Feb. 18: "The Great Train Robbery" (1903), "Shootin' Mad" (1919), "Hiawatha" (1909), "The Red Girl and the Child" (1910), and "The Last of the Line" (1914). . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 19: "The Taking of Luke McBane" (1915) and "Between Men" (1915), both with William S. Hart. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.) . . . **NOTE:** On Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8:30, there will be a one-shot première of "Modigliani of Montparnasse" (in French), with Gérard Philipe and Lilli Palmer. Tickets may be obtained at the Museum.

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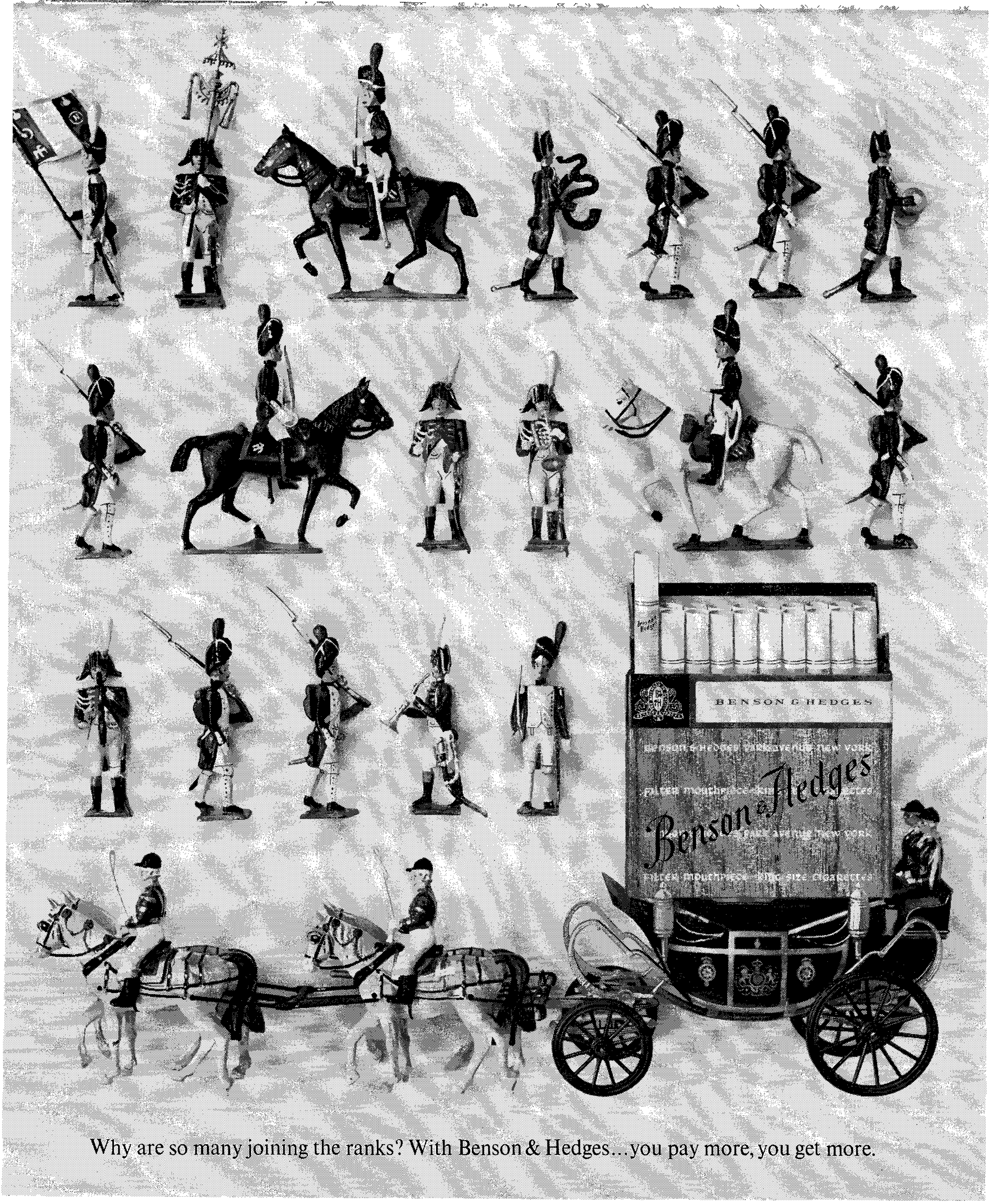

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

NOW PLAYING

Ballad of a Soldier—This Soviet film tells the simplest of tales about a young soldier on leave from the front, but Grigori Chukhrai's direction and brilliant camera work, coupled with the lovely youthfulness of his two principals, Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, supply the audience with a procession of remarkable and sometimes heartbreaking visual delights. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Ben-Hur—Large, expensive, and lengthy, this latest version of the old chariot-racing classic has Charlton Heston as its lead driver. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Breathless—The most glittering and memorable example of the French New Wave films follows the last few hours in the life of a cool, self-destructive Parisian car thief, and succeeds, by the style of its camera and the intelligence of its script, in conveying all the compelling modern delusions of which he is victim. Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this undoubted masterwork, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg distinguish themselves as the hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Don Quixote—The Knight of the Woeful Figure here is a Russian, Nikolai Cherkasov, who gives a strong and touching performance in this doggedly faithful Soviet version of Cervantes's classic. He and director Grigory Kozintsev's astonishing color compositions save the tale from its own broad sentimentalities. Dubbed (and poorly dubbed) into English. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Entertainer—Laurence Olivier gives a stunning performance as a hard-drinking, lascivious, and thoroughly untalented music-hall singer and dancer. No use pretending the film will make you feel good; still, it would be a shame to miss Olivier at the very top of his bent, ably assisted by Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Feb. 22, tentative.)

Exodus—Time moves slowly in the Middle East, and Otto Preminger has made no attempt to hurry it along in his almost everlasting film about the founding of Israel. Occasional gunfire fails to interrupt the gabfest among Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb, and several dozen other chatterboxes, and in the end Jews, Arabs, and Britishers are all routed by the forces of logorrhea. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

General della Rovere—Here is a practically flawless picture on a major theme—the making of a brave and honorable man out of what has been a vain, craven, and dishonest one. Vittorio De Sica superbly enacts this extraordinary transformation, and Hannes Messemer is nearly as good in a secondary role. The picture was directed in masterly fashion by Roberto Rossellini. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

I'm All Right, Jack—Peter Sellers doing a highly droll interpretation of a shop steward in an English plant where the workers—featherbedders one and all—have got the upper hand. The capitalists in this arrangement, among them Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, and Richard Attenborough, are also a little short on ethics. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 22, tentative.)

The Love Game—*La nouvelle vague* brings us this charming picture, and it is pleasant to discover that the latest fashion in comedy appears to be the very old fashion of provoking laughter. A truly funny French import, in which an attractive pair of lovers quarrel and make up in the streets, shops, night clubs, and green purlieus of Paris, and oh, how young you will feel, watching them! (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Feb. 21.)

The Misfits—Modern-day mustangs and lonely ladies are some of the too obvious symbols in this Western parable written by Arthur Miller, but the performances of Marilyn Monroe and the late Clark Gable almost compensate for all the sugar candy. Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, and Thelma Ritter are other members of a fine cast, which was directed by John Huston. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

The Rest Is Silence—Hardy Kruger plays Hamlet and Ingrid Andree is Ophelia in this updated German version of guess what, and they handle their roles with an inventiveness and aplomb that would shake a good many of the landmarks who have appeared in them before. Helmut Kautner, the producer, director, and script-writer, is responsible for a few gray patches here and there, but no matter. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Feb. 21.)

School for Scoundrels—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. The role of Potter is played with relish by Alastair Sim. Ian Carmichael is an inept young man who, in despair of losing his girl to a suave masher (the toothy Terry-Thomas), learns the art of one-upmanship from Potter, and scores off everyone in sight. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 17.)

The Sundowners—The plot of this tale about a group of Australian sheep drovers is TV-serial stuff, but some eye-popping scenery, plenty of kangaroos, and Fred Zinnemann's tasteful direction more than compensate for its faults. Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, and Michael Anderson, Jr., are an attractive and believable family, and Peter Ustinov is Peter Ustinov, which is plenty good enough. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 19-21.)

Tunes of Glory—Bagpipes, kilts, and gallons of Scotch whiskey are the stage props to one of the great performances of the year, as Sir Alec Guinness brings all his brilliance and intelligence to the part of a Scottish regimental colonel battling for his selfish life. John Mills is his formidable but luckless adversary, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson are notable members of an entirely satisfactory cast. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Two-Way Stretch—A profoundly unserious study of British penology and the wicked ways of unrepentant jewel thieves, conducted by the eminent sociologist Mr. Peter Sellers. Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins assist in the farcical seminar, and the resultant laughter is weightless and almost non-stop. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

REVIVALS

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 22, tentative.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Feb. 16-19 and Feb. 21-22.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 16.)

No Time for Sergeants (1958)—Andy Griffith as a Southern hillbilly who makes the Air Force rue the day it took him into its ranks. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Feb. 22.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—Burt Lancaster as a Broadway gossip columnist, and Tony Curtis as a press agent who acts as his stooge. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Feb. 22.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Valli. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 22, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 14.

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
THE MISFITS.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Extra performances Saturdays and Washington's Birthday at 9:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Cimarron," Glenn Ford, Maria Schell.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Millionairess," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Feb. 16: "The Young One," Zachary Scott, Bernie Hamilton.
From Feb. 17: "Circle of Deception," Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22			

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 22 (tentative): **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.**

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Feb. 20: "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason; and "Ma Barker's Killer Brood," Lurene Tuttle.
From Feb. 21: "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 21 (tentative): "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson.
From Feb. 22 (tentative): **THE ENTERTAINER.**

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian).

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Feb. 18: "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason; and "Between Time and Eternity," Lilli Palmer.
Feb. 19-20: "CinderFella," Jerry Lewis, Anna Maria Alberghetti; and "Foxhole in Cairo," James Robertson Justice.
From Feb. 21: "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
BREATHLESS (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Feb. 22: "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Millionairess," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 21 (tentative): "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson.
From Feb. 22 (tentative): "Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Left, Right and Centre," Ian Carmichael, Alastair Sim.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Feb. 20: "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason; and "Between Time and Eternity," Lilli Palmer.
From Feb. 21: "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 21: "CinderFella," Jerry Lewis, Anna Maria Alberghetti; and "Foxhole in Cairo," James Robertson Justice.
From Feb. 22: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Feb. 16-19 and Feb. 21-22: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH,** revival; and "When Comedy Was King," revival, a film made up of excerpts from old movies featuring Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Laurel and Hardy, and such.
Feb. 20: A program of six short experimental films by Maya Deren.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Feb. 18: "Oscar Wilde," Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson; and "Swan Lake," revival, performed by the Bolshoi Ballet.
Feb. 19-21: **THE SUNDOWNERS;** and "The Sea Around Us," revival, a documentary film.
From Feb. 22: **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS,** revival; and **SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS,** revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 22 (tentative): **THE THIRD MAN,** revival; and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 21: "CinderFella," Jerry Lewis, Anna Maria Alberghetti; and "Foxhole in Cairo," James Robertson Justice.
From Feb. 22: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Feb. 21: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French); and **THE REST IS SILENCE** (in German).
From Feb. 22: **THE ENTERTAINER;** and "The Young Have No Time" (in Danish), revival, Ghita Norby.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
TWO-WAY STRETCH.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
DON QUIXOTE.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Hand in Hand," John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (in Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Feb. 21: "CinderFella," Jerry Lewis, Anna Maria Alberghetti; and "Foxhole in Cairo," James Robertson Justice.
From Feb. 22: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 22: "The Sins of Lola Montez," revival, Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov; and "Ana-ta-han" (in Japanese, with an English narration), revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 21: "The Journey," revival, Deborah Kerr, Yul Brynner; and "The Earth Cries Out," revival, Peter Trent.
From Feb. 22: "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire; and "It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 16: **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival; and "Mademoiselle Gobette" (in Italian), revival, Silvana Pampanini.
From Feb. 17: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS;** and "The Tailor's Maid" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Feb. 22: "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason; and "Between Time and Eternity," Lilli Palmer.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 21: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French); and "The Young Have No Time" (in Danish), revival, Ghita Norby.
From Feb. 22: **THE ENTERTAINER.**

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Feb. 21: "CinderFella," Jerry Lewis, Anna Maria Alberghetti; and "Foxhole in Cairo," James Robertson Justice.
From Feb. 22: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Feb. 20: "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason; and "Between Time and Eternity," Lilli Palmer.
From Feb. 21: "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

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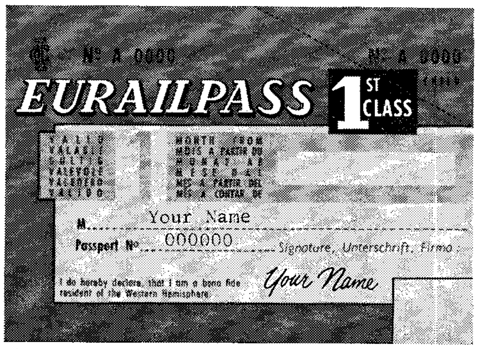
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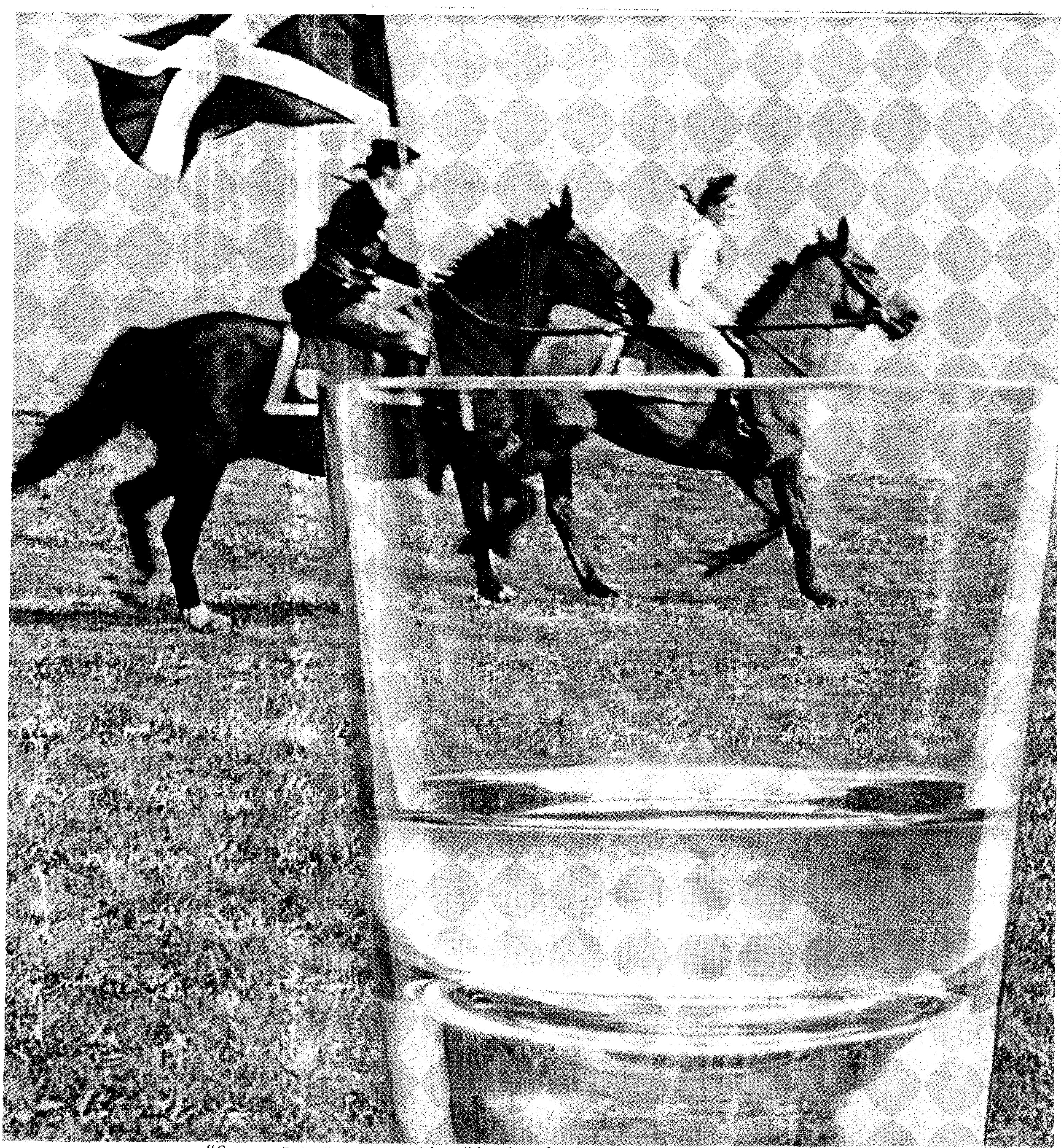

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Sip the clear, cold water of Strathisla Spring, and you'll be convinced, as we were, that here in this heather-blessed highland water must lie the secret of *Chivas Regal Scotch Whisky.*

But the Scots themselves think the secret lies in the abiding love for custom and tradition that you find throughout this ancient land.

They agree that Strathisla's peat-filtered water is important. (Once some was piped to a neighboring distillery, and it completely changed the taste of the neighbor's whisky.) But so many traditional steps surround the making of *Chivas Regal.* Who can tell which one is truly the secret of its rare taste? Who cannot tell—with a lift of the cork—that here indeed is Scotland's Prince of Whiskies?

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We cook this magnificent, hickory-smoked ham in real champagne

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When a genuine Rath Black Hawk Ham from Iowa meets up with genuine champagne, you get a mingling of flavors that's irresistible. Wood smoke with a champagne accent! And you don't even need a recipe. Serve this ham cold in its own delicious champagne aspic. Or hot in its own champagne sauce... Your guests will toast your good taste

In 3 and 5 pound sizes so you can celebrate *anything* (just being alive!) with this festive treat.

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Rath Black Hawk Hickory-Smoked *Ham in Champagne*

28 CARS WANTED IT!
TEMPEST WON IT!

(Motor Trend's CAR OF THE YEAR Award goes to Pontiac's Tempest!)

The Motor Trend Magazine Car of the Year Award to Tempest marks the second time in three years that the Pontiac Motor Division has received this honor. The editors who selected it are (left to right): Robert Ames, Associate Editor. James Miller, Managing Editor. Don Werner, Editor.

These men edit one of America's leading car magazines—Motor Trend. What they know about cars can help you buy your next new car with complete confidence. They study all the different makes. Compare. Drive. Then they make one award for the year. The Motor Trend Car of the Year Award. This year these editors voted solidly for Pontiac's newcomer—the Tempest. The one car that will give the car buyer top performance, ride and economy for his nickel. Read what these experts say!

Don Werner—"This year we studied the design features of 28 American cars. The Tempest pulled ahead of the whole crop of '61 cars. The flexible drive shaft is a fantastic innovation. It's the most sensible, dependable power train we've seen."

Bob Ames—"Equalizing the weight on the front wheels and the weight on the rear wheels (with the front engine / rear transmission) gives the Tempest great traction and ride. Pontiac engineers scored a great breakthrough with the Tempest."

Jim Miller—"The Tempest 4-cylinder engine and the triple alloy steel driveshaft team up as a smooth, going combination. I had to look under the hood to convince myself they hadn't sneaked in a V-8. And that 4-cylinder engine should be great for economy."

Take it from this group of sharp automobile experts. They don't throw roses unless they mean it. Tempest took the Car of the Year Award because it's a winner. Check the facts! 110 to 155 h.p. from a gas-saving 4-cylinder engine! Big car balance = big car ride! Independent wheel suspension. Rear transmission. 15-inch wheels at no extra cost! Priced with the compacts. See your Pontiac dealer.

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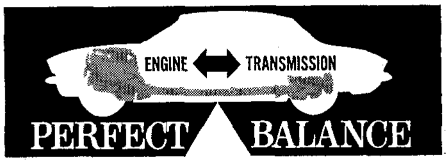

Meet The Pepperell Family on Cotton Cay—Imaginary Island in the Sun

On safari with father Pepperell is a rather fearsome thing!

As you can see from the photograph, there's some reason for the concern of Susan and Vincent. The way Father's holding that arrow, it's obvious he's never done *this* before!

Mother seems pretty calm though. Perhaps she's musing thusly: "As a *civilized* beachcomber, I find it's de rigueur to have our sports clothes tagged Pepperell. Because this means wash-wear fabrics that really live up to what the tag promises.

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"I know they'll machine-wash. Won't shrink, fade, wrinkle, or sag. Need the merest touch of the iron. And, for good measure, are 'Sanforized Plus' too!

"As for colors and textures—they're exciting but never flashy. Always in impeccable taste.

"Moreover, the Pepperell name is synonymous with quality, you know, because this famed New England company has been making fine Lady Pepperell Sheets for over 100 years."

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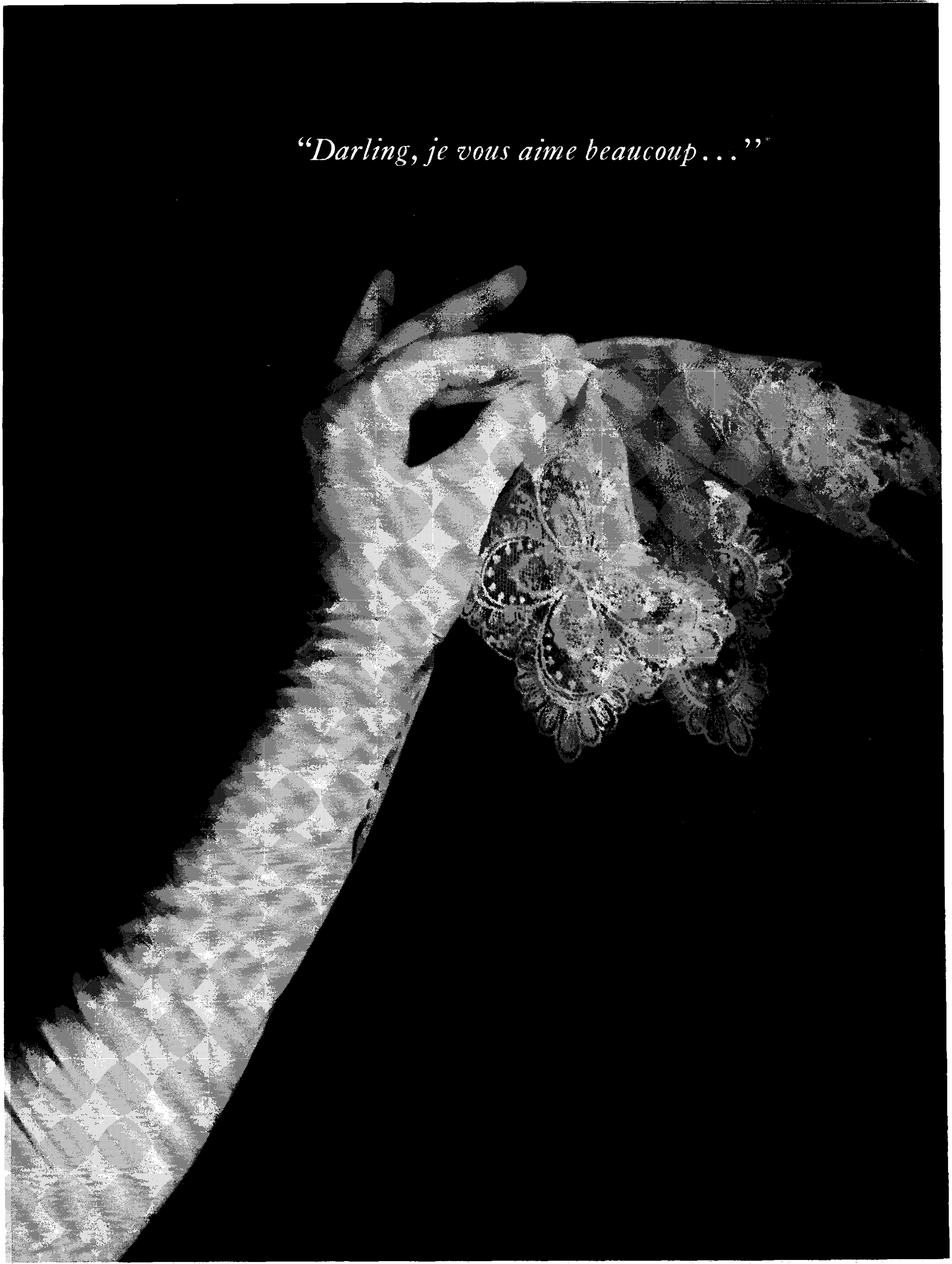
"New Life"

the first synergetic beauty cream containing Bi-Nutrio 7

NEW LIFE, sweeping away the barriers that keep a complexion from looking young, awakening living cells to help bring forth the beauty every woman longs for! *A living beauty*...softened and firmed...scoffing at lines and wrinkles...set free by a unique synergetic formula!

The key that unlocks all this vital power...BI-NUTRIO 7, the bio-complex found only in NEW LIFE. The lightest rich cream in the world, it is delightfully absorbable...leaves only beauty to show what is going on way down deep.

Frances Denney



The Persian Room presents the Incomparable Hildegarde! Shows at 9:00 and 12:15. With Ted Straeter, his songs, piano and orchestra, and Mark Monte's Continentals. For reservations, call Plaza 9-3000. The Persian Room at The Plaza.

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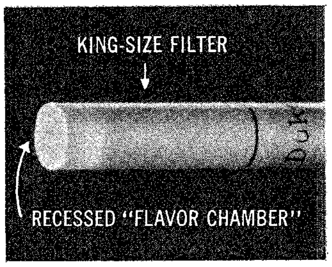
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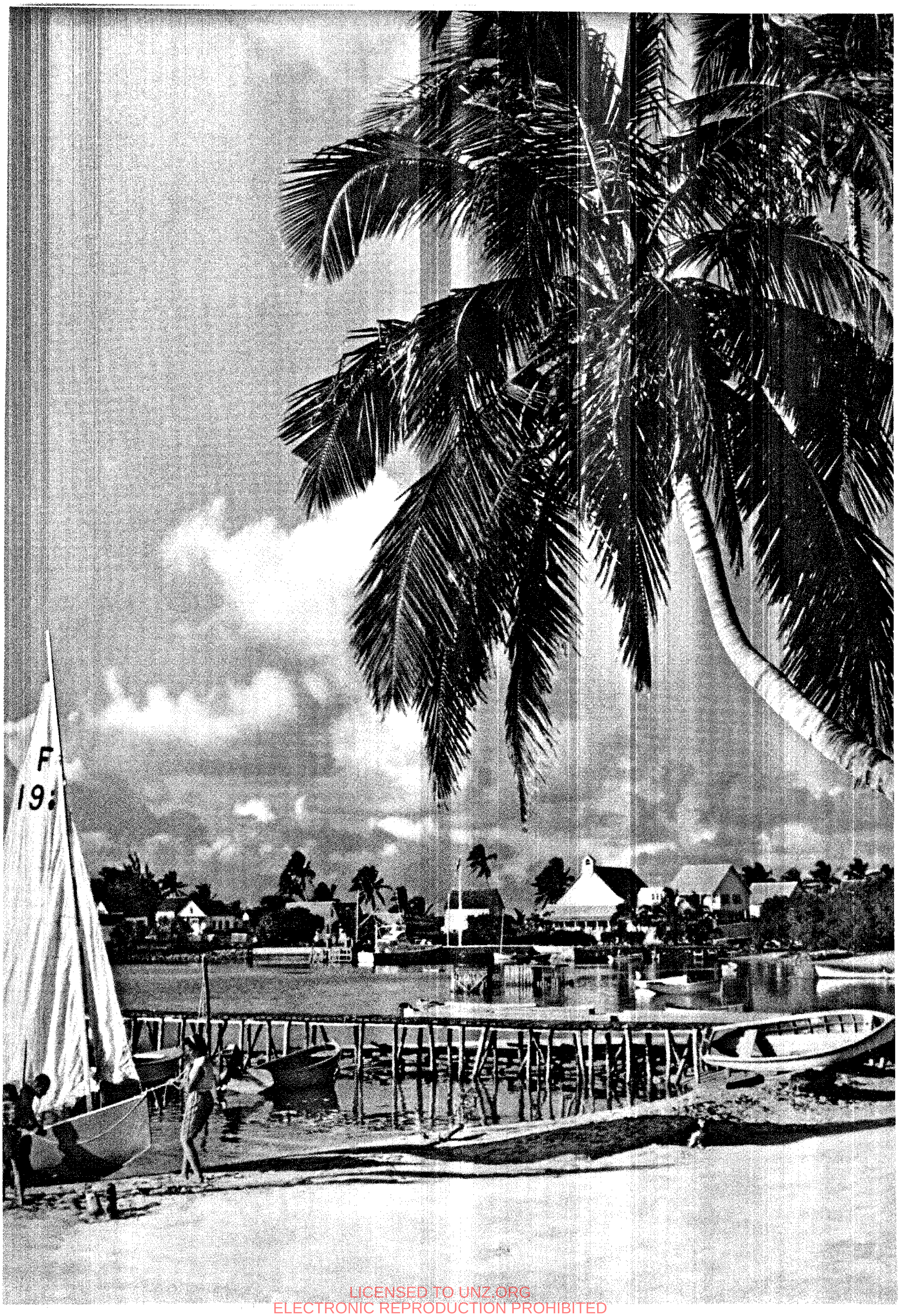
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Paradise Found...

The Resort Islands of the Bahamas

If you're looking for the good life, the bountiful isles of the Bahamas are world enough.

This remarkable archipelago begins just across the Gulf Stream from America's southeastern coast. It's a breath-taking expanse of more than 70,000 square miles of crystal-clear seas, studded with countless beach-ringed islands and cays—each one a pocket paradise.

You set your own happy pace amid such benevolent surroundings. Time is an expendable dimension. Whether you're planning a picnic landing in a pirate's cove, or an evening of gayety in a smart hotel, you feel a sense of freedom from the nagging of tyrannical timepieces. Even the calendar is considerate. It's summer the year around.

Life here is flavoured, too, with unusual sounds in perfect accompaniment to the delights of the eye.

......The rustle of palm fronds as you relax under a Wedgwood sky.

......Lilting Bahamian speech, filling the native market place or coming softly across the harbour.

......The clip-clop of your carriage horse as you draw up to a candlelit terrace for dinner.

......The moving beat of calypso and goombay, sensuous one moment, hilarious the next.

There's keen sport. The fishing is great. Yachting's the national pastime. And the clarity of the sea and brilliance of its underwater gardens can't be topped anywhere this side of the South Seas.

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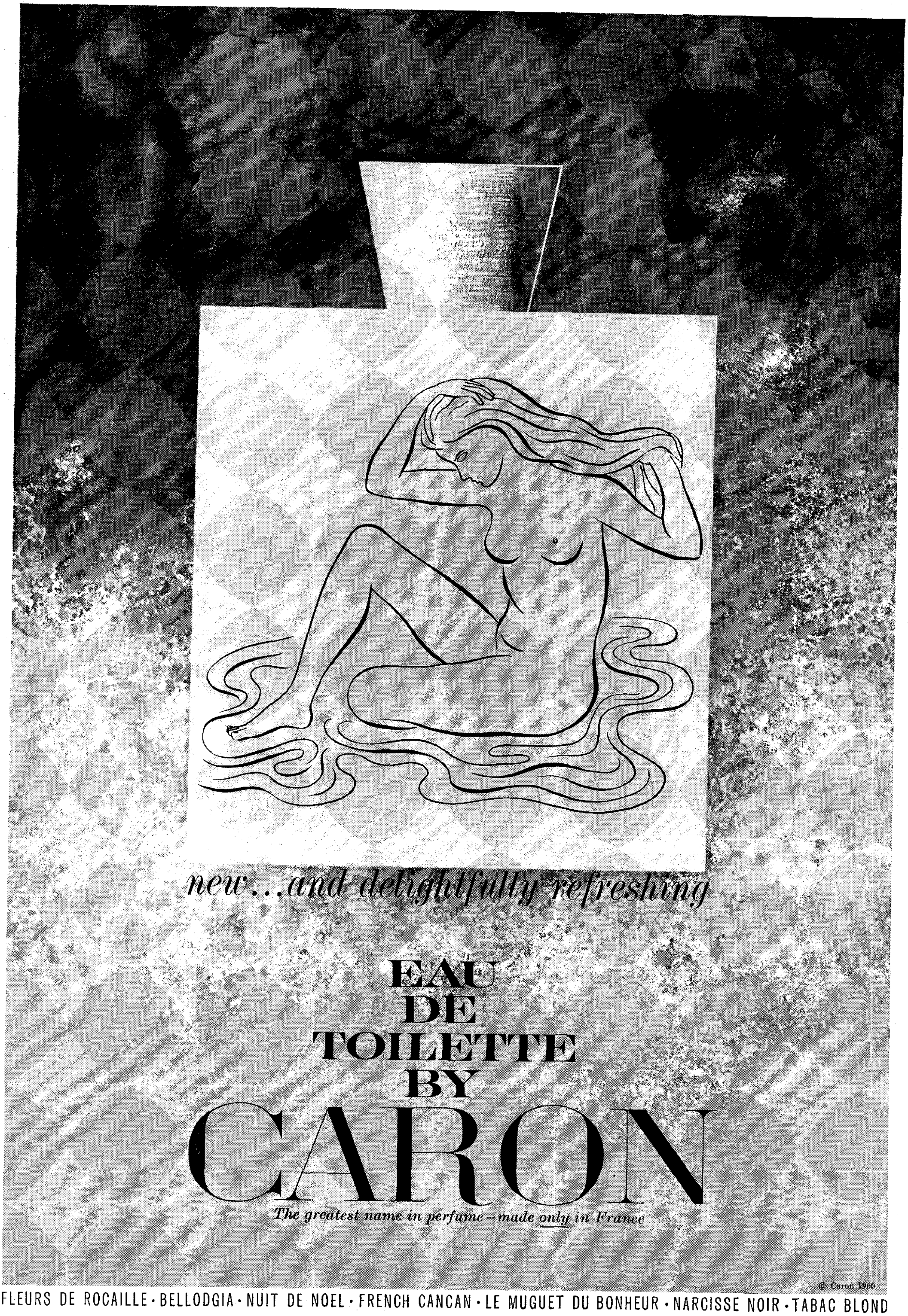

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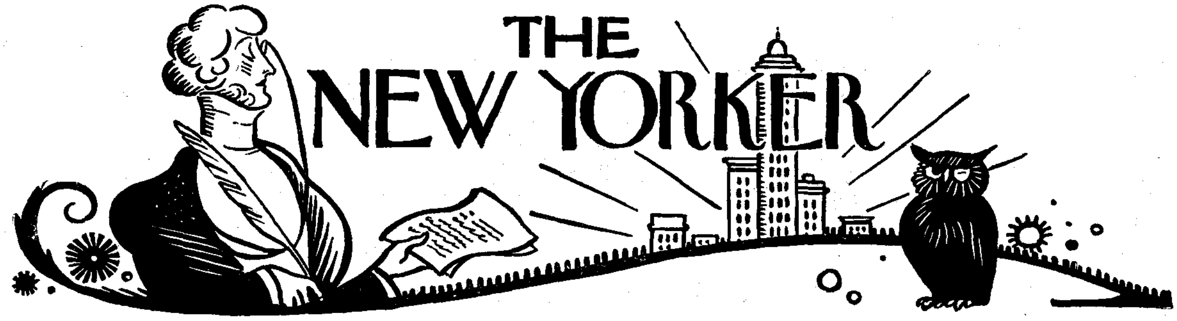
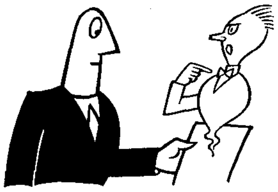


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

tes and Comment

ONE of the strange and baleful influences of television on the new generation is what might called "instant identification." We eived a letter recently from a col- e student; it began, "Dear Sir: My ne is Richard Pratty." (A glance vn the page at the signature con-



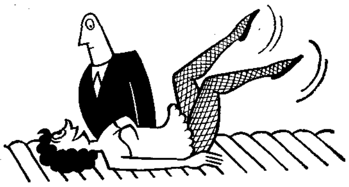
ned the accuracy of the young n's opening statement; the letter s indeed signed "Richard Pratty.") e expects this sort of opening from oung child—"My name is Valerie ith and I am six and a half years "—but now, in the TV age, it comes m a collegian. Either there is an alling illiteracy and immaturity at higher levels of education in Amer- or everyone today confuses himself h Walter Cronkite. This is Walter onkite speaking.

otions and Novelties

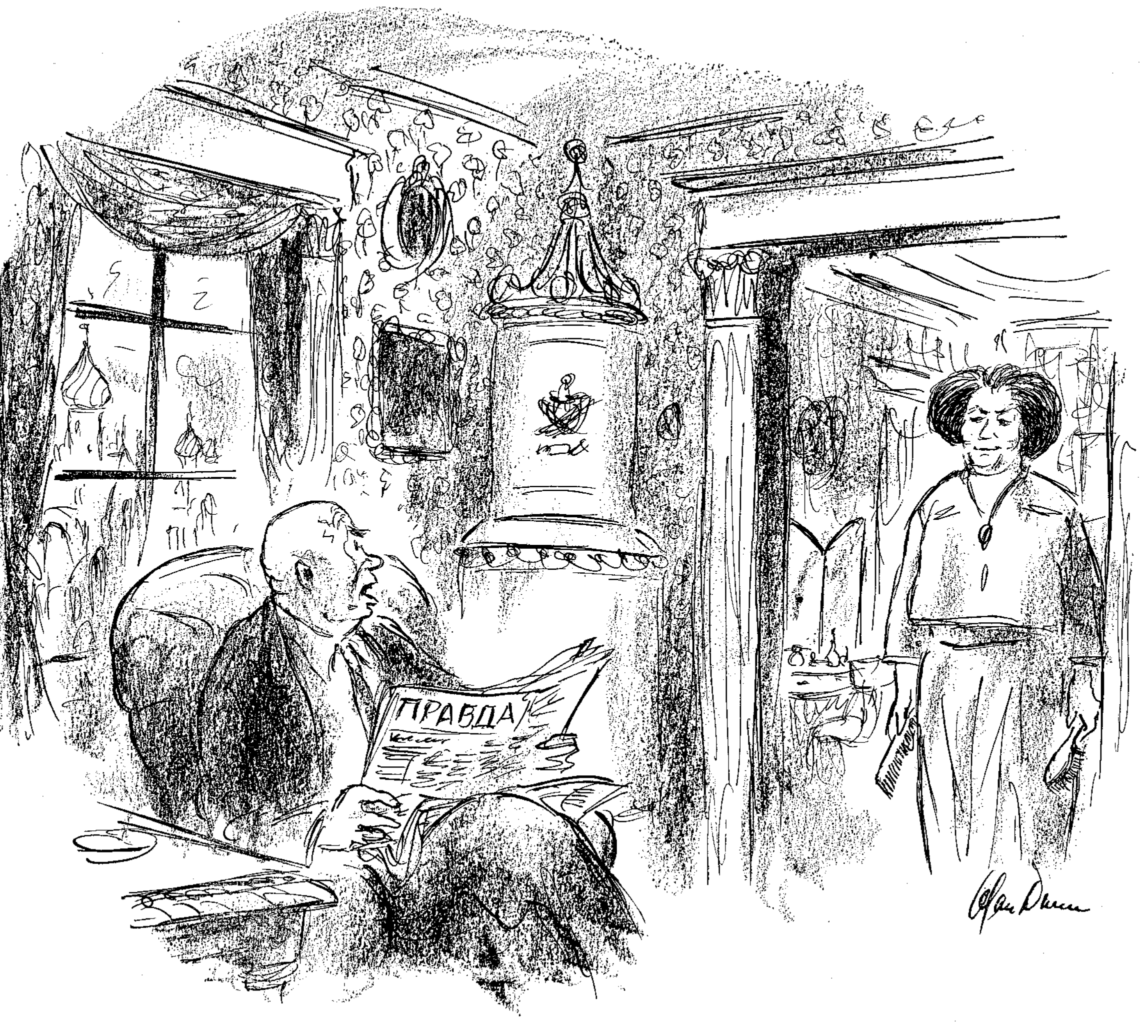
WE braved the perilous, snow-clogged streets early last week order to attend the opening of the 61 National Notion and Novelty ow. The affair, which occupied four ries of the New York Trade Show ilding, turned out to be rather esoter- consisting predominantly of baubles, ttons, collapsible closets, polydynamic at hangers, and the like, but despite couple of disconcerting early encoun- rs, we did our best to settle into the ing of things. What got us off to a ecarious start was a chat we had with operative of Belvedere Space Saving oducts, Inc., who informed us that isiness was booming. "Owing to the pulation explosion, space is at a pre- ium," he explained. "Every year, the average American is being forced to occupy less and less space in his daily life. Look how tiny our cars are getting! Offices are shrinking. And the average American room of 1961 encloses over ten per cent less space than it did a decade ago. As interior space analysts, we are particularly sensitive to the problems of the diminishing closet." The space analyst tried to interest us in a trapezelike contraption that, he said, could support twelve pairs of trousers and would last forever. We said we didn't own that many trousers, and passed along to a neighboring enclosure, where a stout, sweating fellow was jumping up and down on what turned out to be a Hi-Impact Polystyrene Shoe Kit. "It's absolutely indestructible," he puffed, between ascents, as we—or, rather, our feet—fell into the hands of a smaller man, who proceeded to give our shoes a workout with a diminutive device known as the Royal Shoe-Master. "It's the most compact, efficient, orderly, and inexpensive shoeshining unit ever devised," he said. "Simply unscrew the puff from the brush, dab on the built-in carnauba wax, and give the shoes fifteen swipes each with our exclusive thermostatic polyurethrane buffer. The thirty-second shine has at last come of age!" In a jiffy, our shoes had indeed acquired a formidable glow, and we gathered that that was that. However, no sooner had the fellow finished than he put the polyurethrane unit to his face and gave his chin and cheeks a vigorous buffing. Then he thrust his face at us for inspection, and we observed that it, too, had acquired a glow. "My face is clean!" he declared. "Clean as a whistle! No longer is the shoeshine a dirty, degrading business. We have brought the shoeshine out of the basement and into the parlor!"

Anticipating a breather of sorts, we headed toward a stall labelled "Better Sleep, Inc.," but there, it turned out, some more bad news was in store for us. "More people are suffering from insomnia than ever before," a heavy, somnolent Better Sleep operative told us. "Still, we don't believe that the complexities and tensions of modern life are entirely to blame. It's rather that the bed has been severely neglected." We were then introduced to a barrage of sleep-inducing mechanisms for the bed—a Knee Lift Pillow (to eliminate straight-leg tension), a Nu-Slant Head or Leg Elevator (to supply bed variation), an Arm Cushion (to relax tense hands by flexing arm muscles), a Super Blanket Support (to free the body of heavy blanket burden), and a Giant Butterfly Pillow. This last, a sort of catchall, included a head cradle; two side supports for the head; a neck roll, for back sleeping; two wings, for side sleeping; and four nose vents, for stomach sleeping. "As an additional luxury," the Better Sleep man said, "the Giant Butterfly Pillow can be inflated with ice water in the summer months to provide body cooling."

Still seeking tranquillity, we skirted a booth displaying Nature's Fly-Trap (a carnivorous plant whose leaves devour flies and mosquitoes) and a collection of clay skulls sprouting green grass, and eventually came upon a



young lady in black net stockings and a dance costume who was lying on her back demonstrating a reducing device. "The beauty of this invention," said the young lady, rotating her legs, "is that for the first time in the history of artificial exercise you can trim away unwanted inches while lying flat on your back, resting." Reluctantly, we left this soothing spectacle and proceeded to a display of the latest fashions in sunglasses. One item, which bore the unwieldy tag of Flip-Up Flip-Down Sun Spectacles, was designed to do away with the physical inconvenience of having to take



"Nyet!"

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sunglasses off. Instead, Flip-Up Flip-Down's lenses can be flipped up, flush with the eyebrows. Our favorite, though, was a more revolutionary number, called Sun-Slatz, in which the whole morose concept of the dark windowlike lens is replaced by rows of cheerful slats, or tiny Venetian blinds. We tried on a pair—or, rather, set—of Sun-Slatz, and found that the world, through the little blinds, took on a quaint, corrugated dimension.

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OENOLOGICAL INTELLIGENCE: A sign that recently advertised a fancy liqueur bottle in the window of Sherry Wine & Spirits, on Madison Avenue, announced that the bottle was made of "pure Beaune china."

The Cameroun

WE have it in mind to tell you about some of the twenty-odd African nations that have recently come into being, and a handy one to start with is the Republic of Cameroun, which was a year old last month. The Cameroun, as it's generally called for short, is a great triangle of land lying at the corner of the Gulf of Guinea, where the African coast takes its sudden sidewise leap into the Atlantic. The base of the triangle, extending eastward from a point a bit below the corner, runs parallel to the equator and only a couple of degrees above it; the eastern arm of the triangle runs north for nearly a thousand miles into the sedgy waters of Lake Chad; and the other arm, after following the coast for a hundred and fifty miles, turns inland along the mountainous frontier of the Southern and Northern Cameroons and also winds up in Lake Chad. Please don't confuse the Cameroun with the Cameroons, which lie squeezed between the Cameroun and Nigeria, and which are administered as a United Nations trust territory by the British. The Cameroun used to be a French trust territory, and became independent in accordance with the provisions of the trusteeship agreement.

The Cameroun is often referred to as a geographical crossroads, because scholars have never been able to make up their minds whether it belongs to West Africa (the bulge) or Equatorial Africa (the bend). It's a crossroads in other respects as well; though only about the size of California, it contains some eighty ethnic groups, speaking a hundred and forty languages and dialects, and belonging to eighty-four political parties. It also contains one of the world's rarest game birds, the Cameroon francolin; a giant frog, measuring a foot across; some extremely aggressive pygmy elephants; and the only wild sheep in Africa. In its dense jungle grows a remarkable tree (*Alstonia congensis*), which produces latex from its sap, easily erasable slates from its wood, and a quininelike medicine, known as Alstonia juice, from its bark and leaves. The natives use this juice, which has never been completely analyzed, as a cure for internal worms, tropical fevers, and snake bite.

The population of the Cameroun is estimated at something over three million. Polygamy, which is widely practiced among the richer Camerounians, has the paradoxical effect of keeping the birth rate down. Rich tribesmen purchase wives by the score, and even by the hundred, but have marital relations with only a few of them, the rest being used as a labor force and for display. In some parts of the Cameroun, sixty per cent of the adult male population, being too poor to buy wives, remains celibate. A factor that used to reduce the population even further was cannibalism, but this has practically disappeared. The last white man is said to have been eaten in 1910.

Though the native population is almost entirely illiterate, seventy-five per cent of all eligible voters cast ballots in the first general election, which was held last April. The country is governed by a President and by a National Assembly of a hundred members. The members' salaries—the equivalent, in French colonial francs, of fourteen thousand dollars a year—are second only to those of American congressmen among parliamentary representatives throughout the world, and are all the handsomer considering that the average annual income in the Cameroun is a hundred and forty-two dollars. The President and the members of the Assembly serve five-year terms. The first and, so far, the only President of the Republic of Cameroun is Ahmadou Babatoura Ahidjo, a thirty-seven-year-old former radio operator whose father was a slave. His official residence is in Yaoundé, capital of the Cameroun. A cool, pleasant city, Yaoundé is perched on the edge of a plateau some twenty-five hundred feet above the coastal plain and a hundred and fifty miles inland from Douala, the former capital. Yaoundé has a population of fifty-three thousand; Douala, the biggest port and biggest city in the Cameroun, has a population of a hundred and nineteen thousand.

There are sixteen thousand Europeans living in the Cameroun, most of them French landowners and shopkeepers—the Cameroun was a French trusteeship for fourteen years—and three hundred Americans, most of them Protestant missionaries. The chief occupations of the Cameroun are farming and cattle raising. Its exports are almost wholly agricultural: cocoa, coffee, bananas, palm oil, rubber, peanuts, tobacco, and cotton. The country's mineral wealth, which is as yet unexploited, is known to include iron, manganese, tungsten, white mica, tin, gold, natural gas, and even diamonds. For home consumption, the Cameroun manufactures cement, cigarettes, plastic sandals, beer, soap, and palm wine, which is supposed to taste like flat ginger beer and produce a week-long hangover. The Cameroun ranks eighth in world aluminum production, but this is entirely a refining operation; the raw material is shipped in from France and Guinea, and the finished product is shipped out to France. Energy for this considerable operation is provided by an immense hydroelectric station on the Sanaga River, not far from Douala. Deposits of bauxite, the ore from which aluminum is extracted, have been discovered in the interior, and it's hoped that aluminum produced from these will someday be as important to the Cameroun as copper is to Katanga. At the moment, there are only three hundred and twenty-three miles of railroad in the Cameroun, and the transportation of both freight and passengers remains a problem. Some delightful old wood-burning locomotives, which ran well but not very powerfully on mahogany and ebony, have recently been replaced by diesels.

The Cameroun may have been discovered by an enterprising Carthaginian named Hanno, who sailed down the west coast of Africa in the fifth century B.C. He and his men are supposed to have fought a battle with hairy creatures they called *gorillae*, and it's a fact that gorillas are to be found only in the Cameroun and the Congo. The man whom historians take seriously as the discoverer of the Cameroun, however, was a Portuguese sea captain named Fernando Po, who reached the country in 1472. The Portuguese were very secretive about their explorations, and the first detailed map of the Cameroun coast wasn't published until 1489. During the next three hundred years, the Cameroun was pretty well bypassed by Europeans. It was off the usual route to the Cape, the climate was notoriously unhealthy, the slaves to be picked up there were few and of poor quality, and there was always that nasty practice of cannibalism to contend with. In the early eighteen-hundreds, English and German traders began looking about for a commercially attractive substitute for slaves and decided to try Camerounian palm oil and ivory. England and France were both on the verge of taking over the region when, in 1884, a commercial firm in Hamburg high-pressured Chancellor Bismarck into claiming it for Germany. Bismarck dispatched a couple of battleships, a German emissary landed and got the King of Douala drunk on gin during a rainstorm, and by the time the storm was over, the kingdom was officially annexed. It remained a German posses-

sion until the end of the First World War. After that, it was a League of Nations mandate until 1946.

The name "Cameroun" is a Gallic version of "*camarão*," which is Portuguese for "shrimp." This term was first applied to the area by a Portuguese pirate and explorer named, as it happened, Diogo Cam, who stopped by in 1484 and found quantities of excellent shrimp at the mouth of the Wouri River, which he promptly named Rio dos Camarões. During the fifteenth century, mapmakers applied the Spanish word "*camarones*" to a large stretch of land near Cam's river and also to a nearby mountain. Mount Cameroun, or Mount Shrimp, is an active volcano, over thirteen thousand feet high; snow lies deep on its summit during the winter months; and its western slope is one of the wettest spots on earth, having an annual rainfall of over thirty-three feet. In 1861, Richard Burton led the first expedition to the top of Mount Cameroun. Other distinguished visitors to the Cameroun have been Roger Casement, who collected orchids there, and André Gide, who made a trip straight through the heart of the country, reading Milton, Conrad, and Corneille, and complaining bitterly about his health. Gide was especially impressed by the Sudanese natives he came on in the north, who lived, and still live, as if in the feudal period, their fighting gear and clothing appearing to reflect the styles of the earliest Crusaders. Gide would have admired Bubo Ahmadou, the present Sultan of Rei-Bouba, who is a heroic figure of a man, six feet six inches tall, and who has four hundred wives, a company of archers, a private orchestra, and a cavalry troop clad in chain mail. Bubo is the ruler of thirty-six thousand people, none of whom are permitted to look him in the face. His relation to the democratic republic is a little obscure.

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OVERHEARD at the Metropolitan Opera House: "It's crummy, but I love it. It's so wonderfully stuffy."

Simon

THE hottest weather news these cold nights has been television's Simon McQueen, the newest of girl weather reporters, who appears every week night on Channel 7. We met her in person the other day, in the company of a couple of Channel 7 executives named Al Hollander and Les Dinoff. Miss McQueen ("This is Simon McQueen, your WABC-TV weather girl") is small, trim, pert, and constantly cheerful—as cheerful as she is on the program—and when we saw her, in a smoke-filled Channel 7 conference room just vacated by a pile of executives, she had on a bright look and a chic double-breasted purple suit.

"This suit is absolutely delicious," Miss McQueen told us in energetic, confident English accents as the Messrs. Hollander and Dinoff gleamed and chortled with reflected cheerfulness.

"Simon chooses all her own clothes for the program," Dinoff said. "A wholly different costume every night."

"Simon has a clothes sense," Hollander said. "Before Simon, we had a very lovely gal-next-door type, but we decided to look for a gal who in her own natural way was fresh. Simon has a natural unspoiled freshness. Simon is very much herself."

"Simon is both the producer and the star of the show," Dinoff said. "Simon gets all her own weather information from our central news agency, does her own makeup and goes to the beauty parlor twice a week, and combs the Seventh Avenue wholesale garment houses for model clothes to wear on the show."

"I give the clothes back right after I show them," Simon said. "I wore this suit on the program two months ago. It fit, so I bought it."

"As soon as Simon came on Seven, she was sold out to Snow Crop orange juice and Procter & Gamble," Dinoff said. "It's the first time in the history of television that Procter & Gamble bought a weather show."

"It's the first time in the history of television that weather, with Snow Crop and Procter & Gamble, is back to back with news, sponsored by Bromo-Seltzer and Sun Oil," Hollander said. "It gives the impression of one show, and yet we have different sponsors."

"Terrific!" Dinoff said, as though he were hearing the tremendous news for the first time.

"I made it in weather, and someday I'll make it as an actress on Broadway—in a comedy," Simon said, with determination. "I really think of myself as an actress now, but I'm stuck in weather."

"Nobody ever approached the weather from an entertainment point of view before," Hollander said. "Simon is the other side from Carol Reed. Jean Paar is more the tweedy type, and a gal like Beverly Bentley is comely and commercial. The gal on radio's 'Monitor' used to whisper the weather. Simon is a gal with something of her own."

FIRE
FIRE
FIRE
FIRE
FIRE

"I try to make it as relaxed as possible," Simon said. "I like to ad-lib."

"We don't let Simon get too mannered," Hollander said firmly. "She was pointing to P. & G.'s Dash in a too pointy way, the same way every night. We don't want our gal to get too mannered. Simon isn't supposed to do that any more."

"Sometimes people associate you with certain mannerisms, and that builds you as a personality," Simon said, and gave a very small sigh.

"Too theatrical," Hollander said.

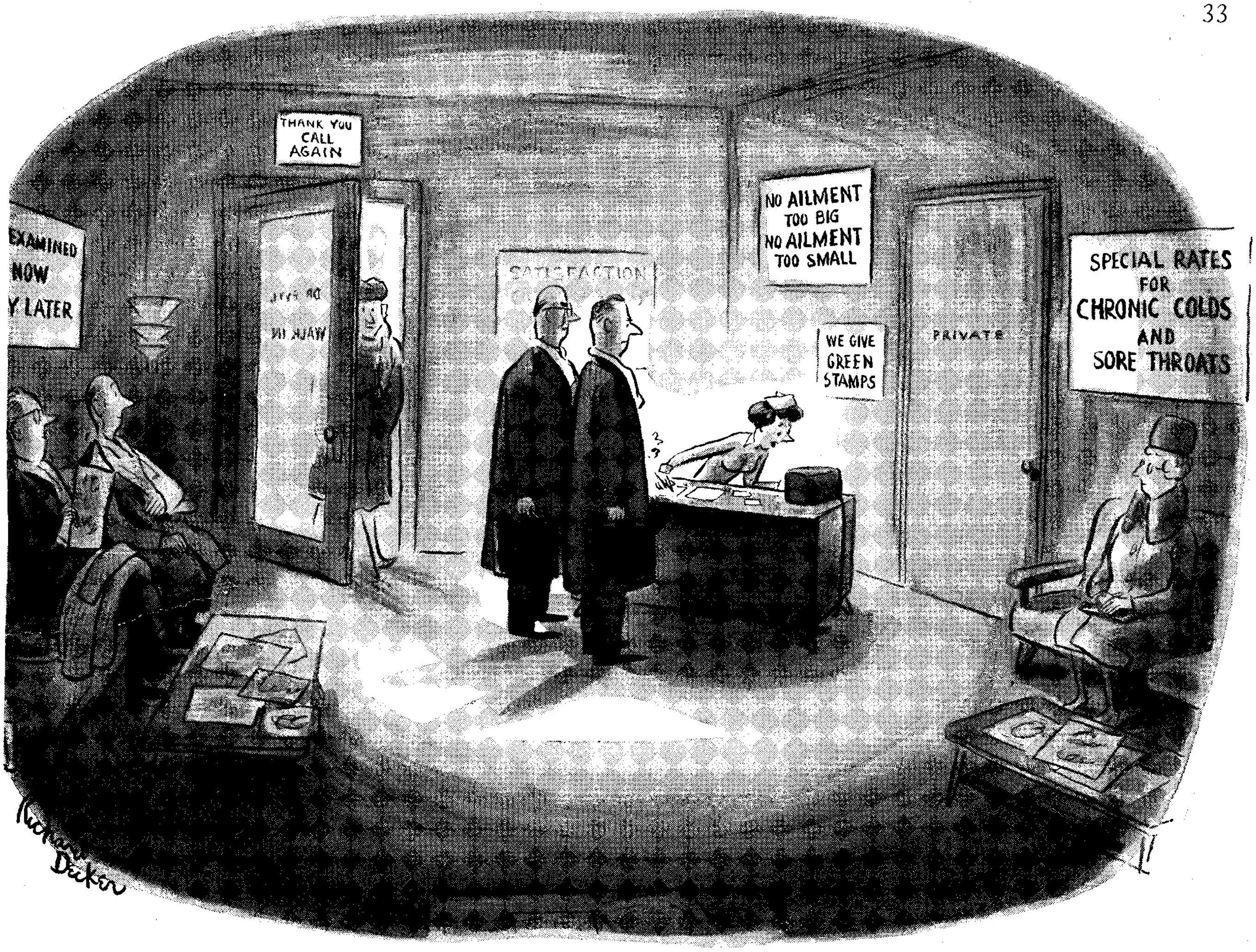
"I love my theme song," Simon said. "It has bounce."

"We wanted a gal with bounce," Hollander said.

"I have a wonderful time," Simon said.

"How did you get here?" we asked.

"I came to America in 1956, and landed with six dollars," Simon said. "I wanted to see America very much. My parents have a country pub, in Kenilworth, near Stratford on Avon. My father, Douglas Leslie McQueen, went to sea when I was a child, and then, when I was grown, he got the pub. My mother's name is Edna, but I call her Robin, because she's very gay and very happy and very small. My brother, Roy, is sixteen. He doesn't want to go to school or do anything much except ride horses. I always wanted to be an actress. I've been dancing since I was five. Tap and ballet. Simon is not my real name, but I don't want anyone to know my real name, because it doesn't sound like an actress. I took the name Simon when I was fourteen and planned what I would be called as an actress. My father and Robin and Roy all call me Simon now. At seventeen, I went to the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art. Diana Dors is one of our most famous graduates. I went to Australia and New Zealand with the Folies-Bergère. In the line. Two years later, I went to work for the American Army Special Services in Stuttgart, in a revue called 'Something for the Birds,' and it was. I didn't understand a word the Americans said for three weeks, but after *two* weeks I felt I wanted to go to America. Back in London, I was mistress of ceremonies in a television variety series called 'Jerry's Inn,' and I was in a panel game called 'Yakketty Yak,' in which four glamour girls—I was one—are asked questions and give answers. It was very humorous. I was determined to come to America. If you're a success in England, you're known only in England. But if you



"Two gentlemen from the American Medical Association to see you, Doctor."

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ake it in America, you're known all er the world."

"Terrific!" Dinoff said. "Terrific, rific! Simon is very British. She has e of those little books she writes in— hings to Do Today.' "

"I have a wonderful time," Simon id.

"Get with it, gal," Hollander said.

"I asked my uncle, who is a stock- oker in Philadelphia, to sponsor me, d I came to America by way of ain," Simon continued. "I wanted to e a bullfight. I wanted to see flamenco ncing." Simon snapped her fingers er her head in a gay manner. "When arrived in America, on July 28, 1956, ith my six dollars, I was very fat from ting all that heavy Spanish food. Now weigh a hundred and four."

"Simon is five three," Hollander id. "Simon's audience consists of the unger element. We send Simon's pic- re on a postcard to people who write our gal."

"I love to get letters," Simon said. My first job in America was as a re- ptionist in the Bergdorf Goodman auty salon, at forty-five dollars a week. ly hotel room was thirty dollars a week. I love to eat, so that was a sad time for me. I then became mistress of ceremonies at the Latin Quarter, in New York and in Miami. Miami was boring. I like to do things. I decided to give up the clubs. I did 'Idiot's Delight' in summer stock in Cincinnati. When I heard that Mr. Hollander was looking for a weather actress, I auditioned for the job. I prepared a speech about myself and what I'd done, and I talked about the weather, and I gave a commercial about Schiffli embroidery, pretending to wear a dress as if it had Schiffli embroidery on it."

"Schiffli isn't the commercial now," Hollander said darkly.

"I love Snow Crop orange juice," Simon said cheerfully. "I like to drink it on the program every night. It's pretty good."

"What about the weather?" we asked.

"Mr. Hollander sent me to the Weather Bureau to learn about high-pressure areas, ridges, and things like that," Simon replied. "I felt very stupid about the weather—I'd never carried an umbrella in my life—but I understand it now. What I like is when I don't just talk about the weather. If anything special is happening to me, I like to talk about it. I have a basset hound. I may talk about him."

"The show has a sense of humor about it," Mr. Hollander said.

"I'd like to go back to doing this." Simon made what to us has come to be the classic Dash-pointing gesture.

"Too theatrical," Hollander said grimly.

The Test

A YOUNG woman we know who teaches English at a college upstate was in town recently on a shopping mission. Having made a large purchase of books at a local store, she reached for her checkbook to pay for it. The clerk informed her that he could not accept a check from an unfamiliar customer. Then, seeing that she was deeply disappointed, the clerk asked her what she did. "I teach college English," she answered, with new hope. "Where was T. S. Eliot born?" the clerk asked. "In St. Louis, Missouri," our friend answered immediately. He took her check.

OH, I AM A COOK AND A HOUSEBOY BLAND

In town for the Random House publication of her latest and finest thriller, "A Stranger in My Grave," Margaret Millar (Mrs. Kenneth Millar) and mystery writer Ross MacDonald (Mr. Kenneth Millar) pondered the menu at the Four Seasons. . . . But you don't talk to this top-flight pair of mystery writers about food. How do they work—together or apart?

SHE: We live in a split level house, one part is his and the other part is mine.

HE: We occasionally meet on the stairs.

SHE: I'm a morning person, he's an afternoon person.

HE: Margaret starts at a quarter to nine, on a good day I start at 11, on a bad day about one. We each write for about three or four hours. I'm very fast, she is slow, but I rewrite more. . . . We both write about a book a year. If you try to do more than that you go over into hack writing.—*Martha MacGregor in the Post.*

MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND had told me to come back to her employment agency on Thursday, so that morning I got dressed up real nice in a dark suit and black tie and went around there. Santa Barbara people are conservative—not like in L.A., where everybody wears rhinestones on their glasses to show they own an airplane factory. These retired old bankers with a face like an exploded eggplant you see up here standing around a supermart in knickers pinching grapefruit have so much money they can afford to look stingy, but they're plenty particular about their domestic help. One thing they won't tolerate is a jazz baby, a showoff with a loud mouth, and I knew that Mrs. Younghusband could place me if I made a good impression. She was very gracious.

"It's an excellent opportunity, Ngong," she said. She was a tall, skinny lady in two Scotch sweaters, one over the other, and a necklace of cultured pearls, and she must have been proud of her gums, because she smiled a lot. "Mr. and Mrs. Fingerhood were so thrilled at the prospect of getting an—ah—Annamite. Of course, they were a little vague about the geography, which is only natural, since yours is such a large country, isn't it? I mean, Asia and all that. Anyway, they'd just adore an Oriental houseman, and when I mentioned your three years at U.C.L.A. they were overjoyed. I gave them your whole background, that you'd been a messboy on freighters and cooked for several families in this area and Pasadena—"

"I forgot to include Mrs. Kluckholm, in Flintridge," I said. "I worked there two months last summer. She teaches one of the Indian religions—Bahai, I think—at Occidental College."

"Oh, your references were more than ample," she said. "Dr. Catchpole couldn't say enough for you, and the Patinas praised you to the skies. The only person I wasn't able to reach was this yachtsman of yours at Balboa—Mr. Angst. They suggested I call some sanitarium."

"That's his winter home," I said. "He claims a weevil is eating his liver."

"Well, we can forget about *him*, can't we?" she said, flashing her gums at me. I looked at a scar on my knuckle and kept quiet. "But getting back to the Fingerhoods. I made it quite clear the situation was merely temporary, to enable you to continue your schooling. They were perfectly agreeable—three months will be fine. Just what are you studying, Ngong?"

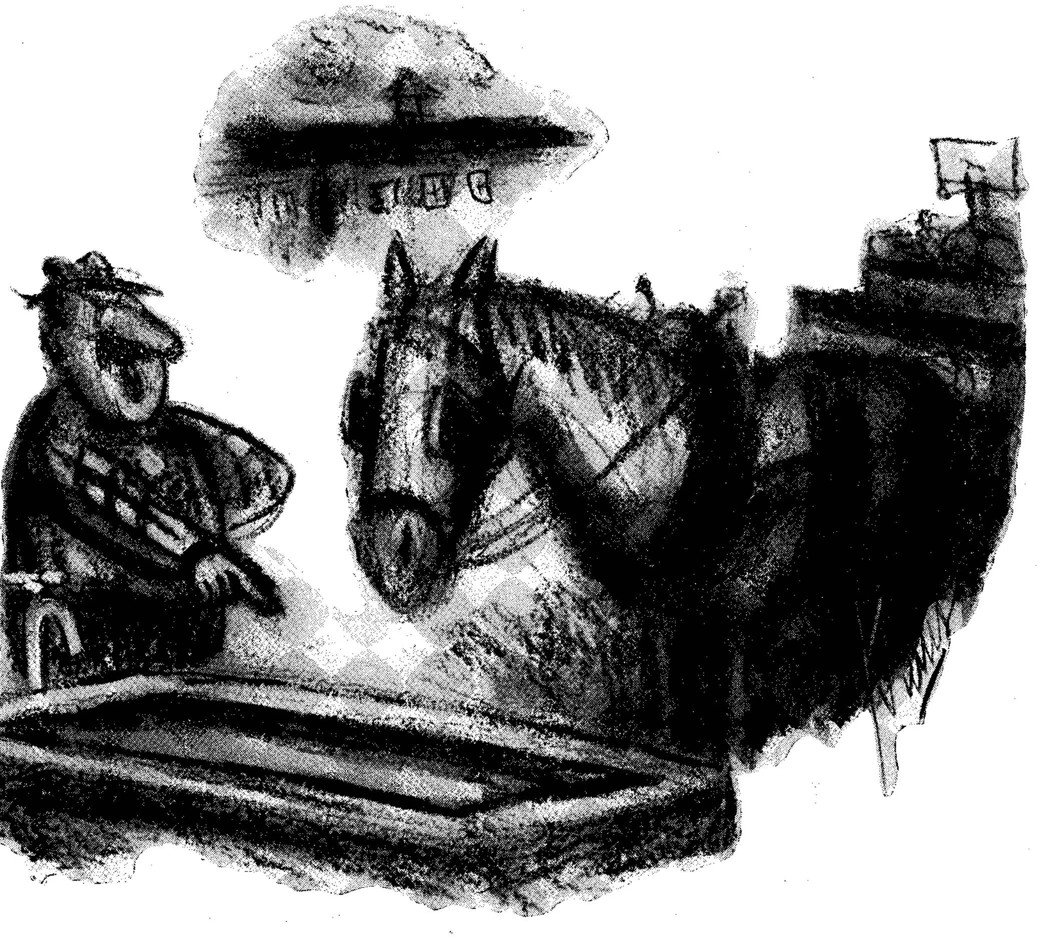
"Hotel management, Ma'am," I said. "There are numerous openings at home for trained personnel in that field. Eventually, I hope to secure a modest executive post at some crossroads like Bangkok or Rangoon."

"But how *splendid!*" she gushed. "Who knows? Maybe one day you'll be the Conrad Hilton of the Far East. You won't snub me when that time comes, will you, Ngong?"

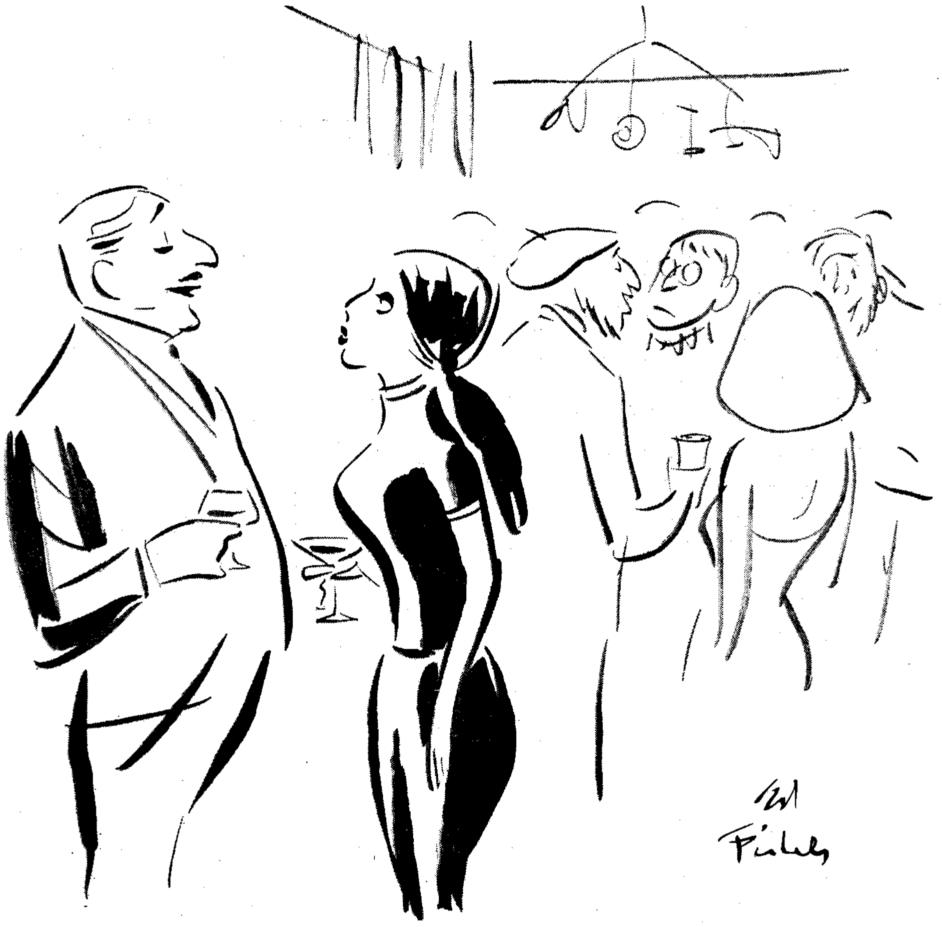
I gave her a real suave smile, pure Charlie Chan. "Nobody ever could, Ma'am," I said. "May I ask what Mr. Fingerhood does?"

"Both he and his spouse are writers," she said. "Experts on the Civil War. They've each done a number of books about it. As a matter of fact"—she rummaged in her folder and brought out a page torn from a newspaper—"here's a note about him in the New York *Times Book Review.* 'Curtis Fingerhood, author of "Bright Magnolia" and "Mosby: Man or Centaur?," is a frequent observer of the Southern literary scene. His wife, Grace, wrote "Bright Enigma," the recent reëxamination of Jeb Stuart.' "

I always welcome the chance to associate with well-read people, knowing the



"Drink!"



"Well, in banking circles I'm considered quite a beatnik."

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importance of good English in hotel-keeping, and I hustled right over to Bougainvillaea Drive for the interview. Once I got used to their accent, the Fingerhoods seemed to be nice, substantial folks. He was kind of a pale, fat man, a professor type, with a dry cough and a head shaped like a summer squash. She was older-looking—fifty-eight, I'd say—with quite short blue hair all frizzed up, and wearing these half glasses that you peer over. She did most of the talking, the way generally happens with a couple engaging help, and she laid everything on the line.

"Now, Ngong, you mustn't be surprised at our foibles," she said. "We're writers, and, unlike your previous employers, we're rather unconventional." I could have told her a few things about the peyotl candies Dr. Catchpole used to feed his lady patients, and a book in Mrs. Patina's dresser, but there was no percentage. "Mr. Fingerhood's a mole—he likes to work at night, and I create in the daytime. Since we occupy separate wings of the house, we see each other only at mealtime, and sometimes not even then."

"Do you have any special food preferences, Ma'am?"

"Decidedly," she said. "We both abhor Oriental cookery. We like pork chops with plenty of tomato sauce, salmon croquettes, macaroni timbales, and veal birds. Other than preparing these, and dusting, your only duty is to remain completely unobtrusive. Is that acceptable?"

I bowed.

"Very good. Then my husband will show you your quarters."

Well, the job certainly turned out to be a snap after I learned the ropes. The housework was easy, there was no company, and nobody ever came snooping around the kitchen to check the grocery accounts. They mostly ate from a tray in their rooms, and if they ran into each other at the table they'd prop up a paper or a book. As far as I was concerned, they were very considerate. I had the use of their car on my days off, and hardly a week passed without some present like ties, or a new wallet, or a pocket transistor radio. They also tried hard to fraternize, always pumping me about conditions in what they called my "homeland," though they couldn't decide if I was a Siamese, a Mongol, or a Filipino.

"Wouldn't you like some incense for your room?" Mrs. Fingerhood said to me one time. "Do tell me which kind—I never can distinguish between those strange religions you have out there."

To get rid of her, I said I was a follower of Mme. Blavatsky, which was a name I used to hear around Mrs. Kluckholm's, and she dropped the subject. The peculiar part about the two of them, though, was how they avoided speaking. A husband and wife under one roof, in the same profession—you'd think they'd have a lot in common. Well, pretty soon I found out that that was just the trouble. They were jealous. Not teasing or needling each other, like these Hollywood movie couples you see on "Person to Person," but burning up with hatred. He was a Civil War authority, and she was a Civil War authority, and they couldn't stand the idea that somebody might confuse them. Every Tuesday, when the mailman delivered the New York *Times*, he would rush down and hunt through the book section to see who was the more frequent observer of the Southern literary scene. If it was he, he'd clip out the item and leave it under the sugar bowl; if it was she, he stuffed the whole paper in the incinerator. She was more sneaky. Twice, while he was off at the barber's or getting diathermy, I caught her looking in his desk. She made believe she was hunting for carbon paper, but I knew from the way her eyes glittered that she was spying on him. The other thing I discovered about them was that they were secret lushes. The bottom of his filing cabinet was full of sweet cordials and liqueurs like Chartreuse and *crème de cacao* that he nipped away at all night long. She was a belter; she used to knock back straight shots of bourbon from two bottles, Old Busthead and Old Starlight, she kept hidden in a fake encyclopedia. So between them they were both half gassed twenty-four hours of the day.

Well, around six weeks from the time I went with them the fireworks started. Early one Wednesday afternoon, I was preparing some cold halibut squares with hard sauce from a recipe that Mrs. Fingerhood had found in "The Botulist's Cookbook" when the doorbell rang. A kind of owlish gentleman in glasses, with a pipe cemented into his face, was bouncing there on the patio. He looked like he was selling brooms, and we didn't need any.

"I'm Emmett Stagg, Mrs. Fingerhood's publisher," he said. He was so breezy that my nose began to tickle. "I'm on my semiannual lecture tour of the West Coast, playing to packed houses everywhere, and thought I'd stop in."

"She's speaking at a women's club

luncheon in Del Monte, sir," I said. "She's not expected back until six."

"Oh, drat," he said. "Well, I can't wait. Lenny Bruce and eighteen of America's foremost sick comics are throwing me a—ha, ha—Stagg dinner at Hillcrest. Just say that I—"

"Why, hello, Emmett!" I heard Mr. Fingerhood squeak. He was standing right behind me in bathrobe and slippers, purring like a cat. You could smell the Benedictine off him a mile away. "Come to inquire about my new biography of Beauregard, have you?"

"Er—no, not exactly," said Mr. Stagg, clearing his throat, grinning, and puffing at the same time. "Of course, I knew you and Grace were both working on one—"

"Ah, but hers is barely outlined!" my boss said quickly. "Mine's practically complete, all but the index." He grabbed hold of Mr. Stagg and pulled him inside. "This is next season's Book of the Month, Emmett, old boy! I've had access to letters Grace never saw. They'll revolutionize your whole thinking about Beauregard!"

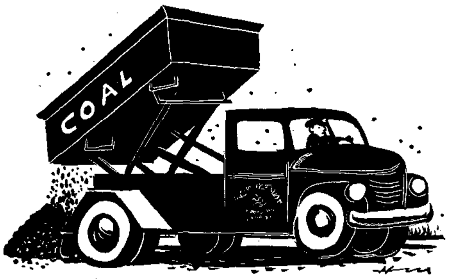
"Ye-es, it's about time his role in the Confederacy was reëxamined to conform with Otto Eisenschiml's theory," admitted Mr. Stagg, following him. "I read something recently in the *Times Book Review*—"

"I wrote that!" cried Mr. Fingerhood. "I'm the most frequent observer of the Southern literary scene there is, Emmett, and I tell you, my new synthesis'll stand Orville Prescott on his head!"

"You think there may be a movie in it?" Mr. Stagg asked eagerly, and then a door closed, so I couldn't catch the rest. By the time I finished peeling the apricots for the salad, I figured myself into the clear. If I told Mrs. Fingerhood her publisher had been there, she might contact him and find that old Curtis had sabotaged her. They wanted a good, impassive Oriental, did they? O.K., from here in Angkor Wat would be noisy compared to me. Pretty soon, the two came out in the hall, whooping and punching each other. Mr. Stagg had a manuscript under his arm, and he was going to phone his reaction from L.A. the minute he'd read it. A little while later, Mr. Fingerhood showed up in the kitchen with a check for fifty dollars—a small token, he said, of his gratitude for my loyalty and discretion. He didn't have to stick arrows on it. Anyone who's put into Hong Kong as often as I have knows the meaning of cumshaw.

It must have been three days afterward—a Saturday, because Mrs. Fingerhood had gone for a permanent—that Mr. Stagg called. He was terribly excited. His pipe kept knocking against the phone like a woodpecker, and he insisted I should wake up Mr. Fingerhood right away. I tried to, but he didn't budge; I could hear him snoring through the door, sleeping off the Curaçao.

"Never mind, never mind!" Mr. Stagg hollered when I returned. "Simply write down this message. First, I've just sold the screen rights of 'Bright Scabbard: The Beauregard Enigma' to Jerry Lewis. Second, either *Ladies' Home Journal* or *McCall's* will serialize it next September, depending on whose circulation is larger that month. Finally, Pellagra & Wormser, the biggest chain store in Richmond, is absorbing two hundred thousand copies—or maybe two hundred copies; I don't have the figures with me—as a giveaway. Got all that? . . . Good—tell him I'll be in touch!"



It took me an extra few seconds, being in a hurry, to get the whole message straight and clear enough for Mr. Fingerhood to read, but I did. I was shoving it under his door when all of a sudden his wife's convertible rolled into the driveway. Oh-oh, I thought, that was a close shave—a good thing she hadn't come back five minutes sooner. And then, Brother, I froze in my tracks, remembering the notes I'd made on the phone pad while Mr. Stagg was talking. They were on the kitchen table, and she always came in the back way to pick up her calls.

The skipper of the Steel Philanderer gave me a piece of advice along with my first job in her galley. "Don't think big, Ngong," he said. "Think cool." I

BALLET

The swivel of a hip twists left and right
And spins full circle. Floating into sight,
Four fledglings of pure form sink down, ignite,
Streak up and disappear, and then sail out
Again in splashes shivering with light.

A sea of arms is holding back its spray,
Then, pulsing through the waves, the weave gives way
To separated threads or weights of down
Of breathless speed whose breakers wing upon
A spume of foam that rises as a swan.

Light sweats its patient sherbet in the wings.
A pier glass boils to flimmerings of snow.
Flame freezes as a windmill turns handsprings,
And rights itself, a fountain, falling, slow,
Which solidly descends in blazing rings.

Moving the speechless marvels of their heads
Into position, what seeds of skimming white
Come down to plant themselves in ice fields cold
And elegant as mirrors tamed to hold
In their tough depths the softest surfaces!

Footloose in wonder, they revolve themselves,
Whose drama is unbearable when still;
Their energetic wrists, their mobile limbs
Pace out fragilities as hard as those
Of diamonds crystallizing out of coal.

Now one, head down, appears to us to see
A park in the flooring; another, looking up,
A few intrepid angels flying mildly,
And when the music reaches where it meant to stop,
Some saints, arrived from paintings, walking by.

—Howard Moss

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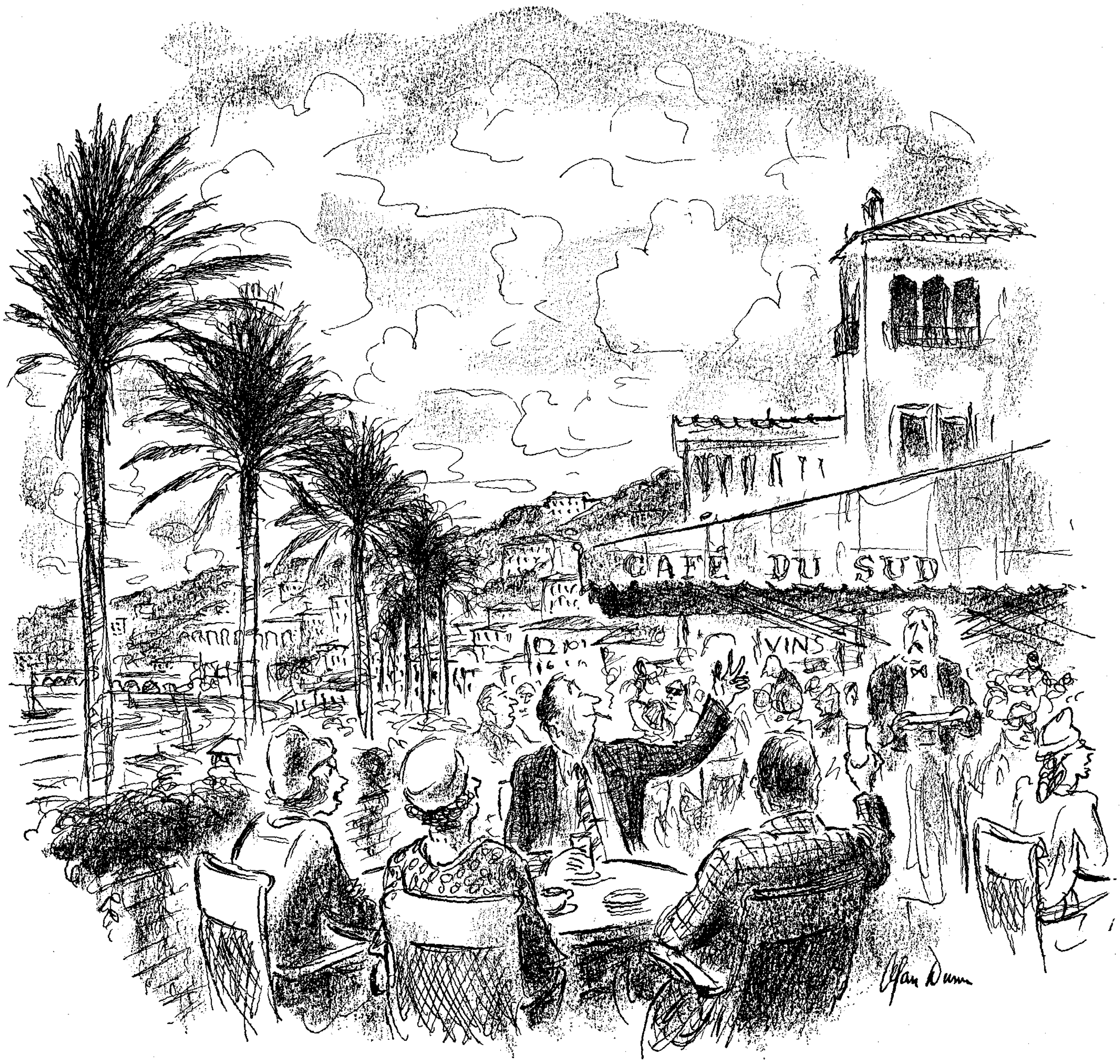

"Well, I can think of one way of stopping the drain on the dollar!"

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made up my mind not to panic, no matter what. I walked back to the pantry, rattled a couple of plates as if I was Mr. Clean himself, and took a swift look. There she was by the table, all right, with the pad in her hand. But she was foxy—I couldn't tell from her tone of voice how she felt.

"Who called Mr. Fingerhood this morning, Ngong?" she said, very sweet and quiet. "It wouldn't have been a Mr. Stagg, would it?"

I nodded. After all, why should I perjure myself for fifty bucks?

"And did he say where he was?"

"Yes, Ma'am. In Hollywood, I believe." That got me off the hook.

"So I thought from the context," she said dreamily. Boy, was I smart to skip any bobbery. "Well, well, fancy that.... By the way, you can have the rest of the day to yourself, if you like. We shan't be needing you."

"I haven't brought Mr. Fingerhood his tray yet—"

"Oh, pish-tush, I'll take care of that!" she said. Her eyes had got all sparkly and gay, like a little girl's. "It's so long since I served him breakfast that it'll be an adventure. Where do you keep the tea?"

I showed her, and after changing my clothes took the bus into town. I guess that's maybe the luckiest thing I ever did. If I'd driven back in her car that night, the cops and the coroner would have put me through the mangle. As it was, the whole thing was plenty rough: the questions, and the inquest, and the stuff in the papers about whether a Civil War bayonet could fall off a wall by itself. But, as Mr. Angst used to say when he was throwing those girls' sweaters overboard, all's well that ends wool. Mrs. Fingerhood not only got off but married Mr. Stagg, the movie won an Oscar, and here I am, assistant manager of the Santa Ponderosa, with a Ph.D. in Southern literature after my name. The Lord Buddha sure was cooking when he advised me to transcribe those notes of theirs on Beauregard.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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Guillotte is described as being about 35 years of age, five feet 10 inches tall, ruddy complexion, brown eyes, and has black, surly hair.—*Morgan City (La.) Review.*

That he can't do a thing with?

THE REUNION

THE air in the hallway was heavy with furniture wax. It attacked Xavier Dunn's eyes when he opened the front door, making him see more clearly the shine of everything. Then he took in the sharp smell. Closing the door behind him, he pulled off his coat and hung it carelessly on the tall hatrack just inside the door. When he removed his hat he ran a hand across his dark hair, which was shaggy at the base of the neck, and rather heavy there compared with the crown, where a small coin of scalp was plainly visible.

"Is that you, Xave?" Edwina Dunn came to the top of the stairs and looked over the railing. The sleeves of her rose-colored dressing gown were rolled above the elbow, and from there to the wrist her bare arms were wet and feathered lightly with soapsuds.

He turned, calling up in a teasing way, "It's Xavier, all right. The real thing." Her hair was newly waved and stiff, and even a flight away Xavier could see the bright-pink cleanness of her skin and, where her chest showed at the throat of the gown, a white shadow of talcum powder.

"I thought you were going to try and get off early tonight," she said.

He had forgotten. He was always forgetting. Finding no softness, no vulnerable spot to which he might admit his own weakness, Xavier said instead, "Something came up." The harsh scent of carnation talc dropped down to him through the immaculate air. Diminished by the distance between them and by the lie she had made him tell, he added, "Is there anything I can do?"

"Not right now. I'm bathing the children." Behind her, as though to bear witness to her (as though she needed that), a bar of soap was dropped into the water with a hard, scooping noise. Edwina's eyes recorded that sound and the cries coming with it. "I wish you'd hurry, though—now that you're home," she said. "The boys will be here any minute." She left him then.

Xavier went over to the hatrack and began going through his coat pockets, listening for the opening and closing of the bathroom door. Instead of that, he heard one of the children calling him. "Poppy! Poppy!" The voice came nearer with each cry. "Poppy!" Somebody had got away.

"Come back here, Kathleen," Edwina called from the bathroom.

So it was the baby. As Xavier brought out a tarnished silver tobacco box, he looked around and saw the little girl coming down to him. "Well, I'll be switched!" he cried, directing the full force of his boyishness at her. "Where did *you* come from?" He fished a charred briar from the pocket and began to fill it as she made her way downstairs. He did not go to meet her.

When she had safely gained the last step, Kathleen jumped down and ran to Xavier, flinging herself at him. "Anything for me?" she cried. "Any Chiclets? Any Life Savers?"

"Oh," Xavier groaned. "Oh, apple dumpling, you know you're too strong for me. You're knocking your poor old Daddy down. Oh, peach pie! Oh, little bread pudding!" He staggered backward and bumped against the hatrack; it fell over, dragging an empty umbrella stand with it.

"Kathleen!" came the cry from the top floor.

"Now see what you've done, dumpling," Xavier said. "Made me knock down the hatrack. You'd better be getting upstairs again or you won't be ready to meet the boys."

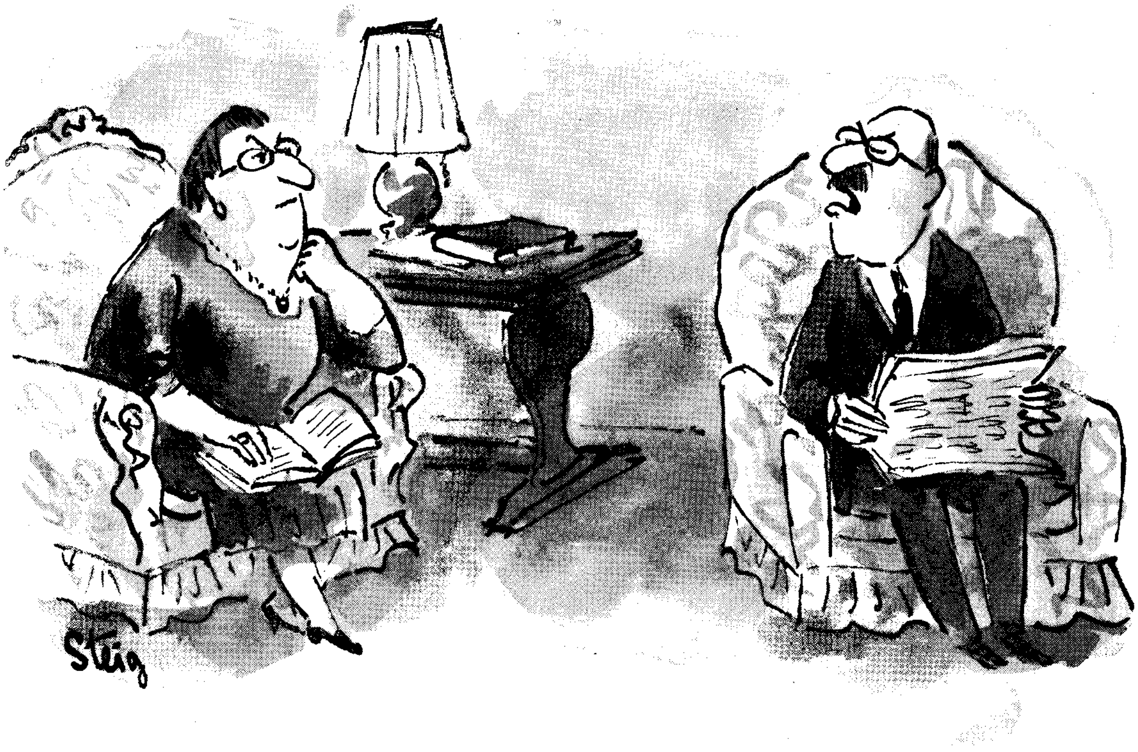
"What boys?" she asked.

"Why," Xavier said, remembering then that this was not what the child called his friends, that he, in fact, did not usually refer to them this way, "Father Phil. And Father Frank, and the others."

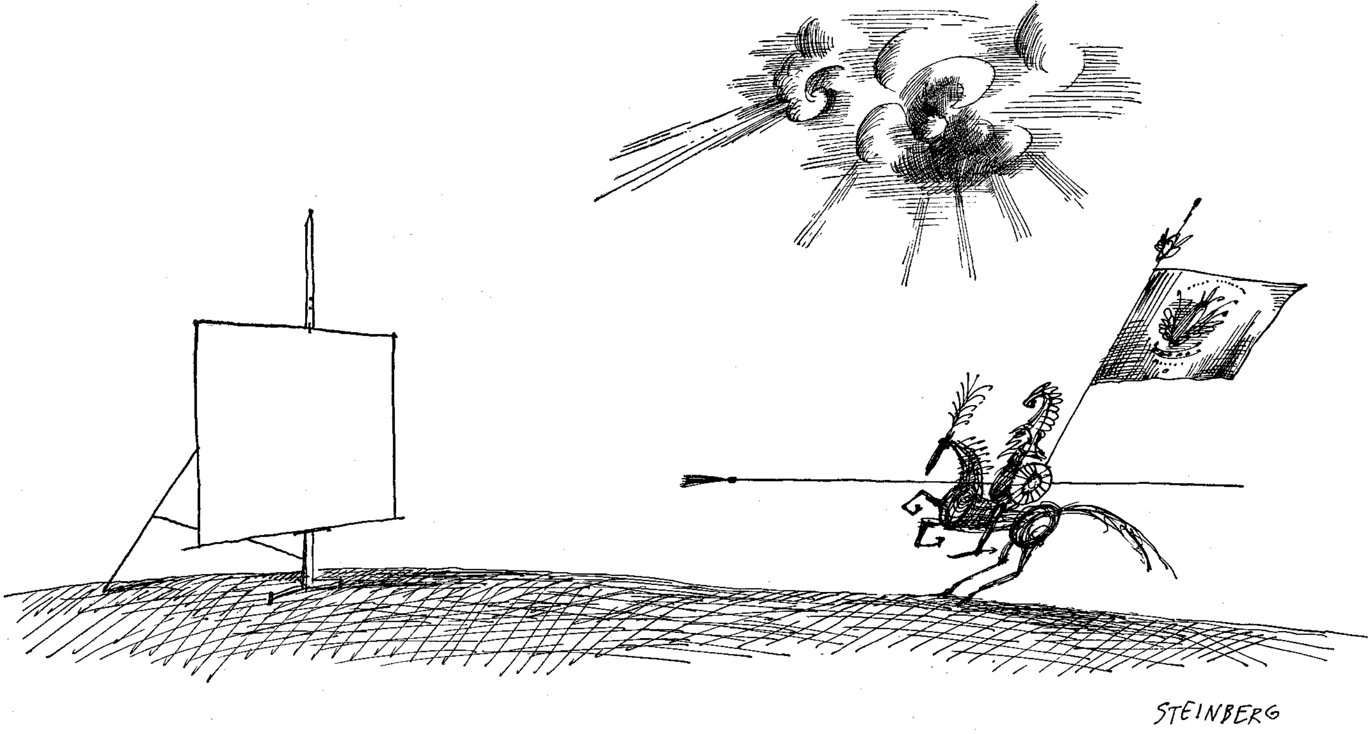
Smiling, relieved, Kathleen said, "You mean the *priests!*"

EACH year, Xavier and Edwina Dunn gave a dinner party for a few of the fellows Xavier had gone to school with. It sometimes seemed that Edwina enjoyed the evening more than Xavier did, but this was not quite true. He looked forward to the reunion. It had gradually become the only time during the year that he and his old friends were all together, for they had been scattered over the Archdiocese of New York, and Xavier himself lived out on the edge of Queens, almost into Nassau County. If he appeared less at ease than his wife, it was only because his relationship with them had undergone a transformation that hers had not. While these men had completed six years at the Seminary, Xavier had dropped out after the third. During the summer vacation before his last year, he had met Edwina, and while his class had gone on to take Holy Orders, Xavier had, instead, taken a wife. The vocation was readily enough replaced for him, although the friends he had made at the Seminary never were.

Edwina always planned the reunion as a formal evening. "Remember, now, it's a black-tie affair," she would say to each of the priests, in gentle and unaccustomed mockery of



"You stick to your pots and pans!"



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their calling. "I don't want anyone turning up in a Roman collar."

Xavier felt that this formality was not so much to please his friends as to assure herself that she had given her very best to the Church—her best linen and silver and china—and he was partly right. She was thinking of the priests more as the agents of Christ they were than as her husband's former classmates, which was, of course, how he thought of them, and so it didn't occur to her that they might have preferred an easier evening. Xavier, for his part, had never mentioned this to her, for he knew that if she paid any heed to such a suggestion it would have been to take it as disparaging to either her housekeeping or the sovereignty of the Church. He considered it more likely, though, that she wouldn't have given it that much thought, not because she rejected his knowledge of the clergy but because she had no need for recourse to it. Her brother had been a priest—a missionary, who died of malaria just before the outbreak of the Second World War.

Each year, the reunion had a different theme. On the first occasion, it had been a winter carnival, and after that there were, among others, an Irish motif, a seaside one, and—Edwina's favorite—the Mardi Gras. This year, Father Paul O'Hare was leaving soon to take up an administrative post in Rome, and in his honor Edwina had called the reunion the Roman Holiday.

Xavier restored the hall to order and shook some more tobacco into the bowl of his pipe, tamping it down carefully but, all the same, spilling some on the carpet. He would just have a quick smoke, he decided, and a look at the paper. There was plenty of time to get dressed. And even if there weren't, what difference did it make? Only the fellows from St. Bart's were coming. He lit the pipe and walked down the hall into the living room, where, a rosary in one hand and a prayer book in the other, his mother-in-law sat waiting for the evening to start. She wore a black lace dinner gown and long black silk gloves. An amethyst lavaliere hung from a fine gold chain around her throat, and there was a touch of lipstick on her mouth, faint but obtrusive.

"Xavier," she called agreeably. "With that terrible pipe smell, could it be anyone else!"

The house and its furniture had belonged to her, but although she gave it all to Xavier and Edwina when they were married, and always said now that *she* lived with *them*, she had about her the air of a custodian, as though it had been the principle, not the feeling of generosity, that prompted that old gift. However, in spite of this impediment, she and Xavier got on well—better even than Edwina and her mother did. Mrs. Conlan thought of Xavier as another son, and sons were to her a form of wealth. As for Xavier, he found it easy to get along with most people, and with those rare persons whom he did not care for he maintained an affability that was always taken for friendship. He was never able to sustain a strenuous dislike.

"Mind the ashes," Mrs. Conlan said now. "Everything's fresh clean."

"Right," Xavier said. "The ashes." He sat down and, opening his newspaper with a slap at the center, turned to the sports page.

After a moment, Mrs. Conlan remarked, "Well, it will soon be time for the old baseball, won't it?"

"It will," Xavier answered. "Spring training is almost here. Then after that, I suppose we'll be fighting all the time for who's to have the television."

"Not with me, Xavier. There's very little I look at on that machine—you know that yourself. Trash is all they offer you."

"You're right," Xavier said, trying to read and at the same time keep an ear with her.

"I was watching the U.N. today," the old woman continued. "What with the antics of those Russians, the world is in a terrible condition."

"They're no good," Xavier agreed. He always tried not to be led into anything more than superficial talk with Mrs. Conlan. She knew well enough what men liked to discuss but she had very little information on those subjects.

"Do you know," she said, "all the while the Frenchman was talking, that Russian devil sat scratching his ear, as though he didn't care what they said, because it wouldn't make a bit of difference." She shook her hand and a spray of holy cards fell from her prayer book to the floor. Xavier got up and retrieved them. "That's the boy," Mrs. Conlan said, stuffing the cards into the back of the book as he handed them to her. "You've got to be tough with those people," she went on quickly. "That's the only thing they understand."

"That's true," Xavier said, settling

down once more. "You can't go easy on them."

Mrs. Conlan was silent for a time; then she spoke again, thoughtfully. "I always regretted your not keeping on with the law," she said. "You ought to have gone into the government, Xavier. It's men like you we need now."

Xavier was an insurance salesman. At one time he had thought of entering politics. After he left the Seminary, he worked his way through law school and passed the bar exam, but he never practiced law or tried to run for any office. A brief membership in one of the local political clubs had disillusioned him—he couldn't stand all the catering to bosses and the crookedness of the machine. Besides, there had been a baby soon after his marriage, and then another, and another. It would have been years before he made his mark—a long hard pull, with a goal that was, at best, risky. And so he quit, although the interest stayed on with him and he often thought that had he gone ahead he might have got as far as state senator. When he thought the matter over in his mind, however, he still felt that his was the honorable course. He never read of the activities of statesmen and government officials without being mindful of what was in back of it all. "It's a dirty business, Mother," he said now. "A dirty business."

Mrs. Conlan went back to her prayers, and Xavier read on. When the door opened a little later, they were both startled and turned around with guilty looks—Xavier should have been almost dressed and Mrs. Conlan should have reminded him—but it was only Joan, Xavier's eldest girl, who was ten.

"Mommy said to tell you they'll be here any minute," Joan said.

"So they will," Xavier answered. "I'd better be getting a move on, don't you think?" He never knew what tack to take with Joan; she was a very serious girl and he often felt that she disapproved of his jokes. Reluctantly, missing already the slow, comfortable ordinary evening that he would not be having, he stood up, stretched briefly, and left the living room. Out in the hall, Edwina brushed by him.

"I put out your blue suit, Xave," she said nervously. "There was a stain on the lapel of your dinner jacket. And please hurry," she added. "You'll have to see to the boys when they get here. I've got the dinner to look after, and the children as well."

As she passed him, Xavier took her arm, just at the elbow, where the sleeve of her bright-blue dress ended. His gesture was rough and his fingers pressed too hard into her soft skin. He didn't know the way to touch people. "There's not that much of a rush," he said, holding to her.

The doorbell rang.

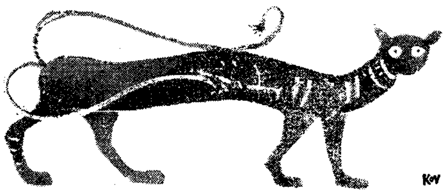
"There!" she cried. "They're here, and you're not even started yet!"

"What difference does it make?" Xavier let her go. "They wouldn't care if we never ate!" he said, and went on upstairs. There was some difference, though. He knew that well enough.

Father Jack Downing arrived first, with a package of music under his arm. (It was always expected at the reunion that he would sing a few numbers and that Edwina would accompany him at the piano.)

"Father Jack!" Edwina cried. Her tenseness burst, becoming the welcome. "And you brought your music!"

The priest took off his hat, exposing the dome of his thick, bald head—generous, striking, Byzantine in its effect.



He smiled self-consciously and let her take the manila portfolio with his coat and hat, as though he shouldn't have brought it—as though he didn't bring it and give it up in just this apologetic fashion year after year.

Before they could go inside, the doorbell rang again. It was Father Phil Boylan, a great joker, and Father Frank Devlin, the scholar of the group. They always came together.

"Well, Jack," said Father Phil. "I hope you brought your music. It wouldn't do to have the year go by without you and 'The Rose of Tralee.' "

Father Jack rubbed his hand over his endless shining forehead and laughed.

Father Frank Devlin with a gentle smile said, "It's good of you to put up with us again, Edwina."

"How could it be putting up with you when I love you all?" she told him. Father Frank was her favorite of them all, as he was the great favorite almost anywhere he went. His quiet, peaceful manners concealed a tough spirit, and yet, while he was far from the mild man he seemed, he never offended anyone.

Just as they were about to move off to the living room, Monsignor Jim Costigan arrived, sobering them a bit and tempering the high spirits that had been passing among them. Each year, he

FEBRUARY 22

Three boys, American, in dungarees
walk at a slant across the street
against the mild slant of the winter sun,
moseying out this small, still holiday.

The back of the cold is broken; other snows
will follow, and some snaps, but today
the macadam is bare, the sun loops high,
and the trees are bathed in sweet grayness.

He was a perfect hero: a man of stone,
as colorless as a monument,
anonymous as Shakespeare. We know him
only as the author of his deeds.

There may have been a man: a surveyor,
a wencher, a temper, a stubborn farmer's mind;
but our legends seem impertinent
gaieties scratched upon his granite.

More than great successes, we love great failures.
Lincoln is Messiah; he, merely Caesar.
Suffering was just a handicap he overcame.
He fathered our country, we feel, without great joy.

But let us love him now, for he crossed the ice,
brought us out of winter, and stood and surveyed
the breadth of our land exulting in the sun;
he looked forward to the summer that is past.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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came to the reunion with some new point of prestige to make him even more brisk and confident, and although the other priests did not become, exactly, stiff in his presence—they knew each other too well and too long for that—still it was apparent that he made them more conscious of themselves and their sanctified state of life. His was the richest parish in the diocese—he had made it so—and now it was rumored that he was up for Bishop. Edwina brought them down the hall and into the living room. When Mrs. Conlan saw them, she started to get up, but Father Frank Devlin said, "Don't get up now, Mrs. Conlan. We'll pay our respects this way."

"I'm the one ought to be paying the respects," she said without a great deal of conviction. She fell back easily enough as the priests gathered around to take her hand.

Just as they were settled, Father Paul O'Hare arrived, and it was Xavier, just dressed and tying his tie, who let the guest of honor in.

"Well, Xave," Father Paul said as he gave up his overcoat, "we've let another year get away." His face shone with a grace that suggested good health more than holiness. He had a high color, and his hair, white since he was twenty-eight, was still that same bright white, and thick as well, so that in the end the white hair made him seem always young instead of old before his time. He followed Xavier down the hall, rubbing his hands together and breathing hard, and when he entered the living room a companionable cheer came from the other priests. With his good humor and intelligence *he* was the favorite among themselves.

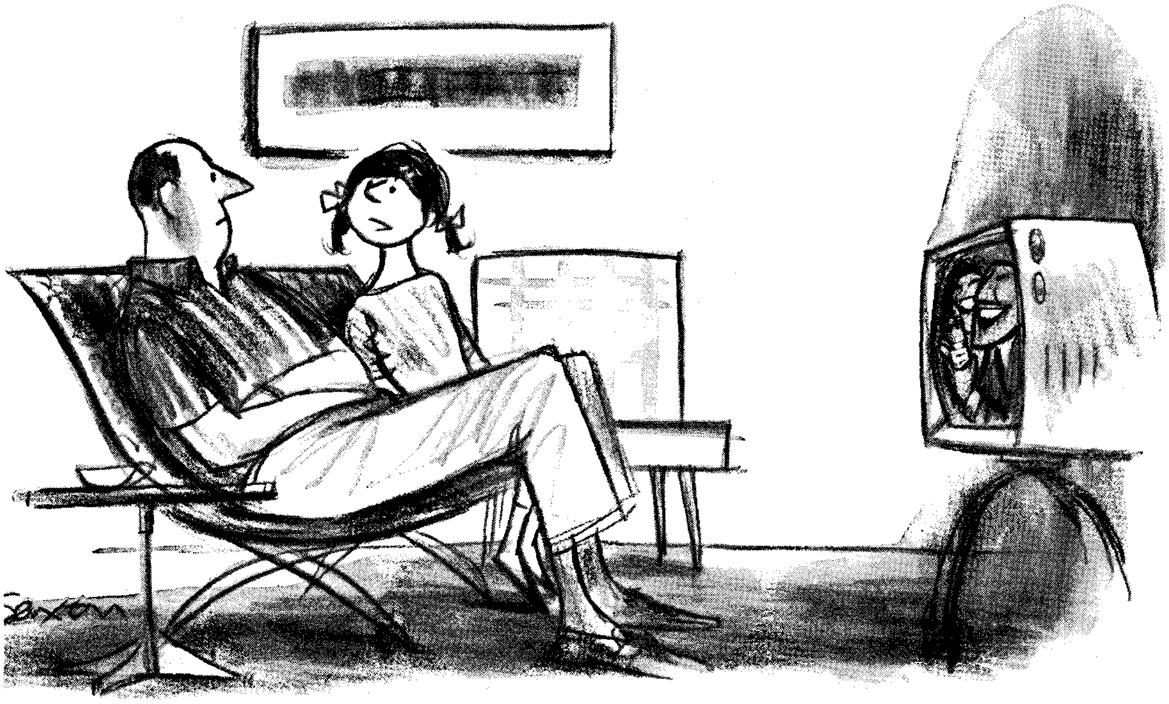
"Father Paul!" Edwina cried. As she came toward him, the patterns in the watered silk of her dress shifted softly, shimmering. She held his hands for a moment (she never kissed the boys), and then said to Xavier, "We've time for a drink and then dinner will be ready—if that's all right with everyone," she added, turning to the rest.

"Fine," all of them said, almost together, in a sputtering sound. Accustomed as they were to being deferred to, that deference rested easily with none of them. They were vigorous men, less like priests than athletes—runners or boxers or swimmers—with, always in reserve, even greater stores of vitality than were already apparent.

"What'll it be?" Xavier asked them. "A little whiskey-and-soda? Just the plain?" When he was younger, Xavier always had his whiskey with ginger ale, but now he seldom mixed it.

"I'd like mine with ginger ale, if you have it," Father Jack said.

"Soda for me," Father Phil said,



"Why can't they save all the commercials to the end, and then we could be honor-bound to look at them?"

and Father Frank Devlin said, "I'll have the same."

"The plain will do me," the Monsignor said.

"And the dear departing?" Xavier turned to Father Paul.

"Nothing at all, thanks, Xave," Father Paul answered, holding up his hand.

"What does that mean?" Xavier cried. "Isn't my whiskey good enough for you?"

The priest laughed. "I haven't had a drink for the last six months. It's my blood pressure. I can't touch the stuff." He spoke without regret, as though his priestly life had taught him to take up all such pleasures lightly and as lightly relinquish them.

"Could we give you a glass of ginger ale?" Edwina asked, her voice full of approval.

"Ginger ale would be grand," Father Paul told her.

"Well," Xavier said, "I never thought I'd see the day when Paul O'Hare was turning down good whiskey for soda pop!"

The gibe did not touch Father Paul. Intact behind his Roman collar, he laughed again and said, "Gone from bad to worse, eh, Edwina?"

Xavier went out to the kitchen and fixed the drinks, making his own just a little stronger than the rest. It was going to be a long night; he felt that already. He gave each glassful a vigorous stir, splashing some of the drink up the sides, and then he picked up the tray and went out into the passageway. As he approached the living room he could hear that familiar, soft voice, so accustomed to taking the lead.

". . . and when I attended the closing of the Holy Door in 1950, I rode all the way over and all through Europe in a party with Archbishop Donnelley of Cincinnati. Would you know the Archbishop, any of you? . . ."

Mrs. Conlan had got hold of the conversation.

IN some ways, the Roman Holiday had proved an easy theme to work with, but, at the same time, the decorations had been a challenge to Edwina. It was almost too easy.

For a start, there had been the two lithographs, the one of the Forum and the other of the Colosseum, that had been in the dining room since she was no bigger than her own Kathleen. She moved these to a more prominent position behind the foot of the table. For a centerpiece, she arranged stalks of artificial wheat and some uncooked spaghetti around the base of her large cut-glass bowl and then filled the bowl with fruit. She had painted Roman stripes in water colors along the borders of plain place cards and fastened them to small wax acolytes that were really candles but served her purposes very well, she thought. And between the light fixture in the center of the ceiling and the molding around the edge she had attached streamers—Roman-striped, too—which made a tentlike effect over the table, where all her treasures were glittering now.

"It's so good it's almost sacrilegious," Father Phil Boylan said when they saw what she had made of the dining room this time. "All that's wanting is the Holy Father done in spun sugar."

All the priests laughed, deep in their great chests, and as she left to go out to the kitchen Edwina cried, "Go away with you, Father Phil. It's no way near what I had in mind."

"It was the last Pope was the true saint," Mrs. Conlan remarked when they had said grace and sat down. The two older girls were coming and going with the soup, and as Ellen passed Xavier, he leaned over and pinched her, making her cry out. "He was the one," Mrs. Conlan went on, taking no notice of the distraction, "that I saw in a private audience in '48, when he gave me his full blessing, and only six others in the room."

That was the way it went, Xavier thought, more bored than annoyed. She would tell them about the closing of the Holy Door, and after that it would be the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin in '32, and then there was the trip to India when she had visited her son, the missionary, and travelled over parts of the route of St. Francis Xavier (said with a nod and a smile at him). They all had heard the stories many times before. Even the fellows had heard them; but they could be counted on not to let on. The fellows were used to not letting on. As for himself—well, after all, he lived here, and besides, there was the prospect of the dinner ahead. Edwina had bought a piece of beef the day before and had showed it to him at breakfast that morning. It was a fine six-rib roast. For the time being, he would put his mind to that, and perhaps later on they would have the chance to be themselves—to get up the kind of argument they were always having in the old days.

It turned out, however, that Edwina had prepared a Roman meal. After the thick soup (Xavier never took soup), the girls brought around individual dishes of spaghetti instead of the roasted potatoes he'd expected; instead of a vegetable there was salad. Then, when he had carved and passed the great slabs of rib roast, he discovered with outrage, as he bit into his own large slice, that there was garlic in it. Xavier was a fussy eater, and often when she was serving company something he did not like Edwina would prepare separate dishes for him, but tonight she hadn't done this. Directing a long look of disgust at her now, Xavier pushed the meat to one side of the plate and sat back in his chair, but Edwina ignored his dark stare and kept her eyes on her mother.

"Did I ever tell you about the time I was at Lourdes?" Mrs. Conlan was saying. "There was a little girl there whose spine was broken and twisted"—she held up a finger hooked over—"as crooked as this. . . ." The child had been cured. She had seen it herself, been one of the witnesses—the key witness, she would have them believe, without actually saying so.

Listening to the exaggerations and absurd pretensions of Mrs. Conlan's talk, Xavier couldn't keep his face sullen for long. He had to laugh, really, or else throw something at her, and he couldn't do either one, and so instead he looked across the table and winked quickly, expertly, at Ellen, his great pal. She looked away, fixing her eyes on her plate. I shouldn't have pinched her, Xavier thought. She doesn't like to be pinched.

For dessert, there was Italian ice cream with nuts on top, served in paper cups. Xavier scraped off the nuts and ate the ice cream, but he took only one sip of coffee and then left the rest. It was very bitter.

"WILL you give us a song, Edwina?" asked Father Jack Downing, when they had retired to the living room.

"I will, if you will," she answered. For both of them this was the best moment of the evening; both loved music, and one always recommended the other so that neither would seem to push.

In his thin tenor—thinner than it used to be and tremulous now on the high notes—Father Jack sang "Passing By" and "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," and after that Edwina played "The Rustles of Spring." Her style was at once timid and precise, and its most prominent feature was the tempo, in whose interest she sacrificed those occasional notes that her technique could not accommodate to the time.

"What about the little girls?" Father Frank Devlin asked when she finished. "Couldn't they sing a number for us?"

The children looked around uncomfortably, avoiding all eyes.

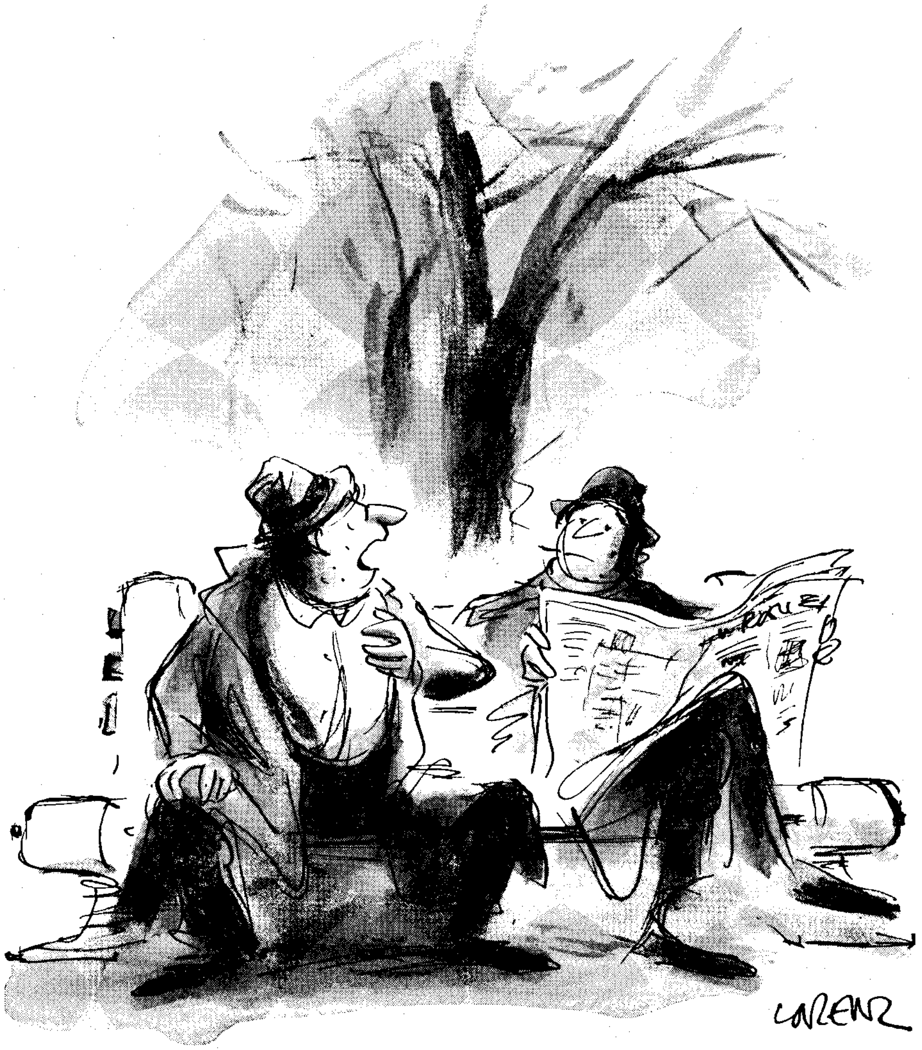
"They could, of course," Edwina said, "and I'm sure they'd be delighted. Come, now—Ellen, Kathleen—won't you do 'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling' for the Fathers?"

Little Kathleen was very shy. She sat back in the corner of the sofa and said nothing until finally Edwina, clapping her hands, said, "That's enough now! Up you go!" Even then she had to be led to the piano where, holding on to each other for comfort, their voices scarcely audible above the accompaniment, the two sisters sang. When they finished there was great applause, and then Joan was asked to do something. With her long curls swinging around her shoulders, Joan did a tap dance to "She's the Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," moving daintily across the narrow portion of the floor that wasn't carpeted. There was a look of discomfort on Mrs. Conlan's face during this performance; she preferred the singing, for the tap-dancing scratched the floor.

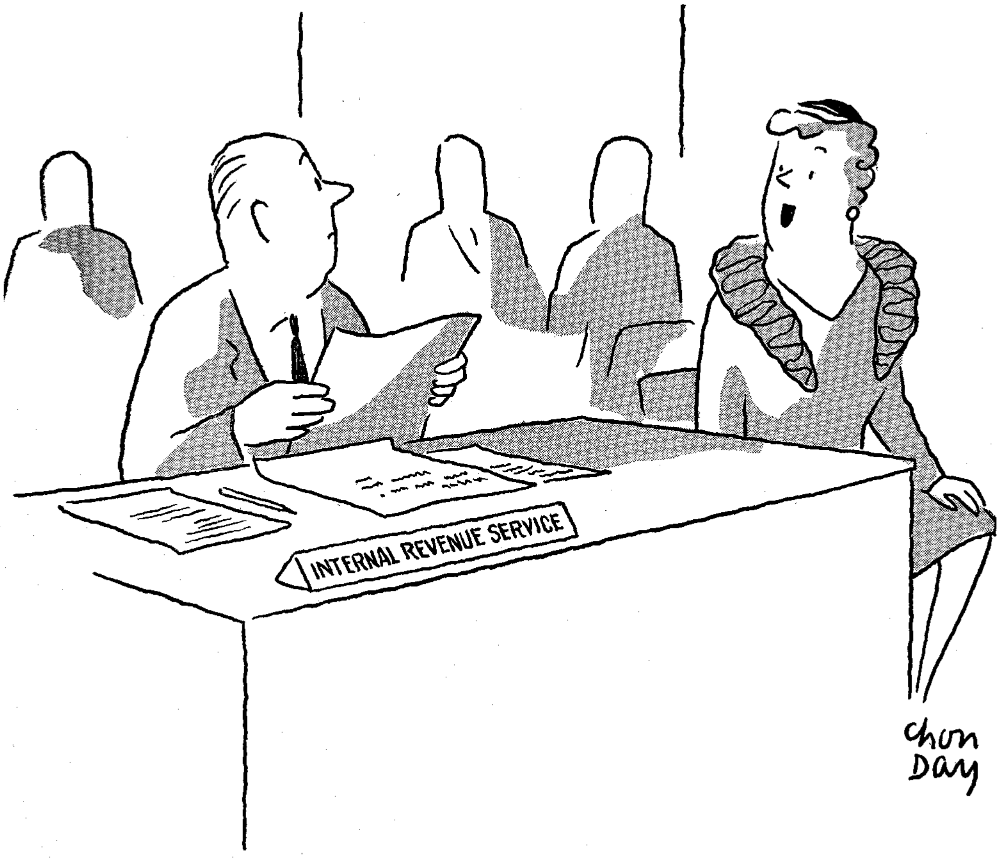
When Joan finished her dance, there was great applause again, and then Mrs. Conlan leaned forward in her chair. "Now," she said, "I've only one request, and then I won't say another word the rest of the evening." A murmur passed over the room—a protest, but then again, not a protest at all. "No," she said, "I won't open my mouth after this, but first I'd like to ask Edwina if she'd play the 'Meditation' from 'Thaïs.' "

Everyone applauded, and Edwina swung around on the piano stool to face the room. The "Meditation" was a dramatic piece which she narrated as she played. It always struck Xavier as a silly number, and, in any case, was not the sort of thing he enjoyed. He liked the popular songs.

"Well," Edwina began, "first here's the story. It's about a young monk named Athanaël, who has spent his youth in riotous living. Athanaël decides to go to Alexandria and bring the gospel of purity to Thaïs, a notorious woman who lives there in the house of an old friend of his, Nicias. When Thaïs meets Athanaël, she's indifferent to what he says, but after a while she be-



"Missiles, missiles—it's what's in here that counts."



"Did anyone ever tell you you look like Gregory Peck?"

• •

comes impressed with his sincerity. Finally his preaching takes root. Thaïs repents and decides to join the White Sisters, but by this time Athanaël has fallen in love with her." Here Edwina paused to get her breath; then she went on to finish. "He leaves her at the convent, but Thaïs is unable to withstand the hard life of penance and goes into a decline. Overcome by his love, Athanaël comes to her just as she is carried out, dead. And so, he's left with neither his love nor his faith."

Turning to the piano, Edwina entered softly into the piece, adding a commentary of her own while she played. "Here," she began, "we have Athanaël's life among the monks—the serenity, the peace." As the music gained momentum, filling the small room, Edwina's voice strained above it. "This is where he goes to Nicias," she said, "and this is where Nicias is laughing at his plan." The melody hesitated, moving tentatively over the keyboard; then it dipped smoothly back into its own beginning, and Edwina said, smoothly herself, "And here he meets Thaïs, who is gradually . . ." she let the word hang over the several measures ". . . won by his preaching . . ." Edwina bent forward on the stool ". . . until finally . . . " she waited ". . . seeing the evil of her life . . ." and waited again ". . . Thaïs turns to the Sisters at the convent."

Xavier looked around the living room at the well-groomed, heavy priests sitting there, perfectly straight and yet at ease. They made him feel a bit shabby in his blue suit. It was three years old; he suddenly found himself picturing the several worn places that he overlooked each time he put it on, and he was sorry now he had not been home in time to dress properly and carefully. All the fellows looked like very substantial men. Their suits were well tailored. Their black silk socks fit tightly around the ankle, and the cuffs of their shirts were stiff and snowy.

"Athanaël realizes how deeply in love he is," Edwina was saying, "and he comes to Thaïs just as she dies." She let the heavy chords of the death scene speak for themselves, but her head was bent so far over the piano that it seemed about to touch the keyboard.

Xavier was sitting beside the door to the hall. He stood up quietly and directed a mild look of apology around the room. Brushing back his hair, he murmured, "Excuse me," and slipped outside, closing the door behind him.

The air in the hall was fresh and cool. Xavier stood there a moment to get his bearings, then he walked softly and quickly down the passageway to the kitchen. The dirty dishes were piled haphazardly on every available surface, but he cleared a space on the big enamel table and then went to the cabinet and took down a juice glass. He brought it over to the table and picked up the bottle of Canadian Club, which was still standing where he left it earlier in the evening. He had bought it especially for the reunion, but only a little had been used, and there was, he saw, some of that left in the highball glasses.

They had never drunk a great deal in the Seminary, but whenever they did it had been a celebration—always an occasion; someone's birthday or a feast day or end of term—always some small thing worth the toast. All the fellows used to love Canadian Club then. Xavier wondered when they had stopped. It seemed a shame to like something for a long while and then suddenly not to care about it; to become indifferent. Well, that had not happened to him. He still cared for things. He opened the bottle, filled the juice glass half full, and drank off the whiskey. After he had a glass of water from the tap, hearing more music coming from the living room, he poured himself another, larger drink of the Canadian Club, and then he sat down. No, he thought, feeling a deep sadness spread through his body, he had not become indifferent. He cared a great deal.

XAVIER did not hear the music stop or know how long it had been still. He only saw the door open—so quickly, so quietly—and then he saw Edwina standing there, her eyes brilliant with anger.

"Xavier!" she whispered. "What do you mean, leaving everyone and coming out to the kitchen like this!"

"It was all right," Xavier said lamely. "They were listening to you play." His own eyes were red and watery from drinking so much too fast, and he looked out as though through tears.

"But they're *your* friends. *You're* the one who should be entertaining them, not *me!* What will the *boys* think of you, walking off like that!"

Xavier could hear the silence ringing now in his ears. He could not blink away the blurred sight of her, and so he looked past her at the shadowed hall out of which she had come for him. "They didn't notice, Ed," he said finally. "Nobody noticed."

—ELIZABETH CULLINAN

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This is an effort to channel surplus foods into needy foreign countries to Foster Goodwill.—*Boston Herald.*

He's ravenous, Fos is.

PROFILES

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

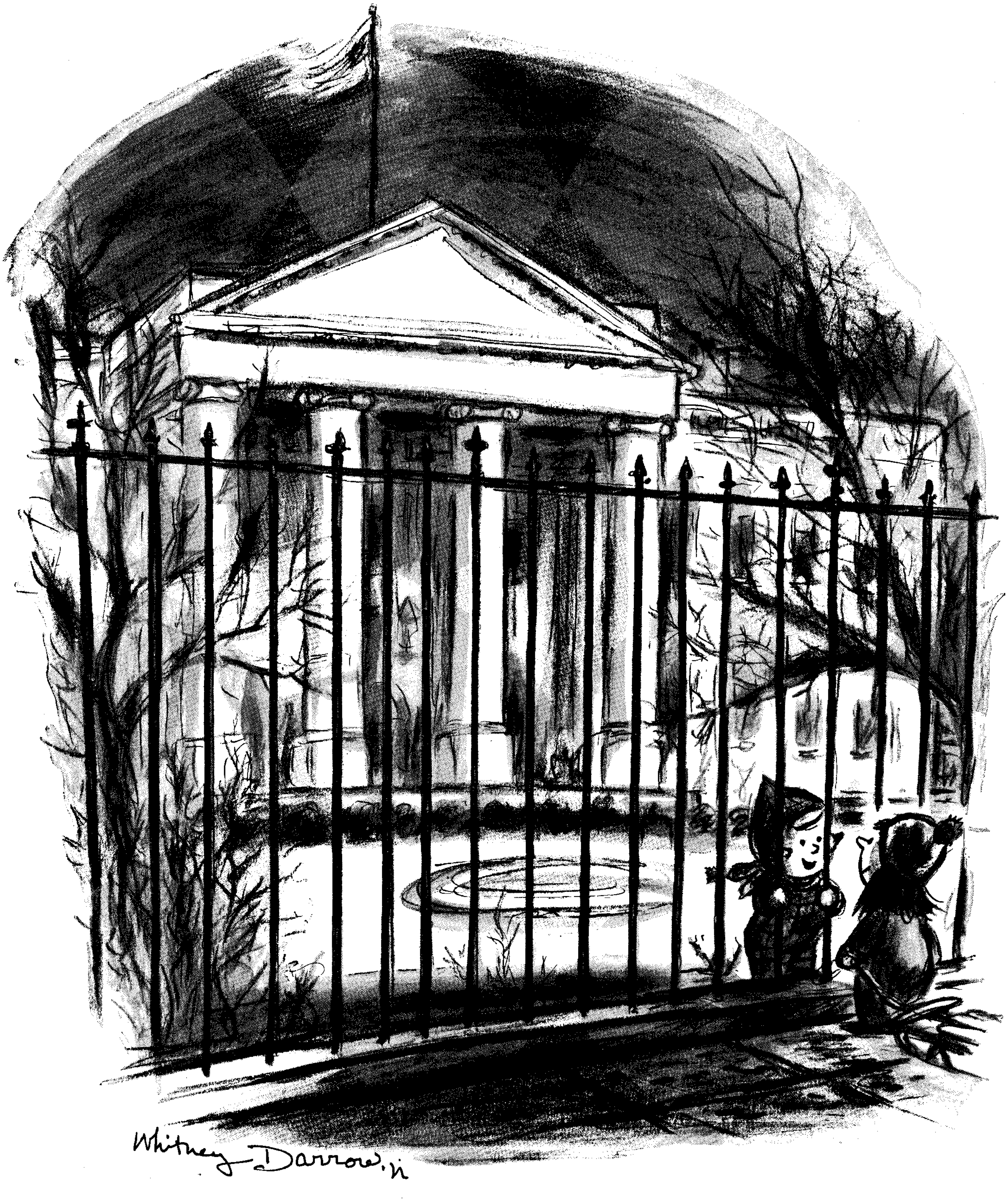
II—DONNA È MOBILE

ON last August 30th, nearly two weeks before Hurricane Donna roared into the Florida Keys, causing the worst storm damage in North American history, two reports reached the Miami Weather Bureau of a weak weather disturbance southwest of the Cape Verde Islands, three hundred miles off Dakar, Africa. One message was from a Pan American pilot, the other from the captain of an Army jet. To the lay Florida observer, the three thousand miles separating this mild annoyance from the United States would have seemed to rule out any cause for concern, but the Miami Bureau, often stung, had learned to regard weather—any weather—as untrustworthy in the extreme. The 1960 hurricane season was on—a time of uneasiness and special alert—and rumors had sifted through from the Everglades that the Seminoles were moving to higher ground. Instead of concentrating on its knottier local chores, such as the guaranteeing of fine picnic days for south-Florida taxpayers who know their rights, the Bureau, headed by Gordon Dunn, who is perhaps uniquely wise in the ways of bad storms, made what amounted to a microscopic survey of the sluggishly churning winds near Dakar. Among Dunn's findings was evidence that the disturbance had caused the mysterious crash there of an Air France Constellation, killing sixty-three persons, a day earlier, on August 29th. It was in that baby stage, he now feels, that Donna, headed for a resounding and inglorious career, accounted for the first of her long string of victims.

A faint official jingle of alarm stirred the Keys on September 2nd, when Navy and Air Force hurricane hunters reported to the Miami Bureau, without joy, that the new tropical storm had achieved maturity; moving across the Atlantic toward the West Indies, it was now generating winds of at least a hundred and thirty-five miles an hour. (To receive the dubious accolade of hurricane, a weather system must present for accurate clocking winds of seventy-four miles an hour, or sixty-five knots.) The infant trouble spot, christened Donna, was described by Dunn as being exceptionally shrewish—preceded by light, variable breezes and travelling at slightly more than the normal speed of hurricanes—and was promptly said by the vigilant and nimble-witted Miami *Herald* to be "behaving like a prima Donna." Navy and Air Force hunter planes are on tap to make trips requested by the Miami Bureau; both services have the unsettling task of trying to pierce the storm's center, and the Air Force, additionally, is assigned to analyzing samples of "steering currents" on its edges. Still, even though a number of flights were made through the storm and a number of steering currents were sampled, about all that could be said of Donna in the first week of September was that she qualified as a recognizable hurricane, whirling counterclockwise in accordance with custom in the Northern Hemisphere, and that the unpredictability of her course set the Weather Bureau's teeth on edge. In the Southern Hemisphere, hurricanes spin clockwise; like their northern sisters, they can produce gusts of around two hundred and fifty miles an hour. The tornado, which is the most powerful natural force developed on this planet, often has winds of twice that speed. Not the least of Donna's peculiarities was that she contained independent tornadoes within her periphery. Even her enemies—and she never made a friend—were obliged to admit Donna had class.

Like a front-line soldier who preserves his sanity by trusting that the enemy's bullet will strike somebody else, the people in the path of a dangerous storm prefer to assume that the winds will subside or veer off in another direction. Cautious optimism prevailed in Florida until Monday, September 5th, when fragmentary reports came in, via press wires, that the northeast tip of Puerto Rico was being hit, and hit hard. In the next few hours, news arrived of trouble the day before in the Leeward Islands, about three hundred miles southeast of Puerto Rico. Most communications there were out, so intelligence was largely scrambled, but it was known that Donna had left at least five dead on the small island of Anguilla and that two people on Antigua had been electrocuted when they brushed against blown-down wires. By some government official's hasty appraisal, seven per cent of the people on Anguilla were left homeless, while on nearby Barbuda only a few houses remained standing. Altogether, this took on the proportions of a sinister portent for Florida, but it was quickly overshadowed by the hysterical returns that began flooding in from Puerto Rico. In the area affected, a hundred and two were known to be dead, six hundred were injured, and three thousand were stranded without shelter. Little of the damage was directly attributable to wind; rising seas on the order of tidal waves, followed by drenching rains, had destroyed dwellings all along the storm's course. Shortly afterward, it was broadcast by Cuba's National Institute of Agrarian Reform, a kind of federal claim-jumping center, that Donna had flattened eighty houses in Oriente Province and that three thousand persons were being evacuated. It was at this preliminary-fight stage in Donna's bullying evolution that southern Florida—and especially Miami and the Keys—started the serious work of battening down the hatches.

In the Keys, residents were warned by Civil Defense to run water into unbreakable containers and to fill their cars' tanks with gasoline. At Miami's Crandon Park Zoo, Robert Mattlin, the



"My daddy is President of the United States. What does your daddy do?"

• •

director, fed tranquillizers to his skittish and sensitive deer; then he rented a derrick to carry his five-hundred-pound turtles to safety. Boat owners everywhere started moving their craft up streams or tidal inlets, and outfits that rented small outboards removed the motors and sank the hulls in shallow water. An odd facet of the hurly-burly around Miami was a howling clamor for insurance. Homeowners who in bland weather had mulishly resisted insurance agents to the point of offering to kick them off porches flocked into the company offices when Donna was said to be advancing on the city. The great majority of these applicants were turned down. Many Miami residents, after boarding up their houses, drove north, past Hialeah and then inland, on U.S. Highway 27, toward high hummock land near Lake Okeechobee. In the city, hotels, motels, and shelters established by the Red Cross were rapidly crowded to bursting with people from the more vulnerable Key chain, down below. In the main, the old-timers in

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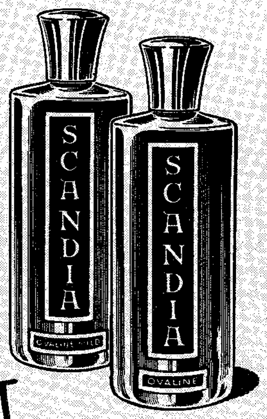

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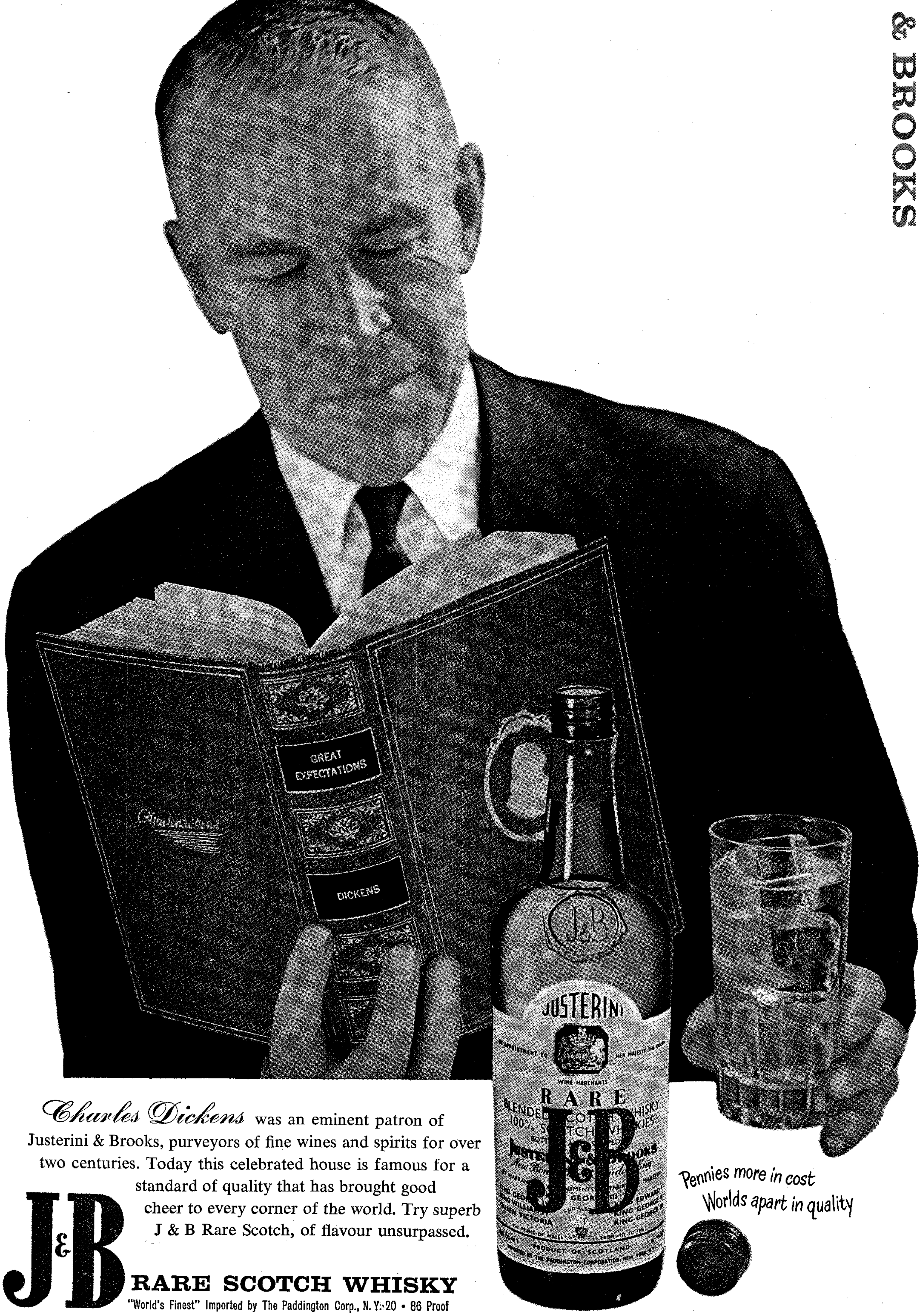
the Keys—the pioneer Bahamians, or Conchs, descended from English families who first settled the area in the eighteen-thirties—stayed behind; it was the visitors and newcomers who very sensibly took steps to improve their situation. Along the Overseas Highway, connecting Miami with Key West, a mass exodus of cars and trucks carrying people and furniture streamed bumper to bumper in both directions to shelter at either end. In Marathon, a hundred miles down the Keys from Miami, television-service men had two hundred requests to take down antennas. A deputy sheriff, fatigued with trying to slow up traffic, confidently stated over the Marathon radio station that he expected very few casualties from the storm. "Most of these people will be killed on the roads before they get out," he said.

By Thursday, September 8th, it was apparent to the Weather Bureau that Donna was aimed smack-on at the Keys, and hurricane warnings were posted from the Dry Tortugas (an unofficial but geographical extension of the chain) on up to Key Largo, the first Key below Miami. At Key West, the Navy sounded its "Condition One" alert at 10 P.M. and ordered all its nearby ships to sea, and other military units flew out airplanes to bases on the mainland. In Marathon, the local theatre manager was applauded for hauling down his marquee, which announced a showing of "The Last Days of Pompeii." Both the manager and some of his superstitious patrons felt that the billing held overtones of prophecy or juju; besides, he wished to avoid seeing the marquee blow away. Also in Marathon, a newspaper noted, "A hitch developed in Civil Defense emergency plans when it was discovered that most of the town's Disaster Committee had left." Scant criticism was voiced of the spooked members; on the contrary, they came in for a good deal of praise, since it was felt that they had stated their case for public flight with such eloquence that they had persuaded themselves to scoot, in accordance with instructions. Sharp differences were noted in the way the Keys pioneers and the comparative newcomers who stayed behind prepared for the storm. While the newcomers thronged butcher shops and supermarkets, laying in perishables, the Conchs, with long family experience of hurricanes, bought tinned foods and other edibles not subject to easy damage or quick decay.

AT Islamorada, in the upper Keys, the precautions taken by Cecil Green, a rugged but genial man who is probably the best-known fishing guide

JUSTERINI
& BROOKS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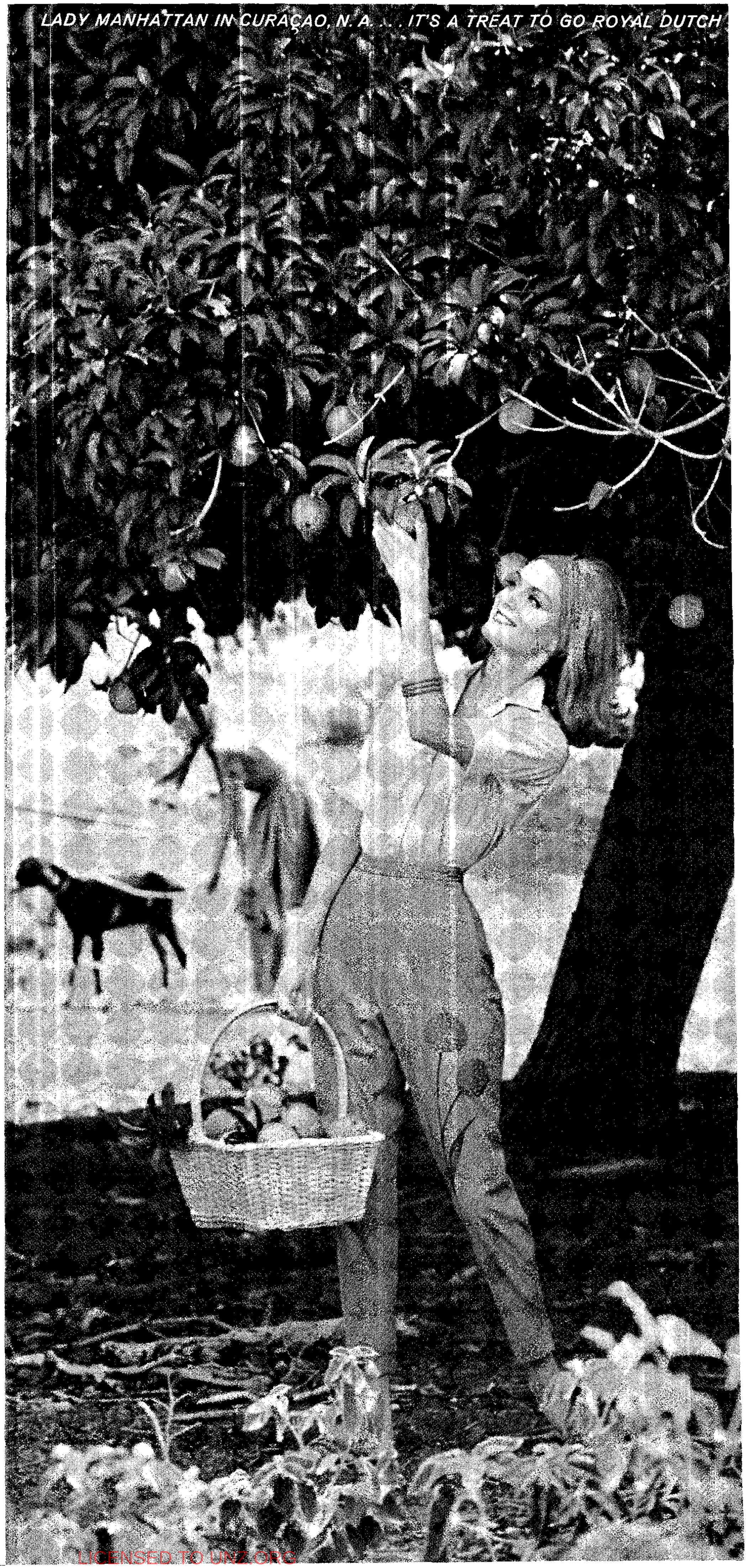
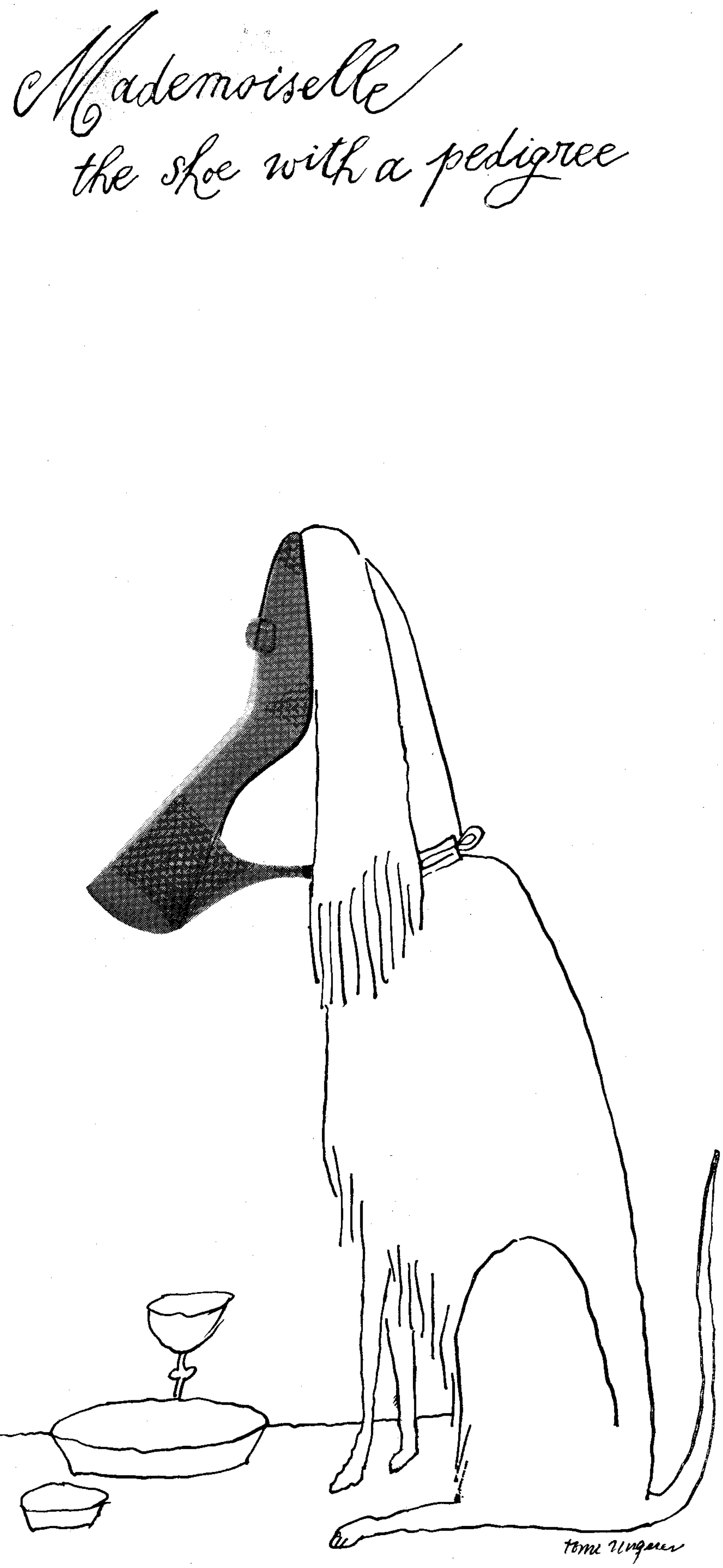


LADY MANHATTAN IN CURAÇAO, N.A. . . . IT'S A TREAT TO GO ROYAL DUTCH in the area, were routine and typical. Besides functioning as a guide in the teeming waters on both sides of the Keys—in Florida Bay, which stretches northward to the Everglades, and in the Atlantic, to the south—Green operates a pleasant cottage camp on the oceanside called Green's Acre, which he and his wife built with their own hands. Early Wednesday morning, he and his wife, Margaret, and their colored major-domo, Lesel Love, started boarding up windows, putting extra mooring lines on his two boats—which rode in a homemade harbor out in front—and stringing ropes and cables over the cottage roofs. For nearly a century, it has been hurricane ritual in the Keys to tie houses down to the strongest nearby fixtures—coral rock, trees, deep-rooted bushes, old pilings, sanded-up wreckage. Working away and trying, as usual, to avoid being bossed by Love, Green, like his neighbors, never really thought that Donna would materialize at Islamorada. The fact is he became surfeited with caution by Thursday noon and took Love reef-fishing at the Hen and Chickens Light.

In retrospect, he feels that it was this excursion after bottom fish that gave him his first sharp apprehension. Off and on all week, the rain had flung down in torrents, but this day had an unnatural, waiting stillness; the water was glassy, with an odd metallic color, and the air was stifling hot. Far out on the horizon toward Cuba, infrequent fleecy wisps scudded fast from south to north over the dark Gulf Stream, recalling to Green's mind the idiomatic Conch observation about pre-hurricane clouds: "See how they do send—low, low, low." For once, no ships were visible thrashing along inside the edge of the Stream, dodging the six-mile current as they headed for Central and South America, and the fish, despite reckless offerings of lures and cut bait, were nowhere to be found, even in small numbers; aware of trouble coming, they had moved to deeper water. At three o'clock, Green uttered his favorite piece of philosophy, "The hell with it," and he and Love cranked up for home. Back at his house, he resumed watching the televised weather reports, which had commanded much of his attention during the week. Then, at eight o'clock that evening, he decided that he could no longer take chances with his family. Not only did his wife's mother, Mrs. Mae McManus, live at Green's Acre but Mrs. Green's divorced sister, Grace, lived nearby with her thirteen-year-old son, Richard. Under a benevolently despotic system, Green looks after them



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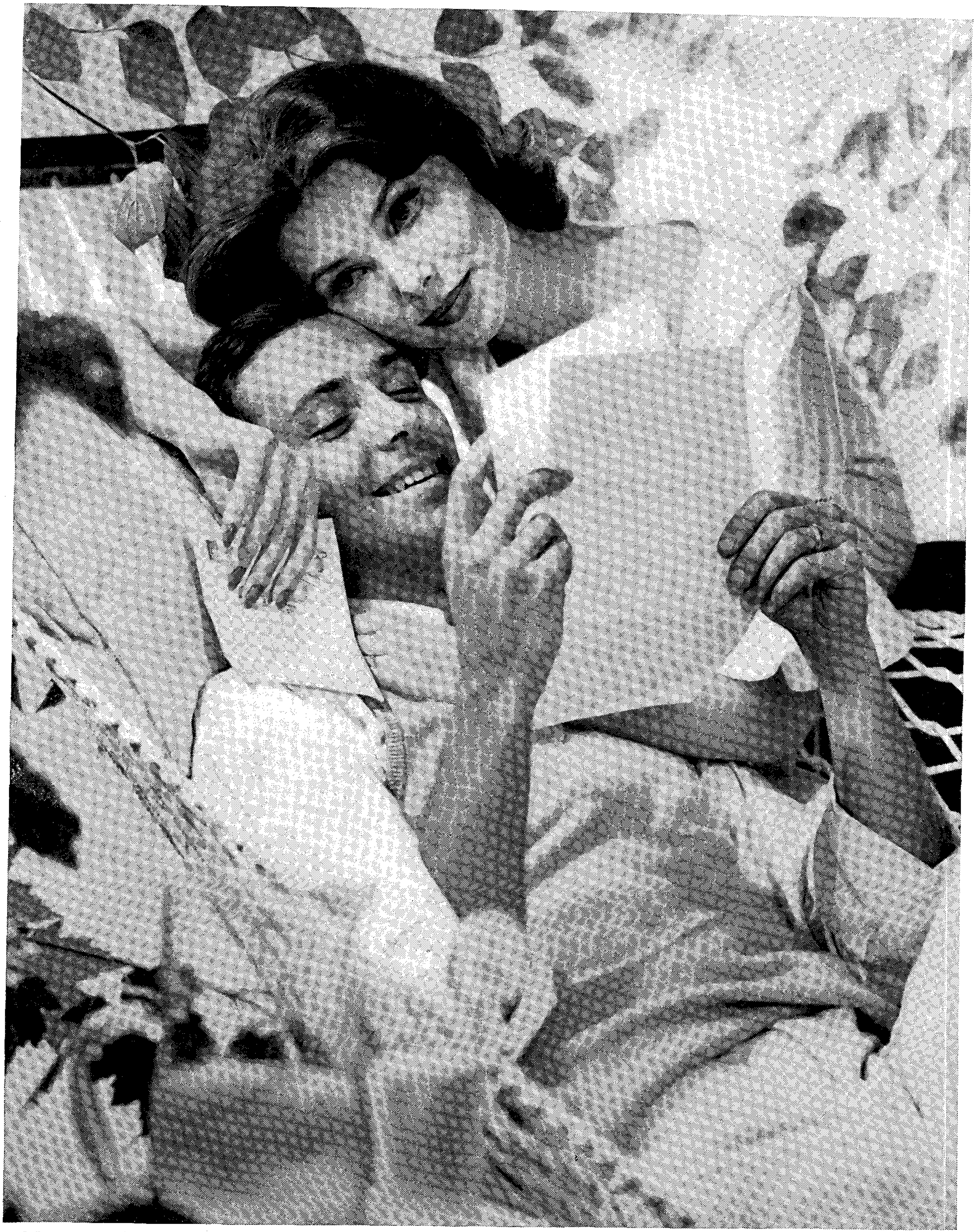

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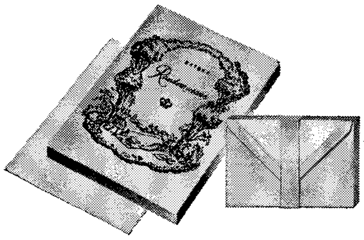
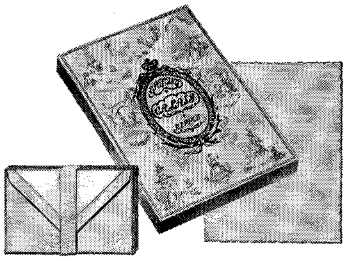
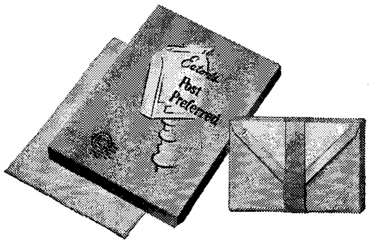


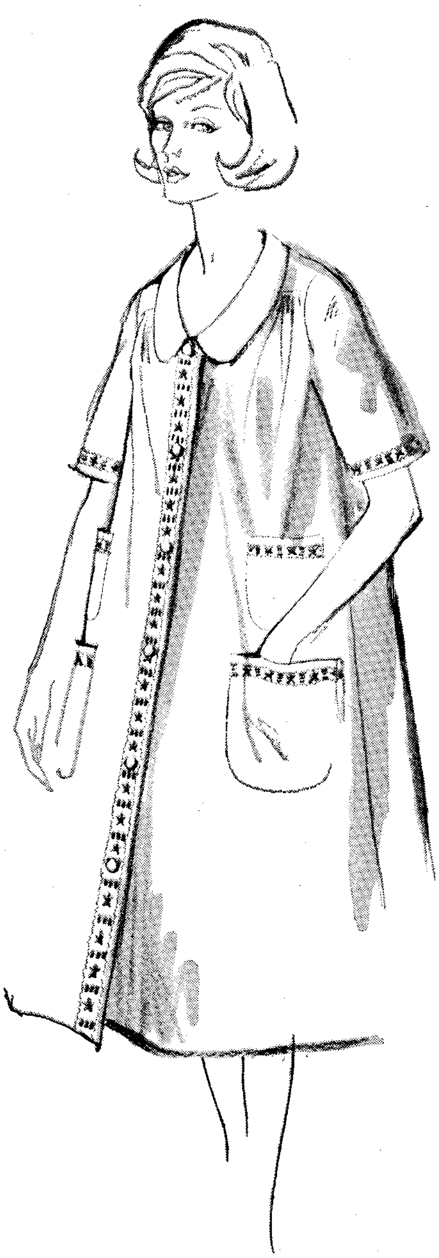




Writing is but a different name for conversation. — LAURENCE STERNE

all, supervising the boy's schooling and all-round training with the devotion he would accord a child of his own. At infrequent intervals in Richard's young upbringing, as in that of most boys, his mother felt that a paddling was required, and Green was tapped for the job. Heavily, but with a sense of duty that called forth the best from his fisherman's overdeveloped forearms, biceps, and shoulders, he performed the ceremonial rite. Each time, feeling like death, he afterward took the boy aside and bought him a new fishing rod, or a little outboard, or, last year, a clarinet. Now, with Donna hurrying directly toward his driveway, as he reckoned from plotting the storm's course, he gave the signal for flight. Grace and Richard took Mrs. McManus in their car and joined the stream of speeding Miami-bound Keys people on the Overseas Highway; somewhat later, Green and his wife followed them, carrying two bags full of overnight articles, along with three bottles of water, in case it should prove impossible to get clear of the Keys. They left the doors of their cottages unlocked, against the chance that friends or neighbors who had elected to stick it out might need provisions. Mrs. Green printed several signs saying "HELP YOURSELVES," and placed them around on iceboxes. It was Green's own instinct to stay and see the fun, but the wildly chaotic exodus toward Miami required, he thought, a man's direction.

At Homestead, on the mainland just above Key Largo, the Greens looked for a room, but the crowds were such that they pushed on through the jammed night traffic to Miami and lodged at the Towne Motel, where they had often stopped before. The next hours took on a giddy, riotous, spastic timbre—a kind of motel-to-motel and room-to-room table-hopping, centered on the constant query "Have you heard anything?" Many of the expatriates had brought portable, or even short-wave, radios along, and someone was always bent over the dials, trying to wrest reassurance from the Miami and Key West Weather Bureaus, which had none to give. By Friday, Miami itself was already being rocked by rising, sixty-mile gusts, and communications to the Keys were beginning to fail. The Miami Bureau succeeded in taking a few photographs of the oncoming Donna by a new process that seems almost unbelievable to the layman: Images reflected from raindrops over the area of worst turbulence were caught by radar cameras in planes and on the ground and then developed into clear positives, showing the sinister, empty eye of the



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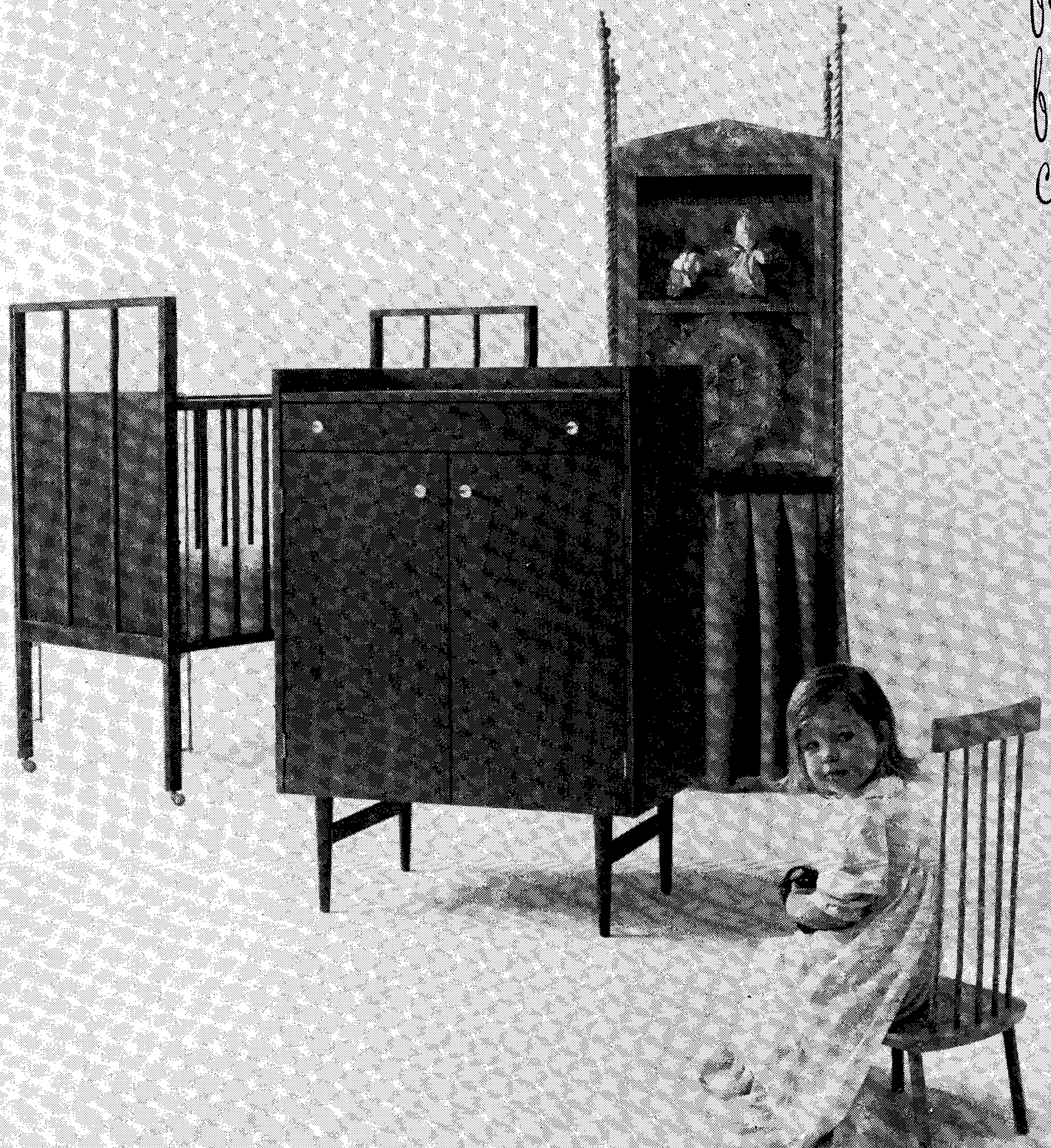
storm and, around it, a thick, milky, doughnut-shaped "wall cloud," with ruffles of squall-line pickets marching out in front. Green believes that the last flash he heard from the Keys said that Sombrero Light, off Marathon, was reporting ninety-mile winds. Of no reassurance to him was the fact that Alligator Light, which stands in the ocean off Islamorada, within easy view of Green's Acre, appeared to have been knocked out of contact. Then, on Saturday—a soaked, rackety, shutter-clanging, tree-crashing, siren-filled day of eighty-two-mile gusts in Miami—the Keys went totally silent.

On Sunday morning, few escapees from the low-lying chain still held any illusions about the condition of their homeland. The best they could hope for was that their own houses had somehow been spared. By car, the Greens made their way through debris, rainfall, and pushed-up sea water as far as Homestead, where they were halted by roadblocks. The Keys were cut off; nobody knew anything about damage or casualties in the area, but Navy helicopters were trying to fly in. Green has never been conspicuous for submission to authority, and the next morning, Monday, he set out alone and managed to reach Tavernier, thirty-three miles down the Keys from Homestead, where he found a distracted acquaintance who still had a relatively intact motor and boat. He borrowed these and, in a heavy swell, headed down the ocean side of the chain for Islamorada. He recalls a hollow feeling during his slow progress—by a kind of dead reckoning, since nearly all the familiar landmarks were altered or gone. As he passed Plantation Key, near home, his melancholy deepened when he saw a large freighter high and dry, leaning against a row of coconut palms on the lawn of his friend, Charles Dean. After considerable difficulty, Green located the entrance of his rubble-filled harbor; then he skirted around a tree whose branches were upthrust in the middle of his channel and jumped ashore where his dock had been. When he struggled up through knee-high seaweed to what had been his lawn, he broke into tears for the first time in forty years. Every one of his five cottages was an empty shell, stripped of its furnishings, including the stoves and refrigerators. The windows looked like accusing eyes, he thought—splintered, glassless holes through which the sea had poured in buffeting waves borne on a wind that, like Kubla Khan's caverns, would have to remain measureless to man, since the absence of instruments in Donna's



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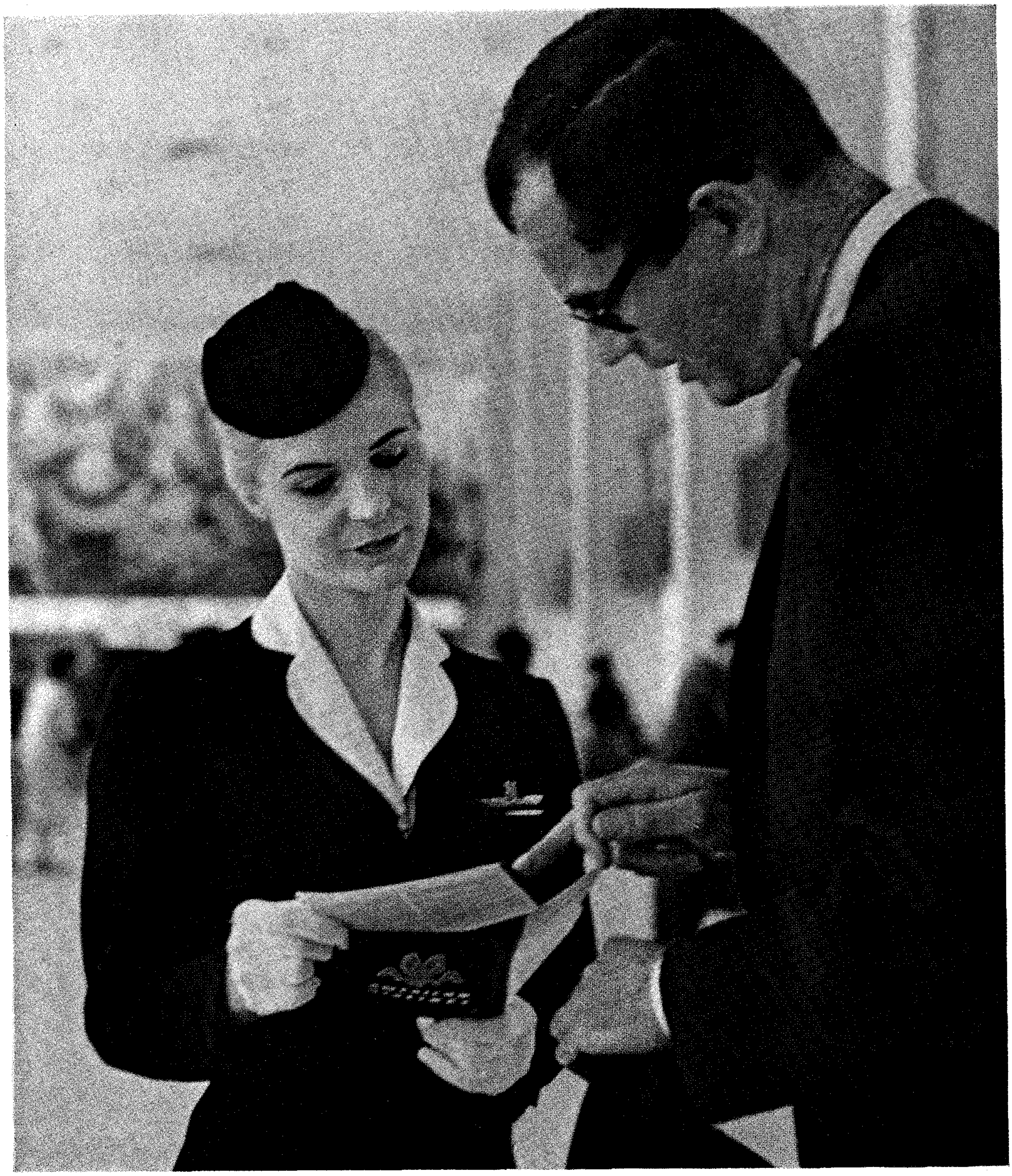
main path, plus the imponderable of tornadoes within her compass, made any appraisal of wind velocity in many places a matter of no more than intelligent surmise.

Green rushed from one cottage to another, meanwhile crying out for his neighbors—for Walter Florida, who operates a fishing camp on one side of Green's Acre, and for Mrs. Francine Rye, a widow who lives on the other. He was so addled, he says, that he forgot which of his friends and neighbors had stayed on and which had fled. In the bare living room of his main house, where he had his own quarters, a few splinters of slate from his pool table stuck out grotesquely from the heaps of seaweed, and on the top of one heap his eight ball sat unchipped and impertinent. On the obvious premise that the token was symbolic, he picked up the ball and put it in his pocket, with a vague notion of having it framed later. As he calmed down, some oddities of the storm became manifest. The refrigerator from his No. 1 Cabin was now resting, askew, inside Cabin No. 3, despite the fact that it was bigger than the cabin's doorways and windows, even after the damage from the storm. Everything was gone from the kitchen of his own house except a fragile cut-glass bowl, which had been one of his mother-in-law's wedding presents. All vegetation as far as the eye could see was burned brown by sea water; no glint of greenery on any storm-hit Key relieved this depressing desert expanse. All his palm trees, so carefully planted and nurtured, were laid flat on the ground; his grass was washed away, leaving loose shell and earth; the Overseas Highway, at the entrance of Green's Acre, was invisible beneath refuse; and every place Green looked, household and personal articles of all sizes and sorts littered the ground, hung nakedly from twisted mangroves across the road, and clogged the doorways of cottages. While trying to swallow his despair, he remembers angrily wrenching down a pair of women's blue pajamas and a white slip that fluttered from the branch of a tree. It was an instinctive action; Green felt that the owner, whoever she was, had been shamefully and intimately exposed to the public view.

Walking south toward Key West in the litter that covered the highway, Green saw no signs of life, and he picked his way back to Green's Acre along the beach. Though he had no means of knowing it, the Islamorada people who had stayed behind were at the moment congregated in the First Methodist Church, which had quite providentially escaped any damage whatever, and where free food was being dispensed. As he made his way along the beach, he saw that all the houses on the oceanside had been gutted or completely destroyed or washed to other positions—some to a distance of several hundred yards. In many spots, no more than a scattering of boards or bits of crumbled concrete block told where a cottage had been. The unaccustomed waves had washed the beach free of sand, paring it down to bare bones of coral. Over these lay a brown network of fine, slender tendrils—coconut-palm roots, exposed when the boles were blown over. Green is exceptionally alert to the revelations of nature, and he suddenly remarked the fact that no birds sang. In fact, no birds remained at all; either they had been killed or (as turned out to be true) they had flown into the Everglades on the first wings of the storm. The silence was appalling. Normally in the Keys, birds twitter in the trees and bushes all around; it is a choice place for bird watchers, who come from Miami and other centers to seek out and photograph such specimens—rare or nonexistent elsewhere but commonplace here—as the bright-red flamingo and the scissor-tailed flycatcher. When Green got back to his camp, he thought for the first time of his boats. He searched the tangled mangroves across the road, beating a path through them for nearly a quarter of a mile, and found his inboard cruiser resting in a tree. It gave the impression of having been salvaged off the ocean floor after a repose of several years, being full of sea water, mortally battered about the rails and skeg, and stripped of its top and all loose gear. Inspecting it where it lay, surrounded on all sides by gnarled limbs that bore strange fruit like mattresses, blankets and sheets, frocks and trousers, a welcome mat, a corset with the stays sticking out, an opened, intact umbrella, and, high in one tree, a stuffed dolphin that had not quite managed to return to its native element, Green had a fleeting, lunatic notion that it might be a clever time to scrape the barnacles off. His sanity returning, he beat on through the brush and uncovered the bow half of his skiff, sheared off from the stern as clean as a sawn log. To this day, he



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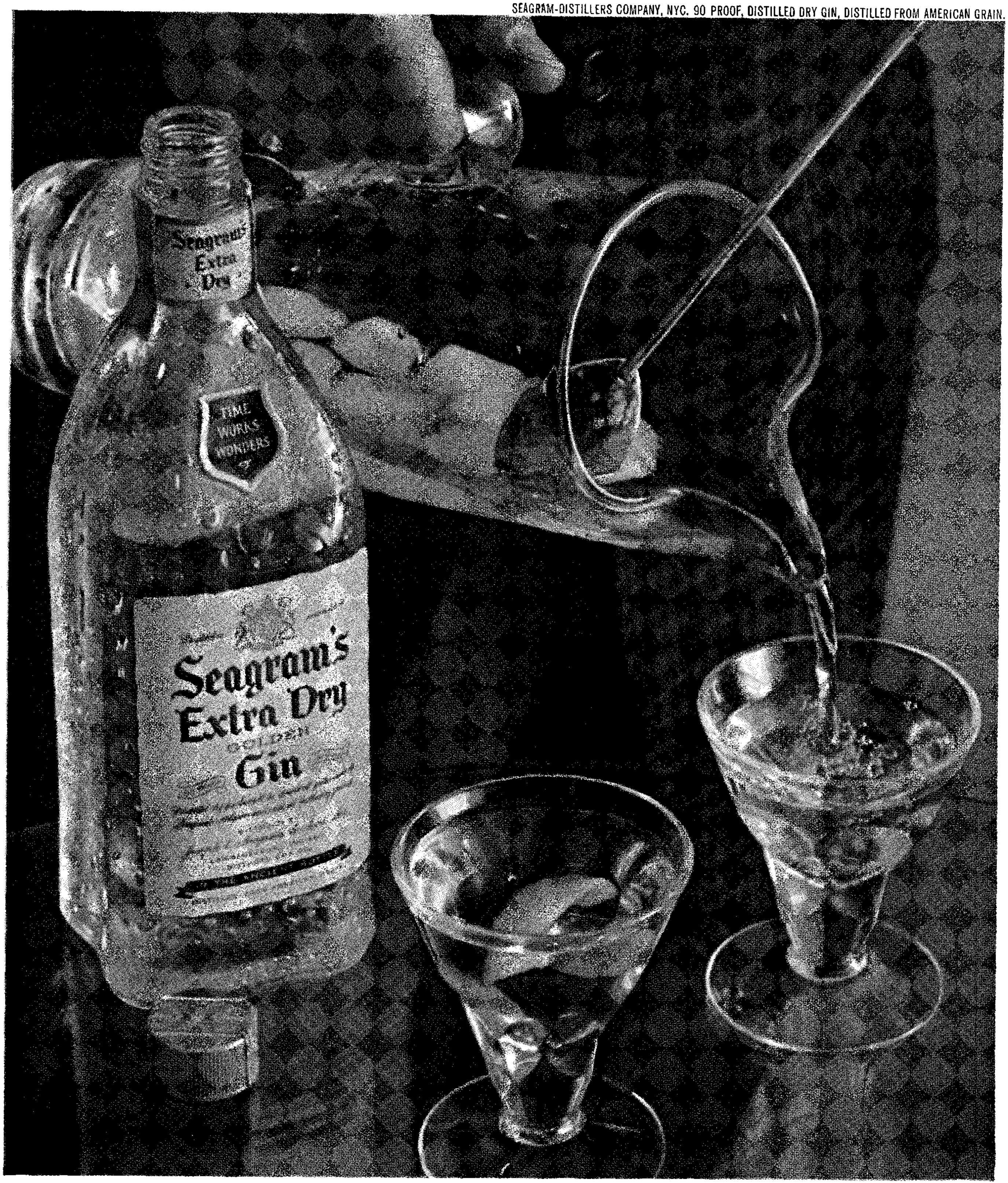
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has no clue to the whereabouts of the absent part. Before he left to return to his wife, it occurred to him that she had only one change of costume with her. In an hour's time, scratching through the trash, he dug out seven soggy, sand-laden garments that he recognized as dresses of his wife's. He rinsed these in his harbor, wrung them out, rolled them into a neat bundle in his borrowed boat, and started out of the harbor. There was nothing else he could think of to do. Donna's winds had totally ruined his establishment, and no purpose could be served by staring at it idly. Back in Homestead, when Mrs. Green saw the dresses she cried out, in tears, "Why didn't you ever *tell* me you noticed what I had on?" She added that, all things considered, it had been an uncommonly satisfactory hurricane.

NOT long after Donna's visit to the Keys, I took a train down from New York, rented a car in Miami, and called on Green, who is an old fishing friend, at the wreckage of Green's Acre. The federal government had proclaimed the Keys a major disaster area, and the work of rehabilitation was going forward. Driving south from Homestead, I picked up the first signs of hurricane, now more than three weeks old, on Key Largo, where state highway machines—bulldozers, front-loaders, and trucks—were clearing away two mountainous ridges of rubbish on each side of the highway. In the main, I noted, these relics of Donna's wrath consisted of refrigerators, electric and gas stoves, splintered lumber, small uprooted trees, clothing, bedsprings and bedding, pots and pans, and seaweed—acres of seaweed, enough seaweed to supply a city with iodine for a year. Off in the mangroves toward Florida Bay, streamers of unidentifiable cloth fluttered like pennants from twisted limbs as far as the eye could see. Here and there in the growth stood high, empty frames that had once held outdoor advertising displays, and smaller signs that had belonged to motels, restaurants, and fishing camps lay flat in many cluttered yards. Between Largo and Tavernier, a town where pirates once drank and compared felonious notes, motorists were compelled to detour around a forty-foot workboat that blocked the road from shoulder to shoulder. At Tavernier, I saw the first large fallen trees, as well as several houses turned around on their foundations, like chairs spun on swivels. A few miles farther along, on Windley Key, a number of bungalows were upside down, and big boats—yachts and fishing

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craft—lay aground beside the highway. Nearly all the approaches to the bridges that link one Key with another had been washed out, and the new, soft fill made driving bumpy and slow.

Even then, little detailed news of Donna's damage had appeared in the journals of the nation. For one thing, by the time the area's communications had been restored, the storm had coiled on up the coast, taking the focus of news interest with it. I had reached Keys friends by phone, however, and knew approximately what to expect, so I became aware of a discordant note in the telephoned picture I had received of the storm-torn landscape. The covering brown—the foliage burned dark and lifeless by salt water—had undergone alterations. The green had come back everywhere—an emerald green that glittered so brightly from the hard lacquer of millions of tropical petals that it hurt one's eyes. This unseasonal vernal flush remains one of the principal topics of storm conversation in the Keys. In addition to the vegetation that had presumably been killed, the unlikeliest kinds of flowers and trees had burst savagely into bloom, in what almost appeared to be some embarrassed overcompensation of nature. The hunting and singing birds were also drifting back. A lonely hawk or two could occasionally be seen perched on telephone wires that usually held dozens, and a few myna birds were picking among the trash piles on the ground.

I found Green in the yard of Green's Acre, at work on a Communist flag. He looked fit—brown and hard and, at the moment, arrayed in a pair of ragged duck pants and a vivid silk shirt that (I learned) he'd rescued that morning from the mangroves. After our usual rough exchange of civilities, I asked him what he was up to, and he said that, by God, he was making this flag (drawn in charcoal on a piece of old sheet) and that unless the Keys started to get a little more attention from the so-and-so government, he was aiming to hang it out in front, where his sign now sprawled on the ground. He had told everybody so yesterday at a public meeting in the First Methodist Church. A number of his friends, I gathered, had tried to restrain him from attending by every means short of physical force but had failed. Bustling over his place were several colored workers, under the direction of Lesel Love, who came up and, after greeting me, said, "That sure is a mighty peart shirt you wearing, Mr. Cecil."

"You're not *about* to get it," said Green peevishly. "How's that new boy

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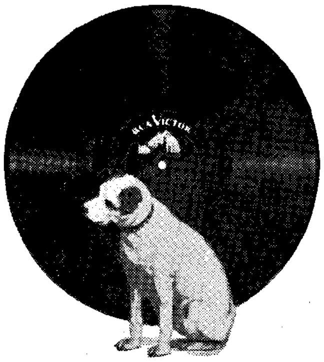

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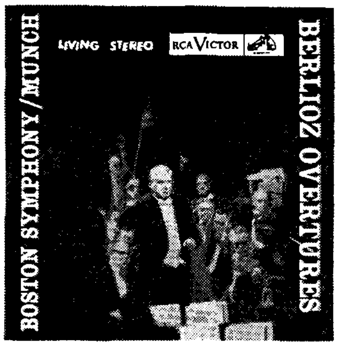
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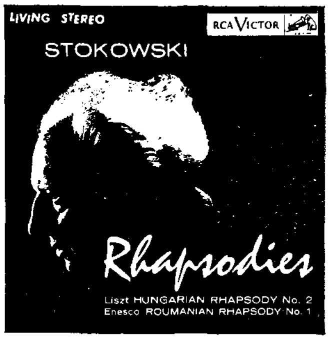
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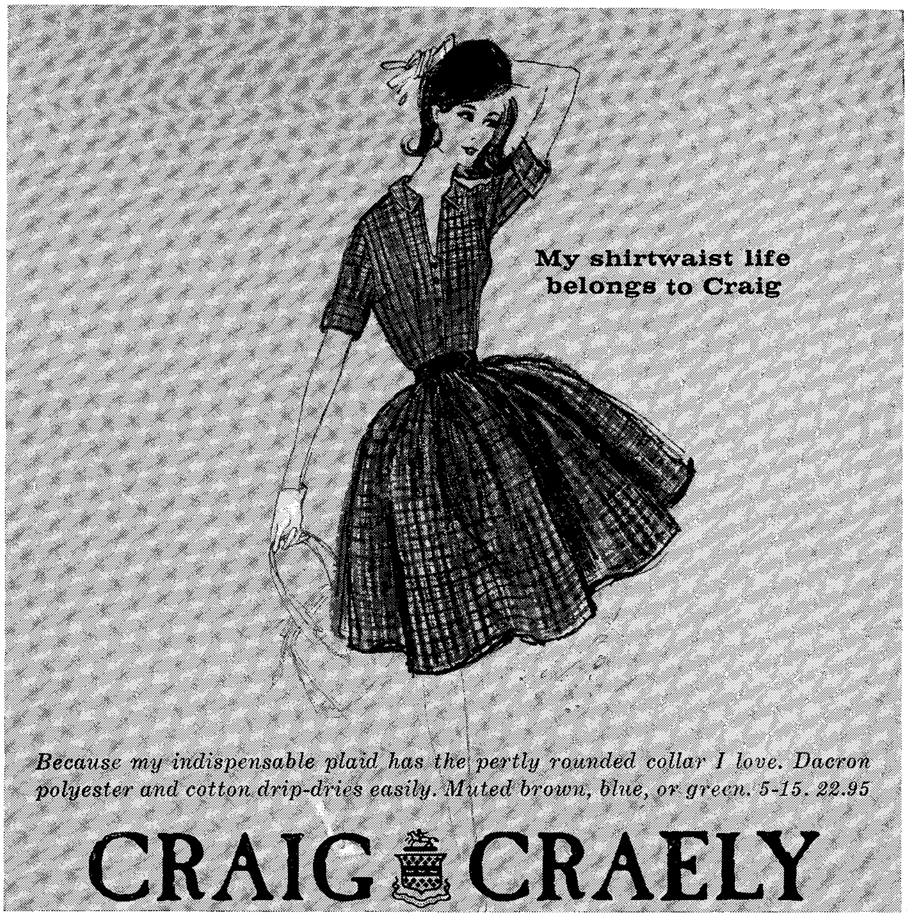

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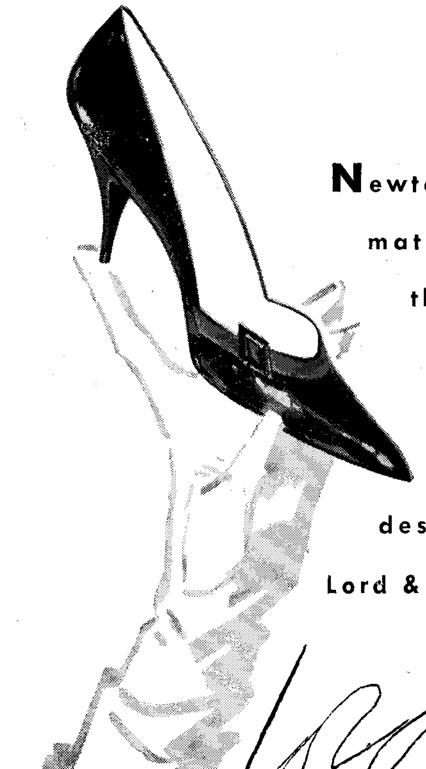

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doing? He looks all right to me, what little I've seen."

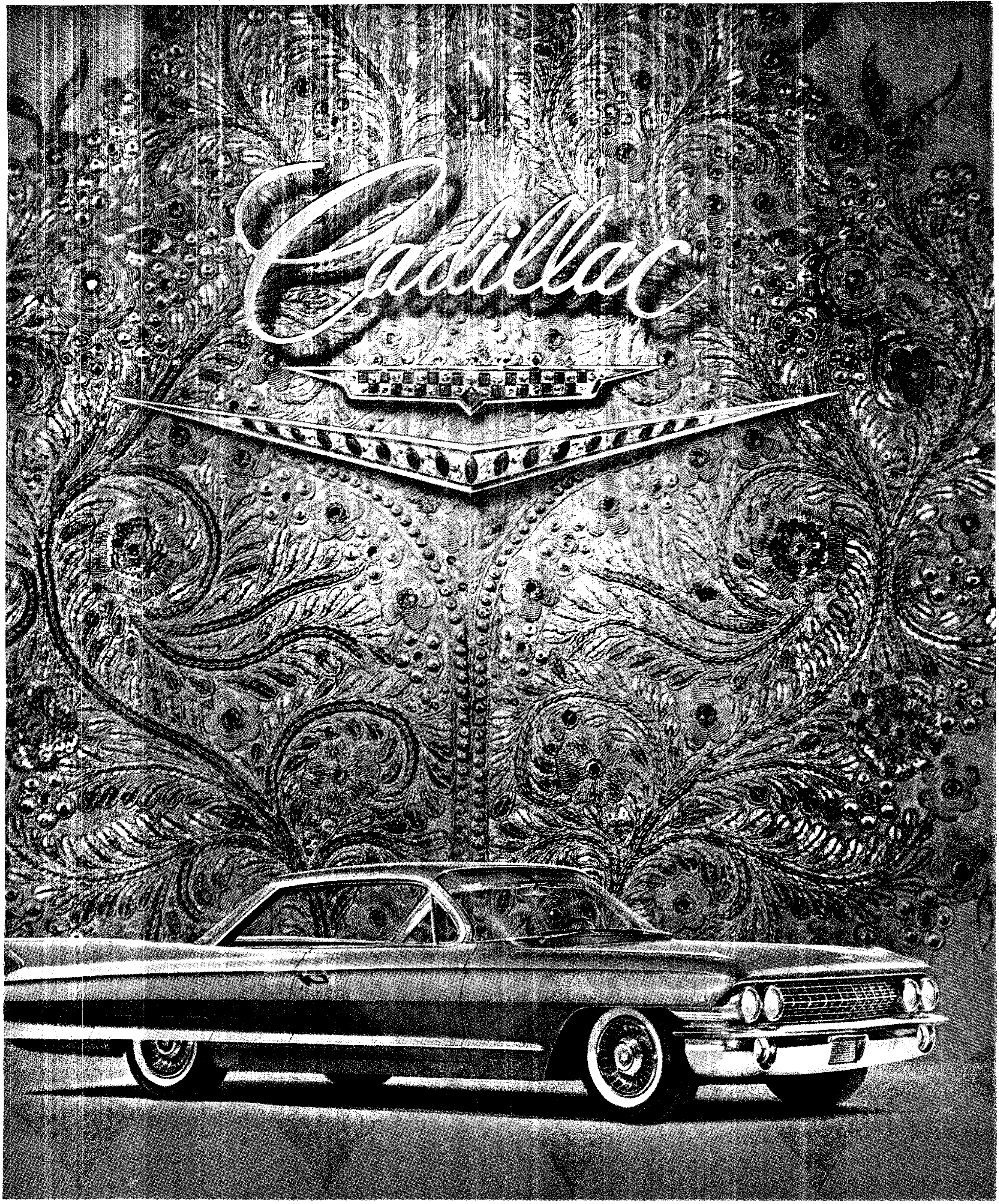
"I fired him," said Love. "He one of them leaners."

"Well, by God, you might have mentioned it, if it isn't too much trouble," Green said. "Next time, you come to me, hear? He looked pretty good, if you ask me."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Cecil, I sure do that," said Love, and walked away chuckling. "I get us a new boy tomorrow in Homestead," he called over his shoulder as Green glared balefully at his back.

From experience, I was certain that Love would have the shirt before nightfall, and I suggested that Green give it to him now, thus saving wear and tear on the nerves. He replied, "Over my dead body," but the statement lacked vigor. Then he showed me his wrecked place—the shells of cottages, with splintered window- and doorframes, the plaster discolored and peeling off in strips, and the roofs shifted and leaky; his waterfront, where all signs of his dock were gone and the coral wall of his harbor had crumbled into the basin; his yard, stripped of grass and many valuable trees. As for Green's much cherished stand of coconut palms, Love had devised an ingenious system of propping them back into position, using a truck and pulleys, and it appeared that, with frequent waterings, many of them might live. The aboveground pipeline carrying arterial water to the Keys, snapped by Donna at several points, had recently been repaired, and the two or three bridges that were still out had been spanned for the moment by steel Bailey bridges thrown up by Army engineers.

When the Greens had reëntered the Keys, a few days after his trip down by boat, they had been obliged to show proof of residence and to take shots for typhoid and other epidemic diseases. The Army, the Air Force, the Navy, Civil Defense, and such further agencies as the sheriff's office, the National Guard, and the State Highway Patrol were policing the stricken zone, bringing aid and trying to keep out looters, but the looters had swarmed in anyway—by boat, by lying their way past barricades, on foot, and even, in one case, by private plane. Green described to me an encounter he had had with two youths who were attempting to remove the automatic bilge pump from his boat. He had run across the road, shouting, and they had made the grave error of turning hostile. Green is a tremendously powerful man, an athlete weighing a hundred and ninety pounds and having a spectacular set of muscles conditioned by years of poling a heavy skiff



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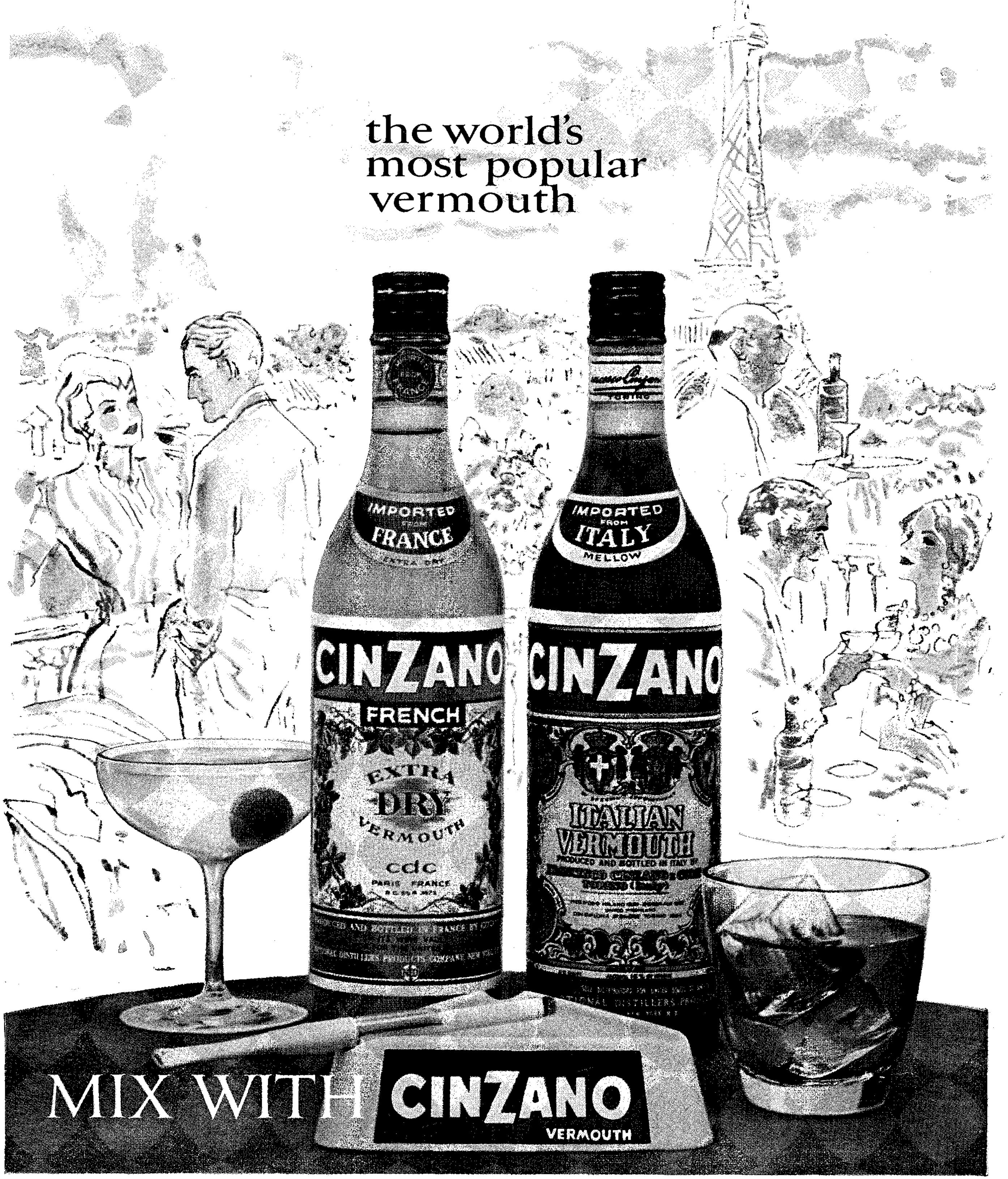
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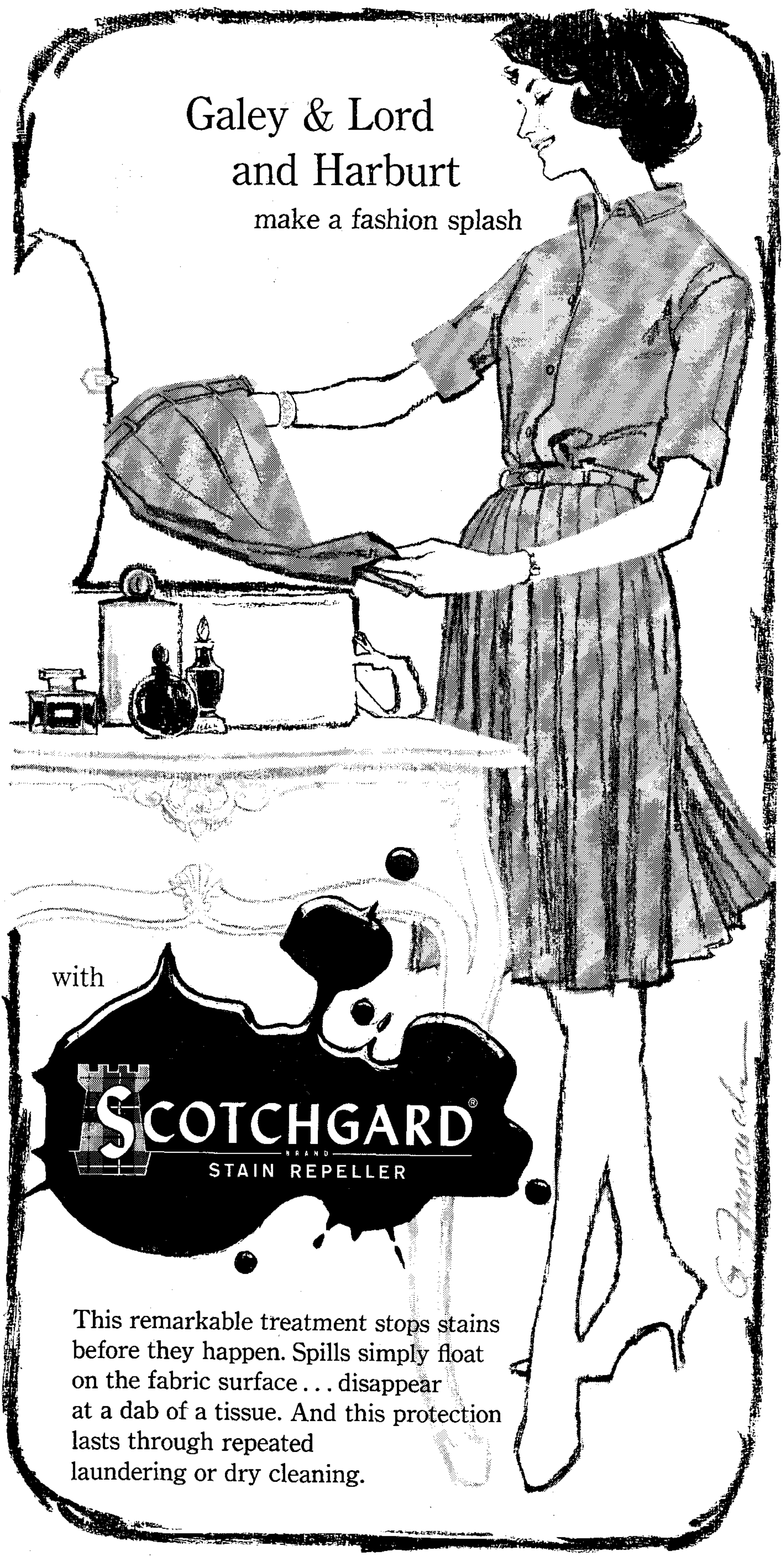
across flats against high winds. He smacked the nearest looter on the side of the head, dropping him briefly, and assisted the other well on his way toward Miami with a shrewd kick. Somewhat later, after the barricades were lifted, he saw a ramshackle truck parked across from Green's Acre, but when he sprinted in for the kill, he found a pair of young newlyweds scratching for broken chairs with which to furnish their one-room apartment near Perrine. Green spent the afternoon helping them gather up flotsam—his own and anybody else's that came to hand—and sent them home, slightly bewildered, with enough furniture to outfit a hotel.

No sooner had the Greens returned than one of their most devoted fishing clients, Don Hawley, an Illinois manufacturer, sent word that the entire family, including Mrs. McManus and Mrs. Green's sister and her son, must move into his palatial house on the Bay, and they gratefully set up housekeeping there. Other clients or cottage guests mailed them checks accompanied by expressions of sympathy, and Mrs. Rye, the Greens' next-door neighbor, insisted on lending them five thousand dollars as a starter toward hiring help and buying supplies. Though Mrs. Green, with extraordinary foresight, had grabbed up some of her business records when they left, the establishment's roster of guests was gone. "All we can do is wait for *them* to write *us*," Mrs. Green told me. "I've tried and tried, but I can't think of everybody, and certainly I'll never remember their addresses." When she attempted to describe the prompt generosity of many of these people (whom the Greens treat as family), her eyes filled with tears. She picked up a letter and said, "One old gentleman, quite rich—a perfectly delightful old fellow whom we had all affectionately considered just a little bit close—sent me a *blank check*, and said, 'I'm getting on, and as I have no kinfolk, I've felt in recent years that my real family was there at your place. Please use whatever of my money you need. You may pay it back sometime, but only if it's convenient.'" She added, "I tore his check up. Heaven knows we were desperate for funds to start rebuilding, but I just couldn't draw on that particular check."

SINCE Green's battalion of workers seemed to be moving ahead well, he suggested that we call on a number of storm survivors he wanted to see. We made our way down the weedy, limb-strewn beach to the home and two guest cottages of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert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© 1960, W.A.S.P. CO. SHEAFFER PENS, MAICO HEARING AIDS

Roth, formerly of suburban New Jersey. Roth quit his job in New York because he was unable to stand the wind from air-conditioners in his office; he has always disliked wind, and he decided, contrary to his wife's instincts, to get away from it by investing some of his capital in a modest establishment in the Keys. We found the Roths, in fatigue dress, clearing trash out of the skeleton of their frame house, which faces—or faced—the ocean. He is a neat, slender man with a temperament incorrigibly waggish and a habit, no doubt arising from high spirits, of twitching his shoulders and snapping his fingers; his wife, a pleasant, thoughtful-looking woman with prematurely gray hair, seems owlishly solemn by contrast. "I've never liked it, you know," she told me. "I said to Herb when we moved down, I don't care for it; it's not my sort of thing at all. *Nothing has happened to make me change my mind.*" Roth professed to be searching for his wife's underwear. He said, "She peeled it off during the storm. How's that for a shocker?" He appeared remarkably ebullient for a man who had recently undergone a critical ordeal, and I told him so. "Aha!" he replied. "But we're *alive!*"

On the afternoon of Friday, September 9th—D Day in the Keys—the Roths locked themselves in their boarded-up house and prepared to sit the storm out. Like other Keys dwellers who stayed, they were convinced that nothing serious would happen. The season was slack, their guest cottages were empty, and they preferred to remain and take care of their property. By midafternoon, Roth said, rain squalls were peppering the house like shrapnel, and at five o'clock, when the wind began to roar with such volume that they had to scream at each other to be heard, the lights went out. The noise was deafening. Above everything was the constant howling of the wind, but there was a mixture of sounds outside—trees falling, waves crashing, debris striking the house, and, significantly, quick, ripping drives accompanied by a kind of locomotive whistling—that caused Roth to yell, "We've got tornadoes going on in this one!" He had read up on hurricanes, he said, and now felt for the first time that they might be in for trouble. Not long after dark, the house began to rock, and the ceiling of their "lounge room," or central hall for their guests, started cracking apart. Also, the first water washed under the doors and pounded in heavy, sluggish jets through the boarded-up windows. Roth grabbed his wife, who was trying to mop back the tide, picked up a crowbar, and pried loose the jammed door to his carport, which had a concrete floor, waist-high walls, and steel uprights supporting the roof. As he did so, they heard a frightful crashing in the lounge, and their pool table came flying through two partitions, missing them by inches. Roth cried "Come on!" and, with his wife, jumped down to the carport's concrete floor. Since their car appeared to be floating—bobbing and banging around—they had to move quickly to avoid being pinned against the walls. Though his good humor still ran high, he was compelled to consider that they were in something of a dilemma: Mrs. Roth had never learned to swim.

"I found two pieces of rope," he said, "and barely had time to inspect them. One was three-eighths of an inch and the other was a quarter. For a second, I struggled with my conscience—should I use both of them for myself? I confess it freely. After all, we're all reduced to little more than animal status at the moments when we face death. Then I shook off my doubts and tied my wife to a steel upright with the quarter-inch rope. I sensibly used the three-eighths on myself, and yelled, 'Hang on!' I have no idea how long we were there, but I kept yelling, 'The water's receding—hang on five more minutes!' " At the worst point, when the house plainly faced imminent collapse, Mrs. Roth found enough voice to cry out, "Goodbye!" Her husband's inveterate gaiety never faltered. "You might at least say 'Goodbye, *honey*'!" he shouted back. Immediately after that, a complete wing of the house, plus the carport roof, broke off and was lifted directly over the Roths' heads on the crest of a gigantic wave. Submerged for several seconds, they lost consciousness; then they remained in an exhausted stupor until they noticed a faint glow over the sea to the east. Donna had gone her way, and neither of the pair was scratched; their clothing, too, was intact, except that Mrs. Roth had freakishly been divested of all her underwear. Roth carried his wife to one of the guest-houses; a sodden bed was still there, and they flung themselves onto it. At seven o'clock, they heard a cry of "Hello, there! Anybody here? Anybody alive? This is Reverend Kerrick!" With the last of his strength, Roth sat up and, looking at his dishevelled wife, said feebly, "This is a hell of a time for a minister to come calling." They permitted themselves to be assisted to the First Methodist Church.

It is agreed in Islamorada that the

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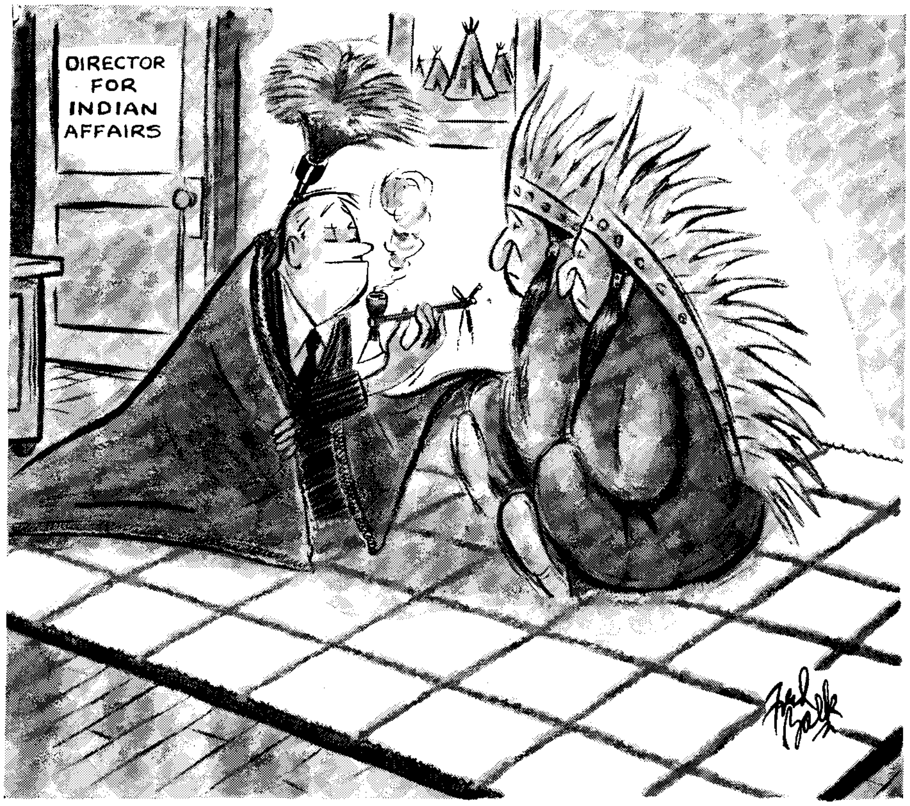

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Reverend Eugene S. Kerrick acted with courage and ingenuity in the crisis of Donna. Refusing to leave the Keys, he stayed in his church—a handsome building, with a sculptured memorial on the lawn to the victims of the 1935 hurricane in the Keys—and emerged on the run, to check on his parishioners (and others), when it appeared that the frenzy of the storm was beginning to abate. As nearly as he could determine, while many persons were injured, only one life had been lost in the settlement. Mrs. Buck Grundy, the wife of a local real-estate dealer, had been snatched from her husband's arms when they tried to flee their flooding house at the height of the winds; days later, her body was found washed up on an uninhabited Key far back toward the Everglades. After rushing from house to house, Mr. Kerrick opened the church to the public and began dispensing free meals, aided by women of his congregation. The water supply was disrupted, of course, but nearly everybody had stored water before the first squalls hit; then, on Sunday, the Navy at Key West flew water in by helicopter. The principal grocery of Islamorada—Poucher's, a supermarket—was smashed, possibly beyond repair. When the owner, Ernest Poucher, arrived, he threw open the doors and invited the town in to carry off whatever of his stock was needed for survival, and Reverend Kerrick and his aides converted this foodstuff into hot handout meals at the church. Not all of Poucher's groceries were removed, of course, and the problem of rats swarming up from the bogs to scavenge caused one of the policing agencies to order the place burned, "to avoid plague." Now, from a distance of time, Poucher feels that the decision may have been hysterically premature.

By Monday, it was possible for expert observers to make fairly accurate guesses about Donna's physical conduct at Islamorada, which was probably the worst-hit area in the Keys. The main hammer blows were taken approximately between Marathon, thirty-five miles below Islamorada, and Tavernier, twelve miles above. Spinning counterclockwise, the storm struck Islamorada with its northeast quadrant, whose winds whirled in from the sea. At Marathon, in the northwest quadrant, the wind came from the opposite direction, pushing up bay water instead of ocean, and causing nearly all of the damage on the bay side. In both areas, about nine inches of rain fell in the two days following the passage of the storm. This unkind combination of attacks gave rise to insurance rows that continue to rankle in

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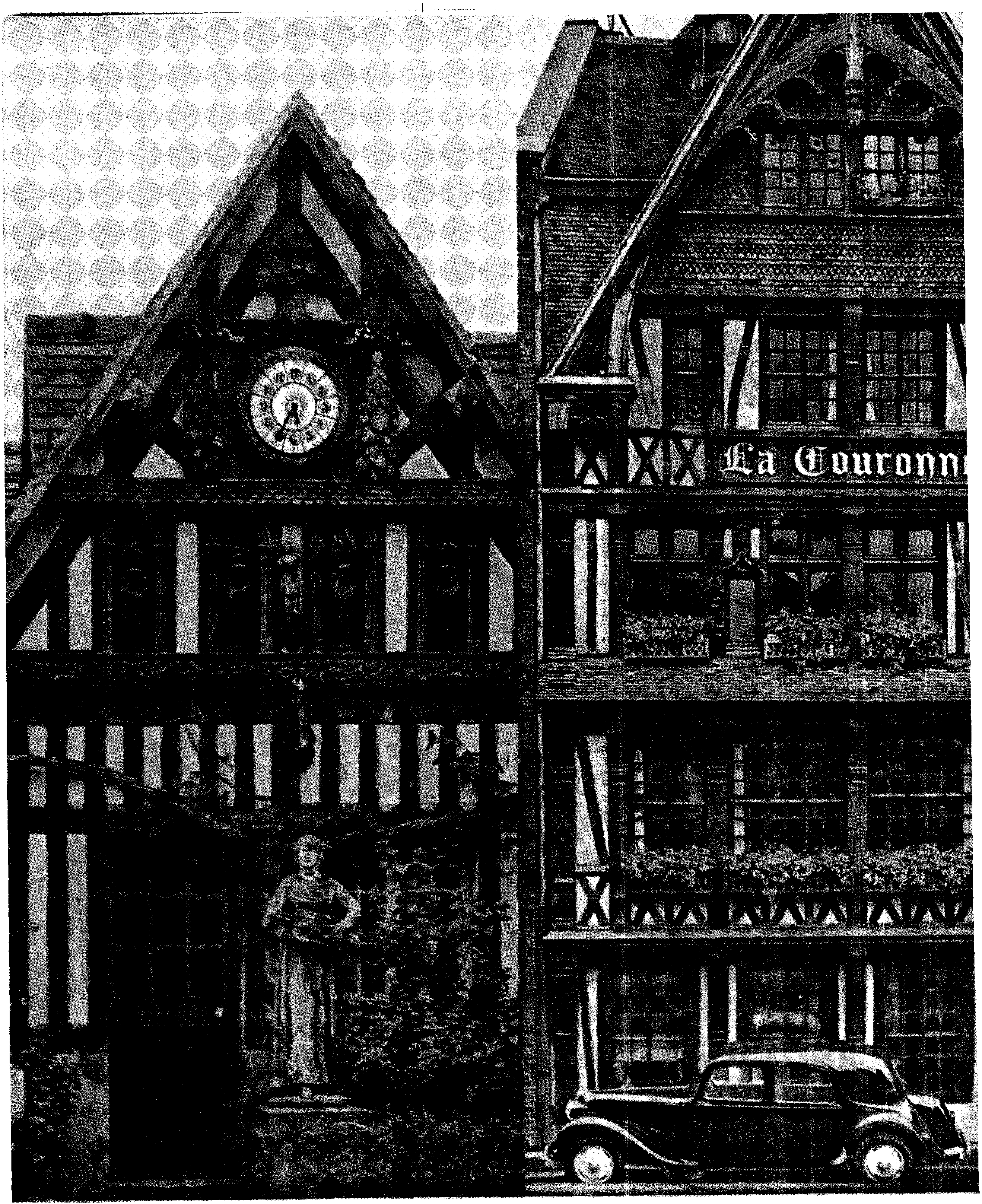
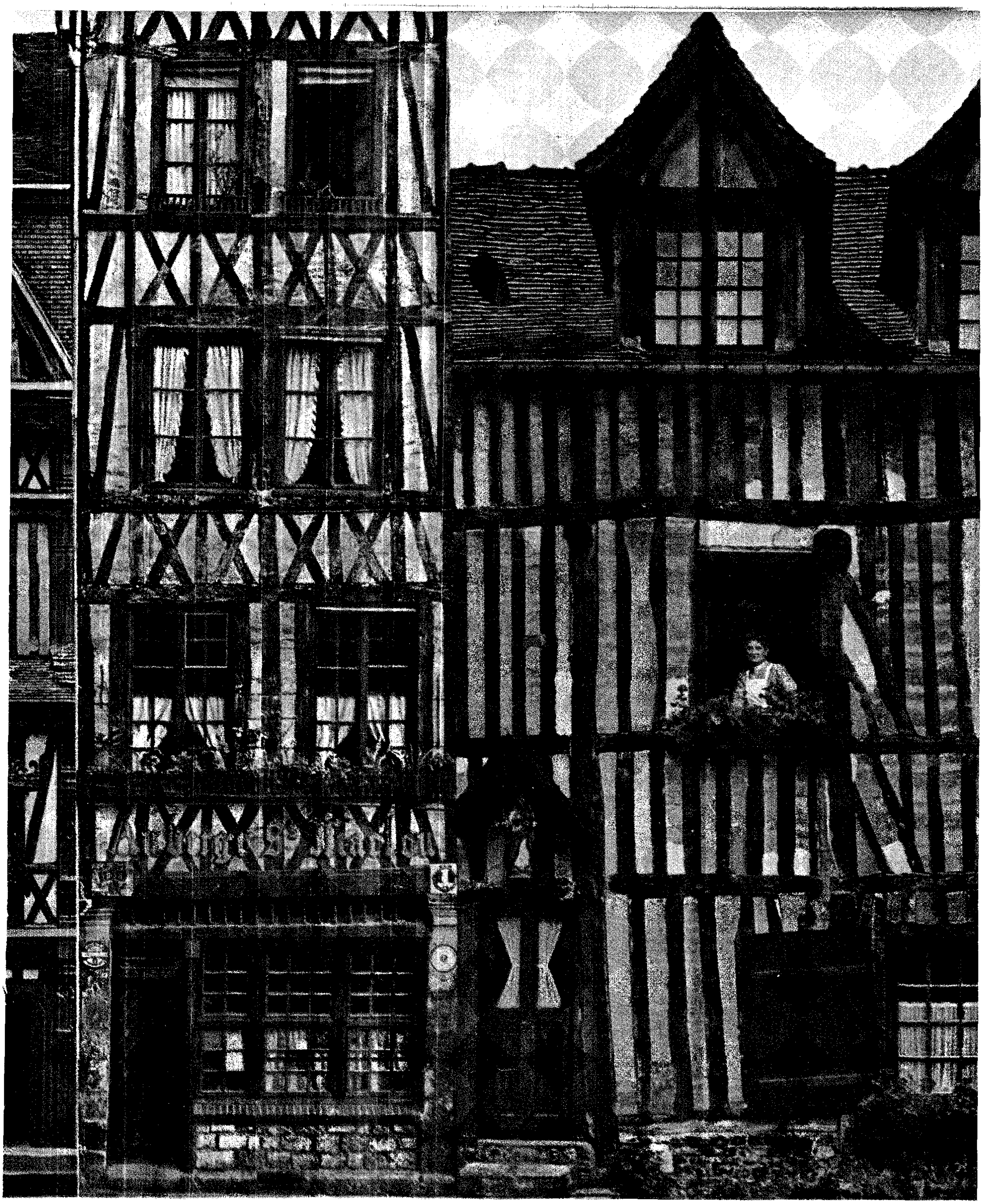


These 4 timbered Norman Inns are worth the trip to Fran

Hostellerie Guillaume le Conquérant in Dives-sur-Mer. This inn is right out of a French fable. Its towering gateway opens to a courtyard crowded with old, ornate fountains and amusing statues. You'll dine, as William the Conqueror did, in an 11th Century banquet hall, its roof heavy with carving, its roaring fires crusting an appled pig. Sip the night away on friendly Calvados, or slip off to a fabulous room once slept in by the elder Dumas. And such a room, breakfast and dinner will cost only $8—complete.

Hôtel de la Couronne in Rouen. The oldest inn in France, th
a beautiful example of 14th Century architecture. Its walls are c
crossed with smoky timber. Its windows open to Joan of Arc's tr
square. And its kitchen is superb. There are no rooms at the inn
you can spend a memorable evening over the delicate Pâté de Can
de Rouen, the local fillet of Saint Pierre smothered in Nor
Hollandaise, followed by the Coquellet from the friendly firep
and finally, a great cheese. Price: just $2, price-fixed.



t the most expensive charges only $8.50 a day, complete!

berge [illegible] Deep in the artists' quarter of en, down an old brick street, you'll find this auberge. Tiny, ple, inexpensive, it's one of the finds in France. The first floor is aced in ancient red tile. Old stone walls, primitive antiques, le green goblets and a riot of flowered Norman pottery will put in the mood for the good, rich, cream-and-butter cooking. You have a delicious dinner here for $1.50, price-fixed. And a ple but immaculate room with modern conveniences for $2.25.

[illegible] du Vieux [illegible] If you're mad for French Provincial collector's items, Heaven waits in Pont-Audemer. This auberge was converted from a tannery into an inn decades ago. It has all its original charm and one of France's most colorful antique collections. Exciting as the menu is, it's hard to keep your eyes off the pewter and brass. But you'll enjoy great Norman cooking here for $3.50 à la carte, and a fine room with a shower for just $4.

list of charming inns and other information on Normandy, write: Dept. NY-2, Box 221, New York 10. French Government Tourist Office: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami, Montreal.

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THIS IS VERA

The phone had scarcely intoned Vera's invitation when we tossed on our Vera scarf and made for Grand Central. As longtime admirers of Vera designs on scarves, blouses and linens, we happily anticipated meeting Vera, their painter-creator. Boarding a train, we squeaked complacently up the Hudson. There, in a once-upon-a-time Georgian mansion, reposes the Vera Studio and Print Shop.

Vera, preceded by two jubilant dachshunds, met us at the door. She, a petite woman packed with vitality, ensconced us in her Studio, an erstwhile drawing room. It was replete with golden fire, somnolent cat and scores of Veras, one more delightful than the other. The blouses, especially, captured our fancy. On one, flowers bloomed around collar and cuffs. On another, tall grass created a sophisticated border. Each blouse looked as if Vera had painted it particularly. She paints for each blouse so the design falls freely in position as an English gardener plants an herb bed.

Feeling like Alice down the rabbit hole, we tagged after Vera, sticking our fingers in the stencil silk screens, dodging dye pots and marveling at her artistic direction of every intricate process. Later, back by the fire, we saw Vera's newest design, a daffodil so sunny and succulent it could bamboozle even the bees.

Wiser in the wonderful ways of Vera, we bid our goodbyes and entrained back to a nice store in the city where we bought a great bundle of Veras. Happily, all fine stores throughout the country have Veras too.

Scarves, blouses, linens, fabrics by Vera. The©Vera Gallery, 417 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 16.

the minds of a few Keys people. Hurricane insurance against damage by sea water, when companies write it at all, is prohibitively dear; it is doubtful whether anybody in Donna's path, from start to finish, had it. Generally covered in any homeowner's policy, however, is direct damage from wind, and from rain that soaks the interior of a house after its roof has been destroyed. Thus caught between wind and water, the insurance underwriters mustered teams of adjusters and sent them in to follow Donna's wake, making a careful appraisal of what had happened in each individual case. The majority opinion was that they were fair, and sometimes even generous.

WHEN we left the Roths, Green and I drove around to look at places that had been familiar to me for years. All along the way, I noticed, the road approaches had been washed out from the Florida Bay side, which seemed odd in a zone that had taken the hurricane from the sea. "There was a backwash—a big one, real sudden," Green said. "The ocean came up gradually, so everybody says, but after the water pushed on and over, it jumped back in a hurry." He paused, and then said, "I thought you understood that all the bay water ran out—all of it, for twenty miles back to the Everglades. Except for little puddles, the bay bottom showed for as far as you could see." When I expressed a certain amount of disbelief, as I might have if we had been exchanging lies about fish, he pulled out a photograph taken in the first light of the fateful Saturday morning by a lobsterman at Plantation Key. The account was literally true. The picture showed the vast expanse of water gone; in its place was a moist, shiny field of mud, sand, and marl, with Keys standing up like small mesas in some dim, primordial, half-finished desert.

A couple of miles up the highway, we stopped in at the Theatre of the Sea, an outdoor aquarium, to see Phelps McKenney, the manager. He told us that Donna had left him with no fish and only a few porpoises; he had also lost his seal, Bosko, but now Bosko was back. When the waters rose, the seal had taken off on the ocean side and sportively swum all the way to Marathon through the pounding waves. Two days later, a puzzled squib in a paper there asked, "Who's missing a trained seal?" But then Bosko disappeared again, and was not heard of until a householder at Matecumbe, just below Islamorada, caught sight of him and notified the Theatre of the Sea of his presence. What had happened, McKenney dis-

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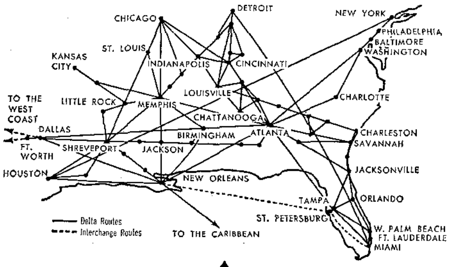

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covered, was that the seal, rather to its disgust, had been fed sardines by well-meaning people at Marathon and, no doubt anxious to improve its diet, had started back for home. With the aid of a square meal of mackerel, and nets, McKenney was able to effect a reunion.

Everywhere that Green and I went, the work of rebuilding was getting under way, although many losses were irreplaceable, or nearly so. The Chesapeake Seafood House, where I had often dined, was as stripped and scorched inside as if a fire had rampaged through the building. Its unique collection of finely wrought antique ship models and sea relics from all over the world had been swept away; not one piece was ever found. The Olney Inn, known for its excellent food and for its palm grove, which surpassed in beauty any I have seen except in Tahiti, lost six hundred and eight trees; ordinarily, mature coconut palms sell for a hundred dollars each in those parts.

Back in Islamorada, Green and I called on Mr. Clifton Russell, the greatly esteemed postmaster and a descendant of pioneer Bahamian settlers. The community, I knew, took particular satisfaction in the fact that he had again survived a lethal storm—this time with his family. In the 1935 hurricane, which, being comparatively unforecast, took four hundred and fifty lives, Russell had suffered the anguish of having his wife and four of his children torn from his grasp and drowned. During Donna, he and his second wife—with their son, a grandchild, a dog, and a cat—had inexplicably chosen to stay on in their ocean cottage, and had had the narrowest of escapes. "When the water roared in, and the house started to rock, we stacked up tables and chairs and climbed into the attic, after throwing the animals up first," Mrs. Russell told Green and me. "When it was over, Mr. Clifton was finally convinced. 'You know,' he said, 'I don't think I'll stay here for any more hurricanes. What people have been saying is true—hurricanes aren't safe.' " This statement probably represents one of the few doubting utterances ever voiced by a Bahamian Key dweller. They prefer to ignore hurricanes, or at least to believe that each one is the last.

A little later, Green returned to his work at Green's Acre, expressing a hope that Love had not converted the place into a pool hall in the interim, and I went on to visit an old friend, Mrs. Helma Kjerland, the widow of a Norwegian steamship captain who eventually became manager of his line. Mrs. Kjerland is seventy-seven years old, tall,

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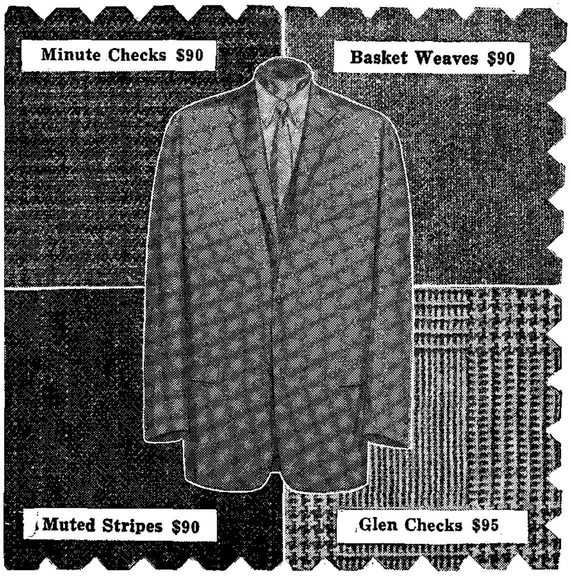

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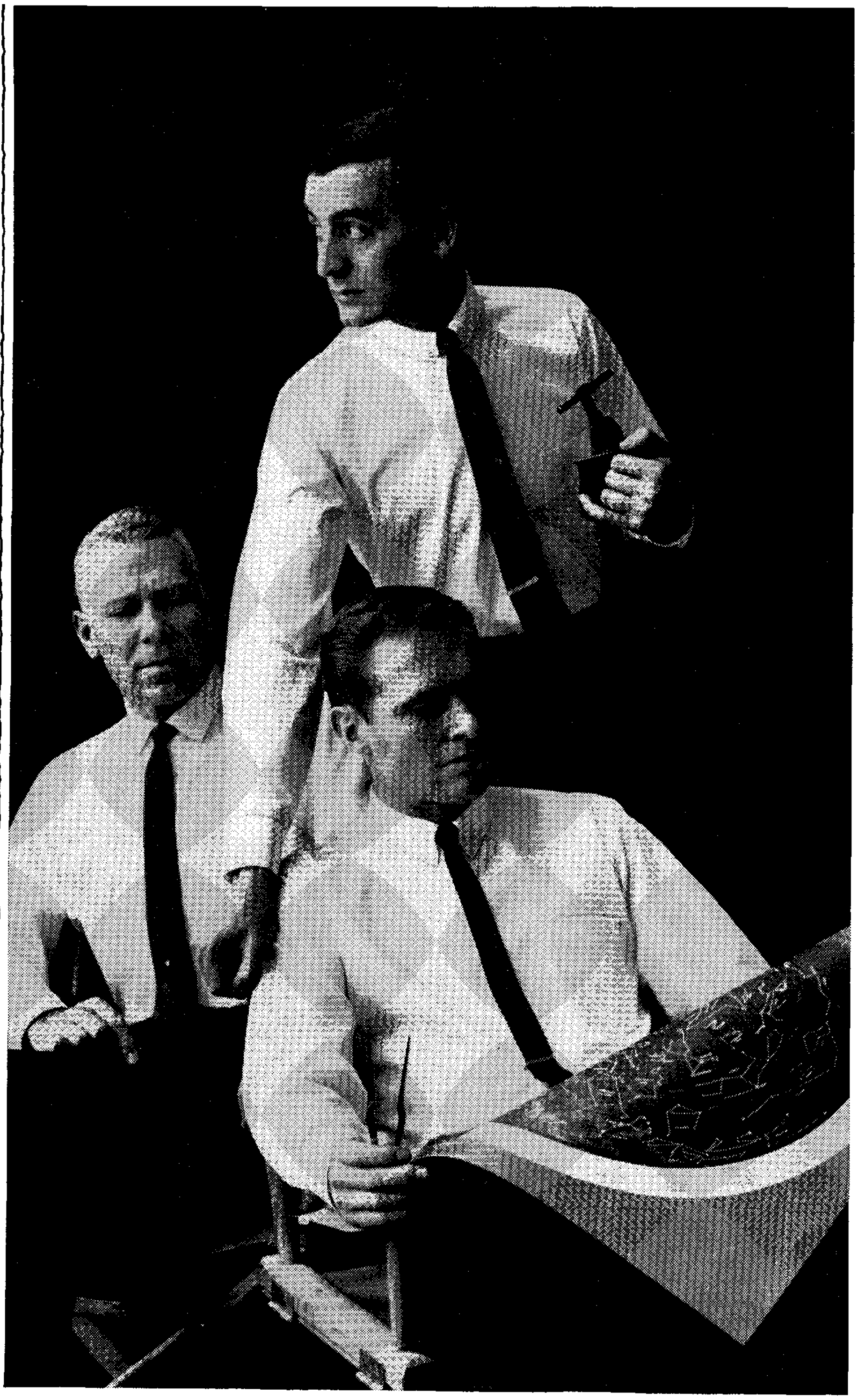
and erect. She is a person of high culture and—as the local Civil Defense unit will evermore be convinced—an intractably stubborn disposition. As Donna approached Islamorada and she was urged to vacate the Keys, she informed the Civil Defense warden, "If you insist that I leave, you will have to carry me." She furthermore refused to go to a local shelter that had been established in the strong, poured-concrete Islamorada Coast Guard station. "If this is to be my last day on earth, I do not intend to spend it amongst strangers and squalling babies," she stated. When it was pointed out, with some justification, that she was no longer in the first blush of youth, Mrs. Kjerland voiced the opinion that she could probably sail a dinghy to Cuba while her hecklers were trying to get free of a mooring. The implication was strong in her remarks that she meant to remain in her cottage (from which a stone could easily be thrown to the ocean) come hell or high water. The last-named overtook her, and gave her a rough night, dampening everything except her zest. Around five in the afternoon, her lights, like the Roths', went out. The house began to shake, rain drove in through the shutters over her large front window, and then the sea started smashing at her walls. Mrs. Kjerland noted with surprise, but not dismay, that she was standing ankle-deep in sea water. She grabbed a bucket, and as the water gushed through the now gaping frame of her picture window, she tossed it out the back. When the sea reached her waist, Mrs. Kjerland attempted to leave by the front door, but it was jammed. Finally, fright overtook her, and she was sure that her time had come. Aloud, she said a prayer that had a rather commanding tone: "If this is the end, God, then let it be quick." At that point, her dining-room table came floating against her and knocked her down. She finally made it to a corner bookcase that was anchored down with heavy volumes, and held on there until morning. Anxious neighbors rushed in and found her, the waters having subsided, hacking at a two-foot deposit of mud with a hoe.

"People are really awfully decent," she told me. "All my neighbors were most solicitous. I, of course, was worried about *them*. Some of them are *not* strong, nor, I think, very young. When light first broke and we saw each other, none of us said, 'Good morning.' We all said, 'Are you alive?'—everybody did, all over the island. It was the standard question. When I walked out, the yard looked like a battlefield. A very



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pleasant Negro man came along and shovelled masses of weed away from my doorway. He needn't have done it, you know, and he wouldn't let me pay him. Then, later, some quite delightful Boy Scouts came down from Miami—not in the least saucy or mischievous—and helped me put things right. I *must* say that I've had some sharp exchanges with the Red Cross. They've allowed me only a hundred and sixty-six dollars for *all* my furniture, and the woman in the office kept repeating, 'Is that *clear*?' 'It's perfectly clear to *me*,' I replied sweetly. However, I presume they're doing their best; people can be very sulky when they're ruined. Actually, what I regret most is that I wasn't able to stand in the yard and watch it all. I thought of trying, but I said to myself, 'You're soon on eighty. It might be silly.' "

Later, I went to see Daniel Bachman, a gray-haired, tired-looking man who was the career Red Cross disaster representative sent to Islamorada, and he gave me some official statistics on Donna's malevolence. They covered the upper Keys, from Craig Key (just below Islamorada) to Key Largo, and also included Miami. Altogether, he said, the Keys had reported five fatalities, of which not all were yet identified. In the upper Keys, there were 56 injuries that the Red Cross described as major and 874 minor ones; 32 persons had been hospitalized for more than one night. In Bachman's particular area, 857 houses were destroyed completely, 874 suffered major damage, and 1,443 were partly damaged. Of all these, about seventy per cent were owner-occupied, to use the official phrase, and about half of the owners and their families had stayed behind during the storm. Bachman's group (largely volunteer workers from all over the South) gave what the Red Cross calls "mass care"—food or shelter or both—to thirty-six thousand persons in the days after the storm. A great many of the refugees were lodged in Miami shelters or motels at Red Cross expense. The shelter and food, Bachman stressed, were available to millionaires as well as to people of moderate or little means; however, the organization's subsequent efforts to reimburse storm victims whose property loss threatened their livelihood was carefully gauged to income and financial condition. "We've had four hundred and twenty applications for help," he said, "and so far we've taken care of three hundred and twenty-eight. We'll get around to the rest as soon as humanly possible. I understand that

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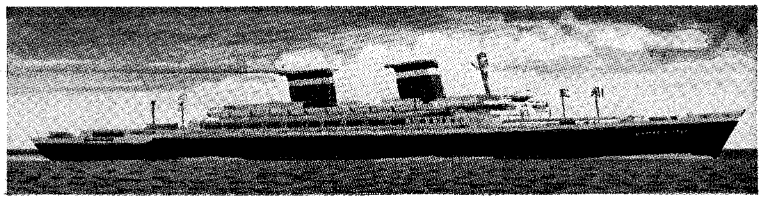

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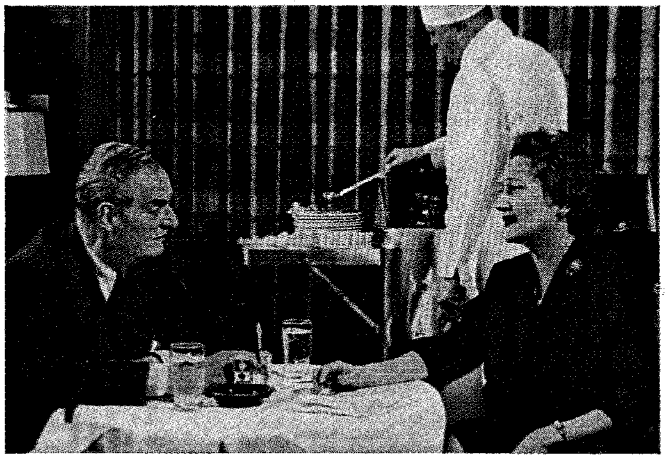

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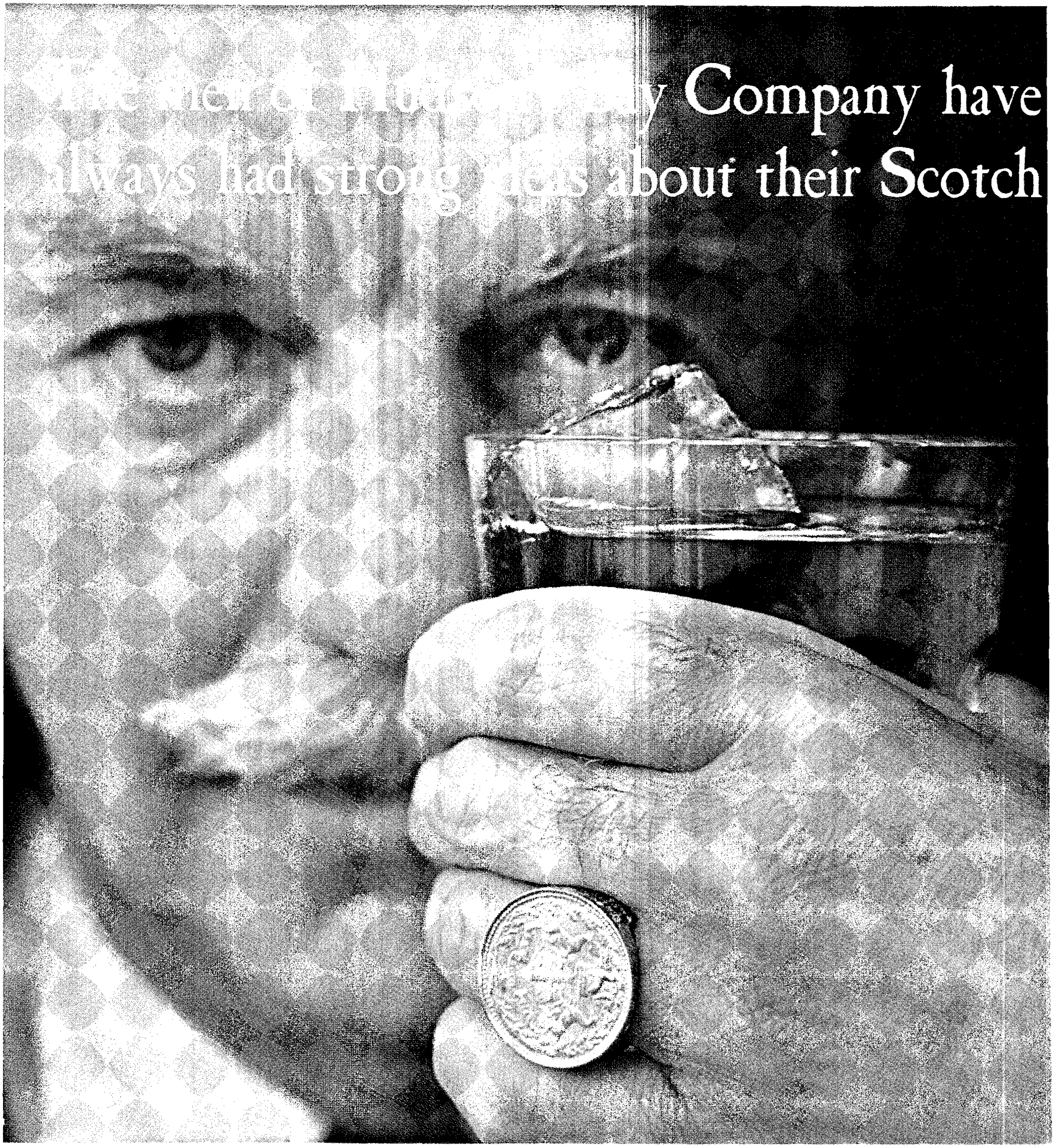
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there's been some beefing. Well, if we gave everybody all they asked for, we'd run out of funds in a week. Already, we've disbursed $211,433.75 in the upper Keys, and that, as I think you'll agree, is not hay."

On another occasion, I had the opportunity to talk to two doctors at Marathon, and they pointed up some peculiar manifestations of Donna's aftermath. A considerable proportion of the townspeople had emotional collapses, Dr. Lloyd Damsey said, adding, "A good eighty per cent of my business has been dealing out tranquillizers," and Dr. Jack Eisenbarth reported that many of his patients were experiencing sleeplessness, depression, frustration, vomiting, lack of appetite, and stomach pains. A number of these victims had been sent to hospitals, and several had been referred to psychiatrists. One woman had suffered a breakdown as a result of guilt feelings; she had lost only one shrub in her yard, while her neighbors on both sides had had their houses destroyed. Oddly enough, the Keys doctors said, those persons who stayed behind fared better than the ones who went to shelters in Miami or Key West. "The man who waited out the storm was happy just to be alive," Dr. Eisenbarth said.

I HAD heard that four Coast Guardsmen on Alligator Light, which stands five miles out in the open ocean off Islamorada, had been ordered to stick it out through the hurricane, and I decided to pay them a visit, if the weather proved coöperative. Their telephone having been put back in order after a hiatus, I called up from shore one day and talked to Engineman Second Class Donald Lucas, who said, in a soft Southern accent, "Yes, sir, you come right on out whenever you can, sir. We sure be glad to see you." He sounded lonely and wistful, as if he'd be delighted to see anybody. At Bud & Mary's Fishing Camp, where I had rented boats in years past, I talked to Bud Stapleton, the proprietor, and lined up a fourteen-foot skiff with an outboard in working condition—one of the few left in Islamorada. Then I sought out Green. I found him at work on one of his cottage roofs, stripped to the waist, sweaty, looking tired and a little defeated, and casting an occasional surly glance at Love, on the ground, who was now wearing the gay silk shirt.

"Come on down and knock off!" I called up to him. "I've got a boat, and I'm going out to Alligator Light. It might do you good to get your mind off your problems for a while."

His answer was foreordained; I could

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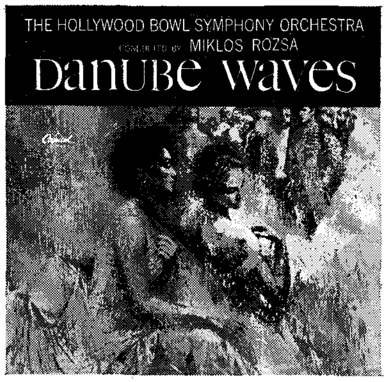
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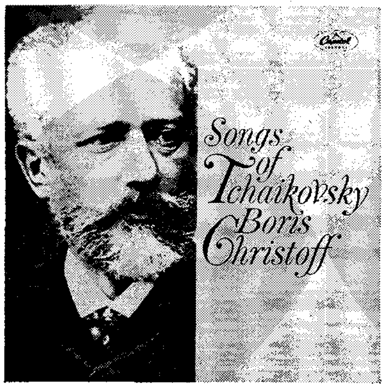
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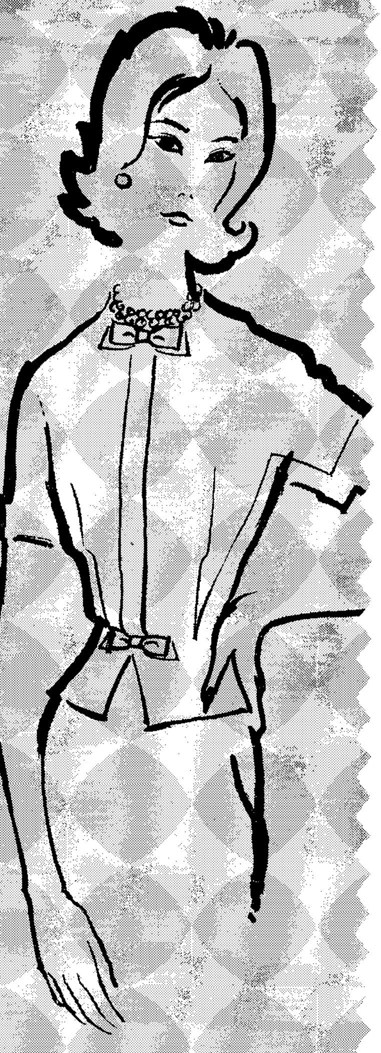

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have written it out. "What kind of a boat?" he asked.

I said, "A good boat—a boat to go to Alligator Light in."

He sighed, looking around at the crushing amount of damage still to be repaired, and then said, "The hell with it. Let's go. Les-el! You look after things, hear? I'm going down to the hardware store and get some nails."

"You do that, Mr. Cecil," Love called back, inflexibly cheerful and bossy. "You go on out to the light."

The day was warm, though fanned by a stiff breeze, and the Atlantic was quiet except for a long, untroublesome swell with a wrinkle of chop on top. Still, Green, like any professional fisherman, was uncomfortable in the fourteen-foot boat. "When I go out in the ocean, by God, I aim to have a real boat under me, with a motor *inside*," he said. "If you want to swim, leave me out. I'm not a swimmer, never was, don't hope to change." He grumbled throughout the trip, which was pleasant and unbouncy—even exhilarating when we skidded down the swells, like riding on a slow roller coaster. For once, no fish were visible anywhere—no bonefish tailing in the flats offshore, no schools of mackerel, no mullet jumping. The single sign of sea life we saw was a big leopard ray that flung itself high out of the water to shake off a remora.

At the light, which sits high up on steel supports, an incongruously young, bearded face appeared over the edge of a heavy plank platform twenty feet above, and a flimsy rope ladder shot down to the water. "I sure am sorry, sirs," said a mild voice that I identified as Lucas's, "but our Jacob's ladder got washed away in the hurricane. Along with the whole platform where I'm standing; this is new."

This intelligence provoked a fresh round of complaints from Green, who stated clearly that ladders that spun and jiggled made him dizzy. Nevertheless, he clambered up to the platform, and I followed. Standing beside Lucas were two other boys, Jeffrey Kime and Joseph Smoak. They looked scarcely twenty, but they showed signs of fatigue. None had fully recovered from a night spent in a hurricane on an insubstantial structure five miles out at sea. They led us up another ladder—steel, this time—to a second platform, forty feet above the water, where their bunk room, kitchen, and battery compartment were encased in a metal housing. The light itself was perched high overhead, like a star atop a Christmas tree, and performing a not dissimilar function. Crewmen at the light normally

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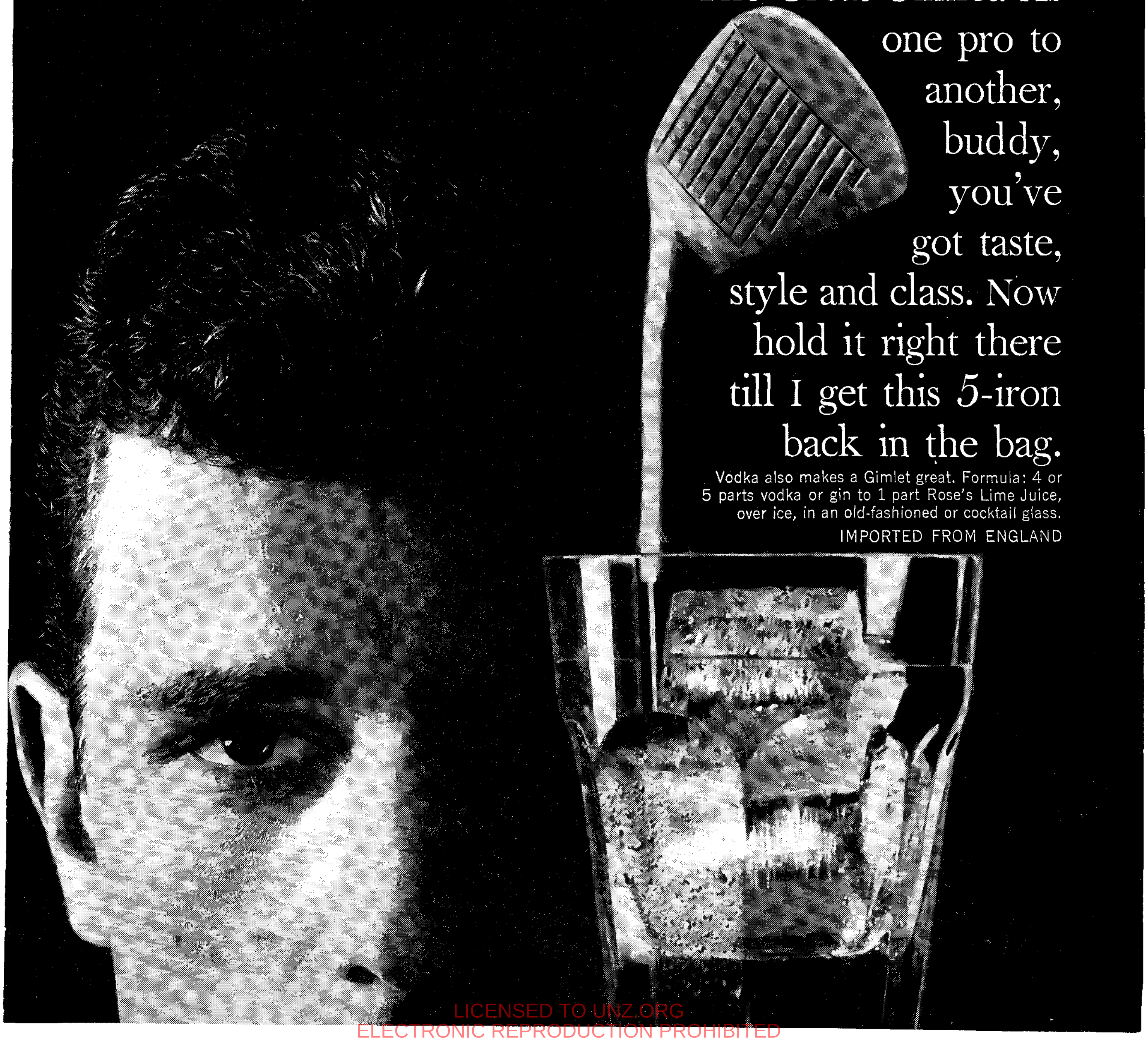

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serve a duty tour of twenty-four days, and then have six days off to rest. They cook their own meals, and try to pass the hours by reading, by listening to a radio, by dangling baited hooks in the water, by playing cards, by talking to boatmen who occasionally come out to fish for the thirty-pound barracuda that swarm over the reefs here, and, of course, by keeping their beacon in repair.

On the nerve-shattering night of Donna, Lucas said, the crew had been ordered to hold fast. "They said we were expendable, compared to all the shipping that might need help," he told me, with an awed look. His face, under the beard, had the resigned, unconvinced, waiting expression of the thousands of others who since the beginning of time have been caught up in the leaden, impersonal machine of the military. The high winds that started late Friday began tossing up water through the lower platform, and as the storm shrieked to hurricane strength, a number of things started to happen, none of them soothing. The framework of Alligator Light, which was put down in 1873 and has ridden out a good many hurricanes, began to vibrate and then to sway noticeably. Steadying themselves in their aerie, the Coast Guardsmen heard a loud ripping noise in the darkness, and when they shone a light down, they saw that the lower platform was missing, along with their Jacob's ladder and two small boats that had been lashed to stanchions. Their graph barometer, whose inked line had been dropping like a stone all day, ran off the bottom of the chart, thus eliminating any chance of an exact reading, and their wind gauge gave up the fight. It had been ailing before, but now it was finished; torn off its bracket, it blew away in the storm. Lucas showed Green and me the battery room, containing a double row of oversized storage cells kept alive by gasoline-powered generators; at 10 P.M., when sea water heaved up by the big waves forty feet below reached them, squirting through the floor in little geysers, the electrical connections blew out one by one, popping and hissing, and Alligator Light went dark. As the framework continued to sway, the doors of the Coast Guardsmen's living quarters sprang open, and in trying to force them shut one boy was grabbed by his mates as the wind was in the act of sucking him outside. Eventually, they pushed the doors nearly closed and made them fast. No single wave, of the earthquake-tidal variety, caused the trouble; the ocean rolled below them in

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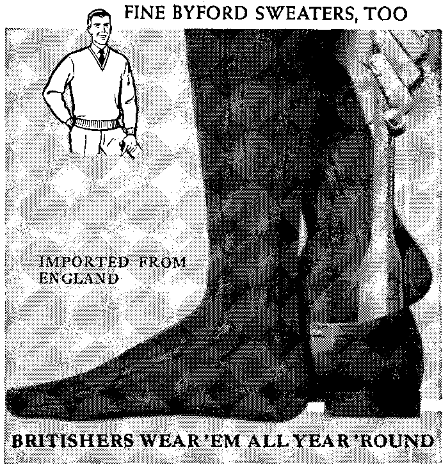
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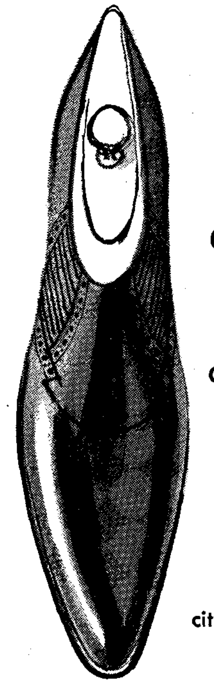

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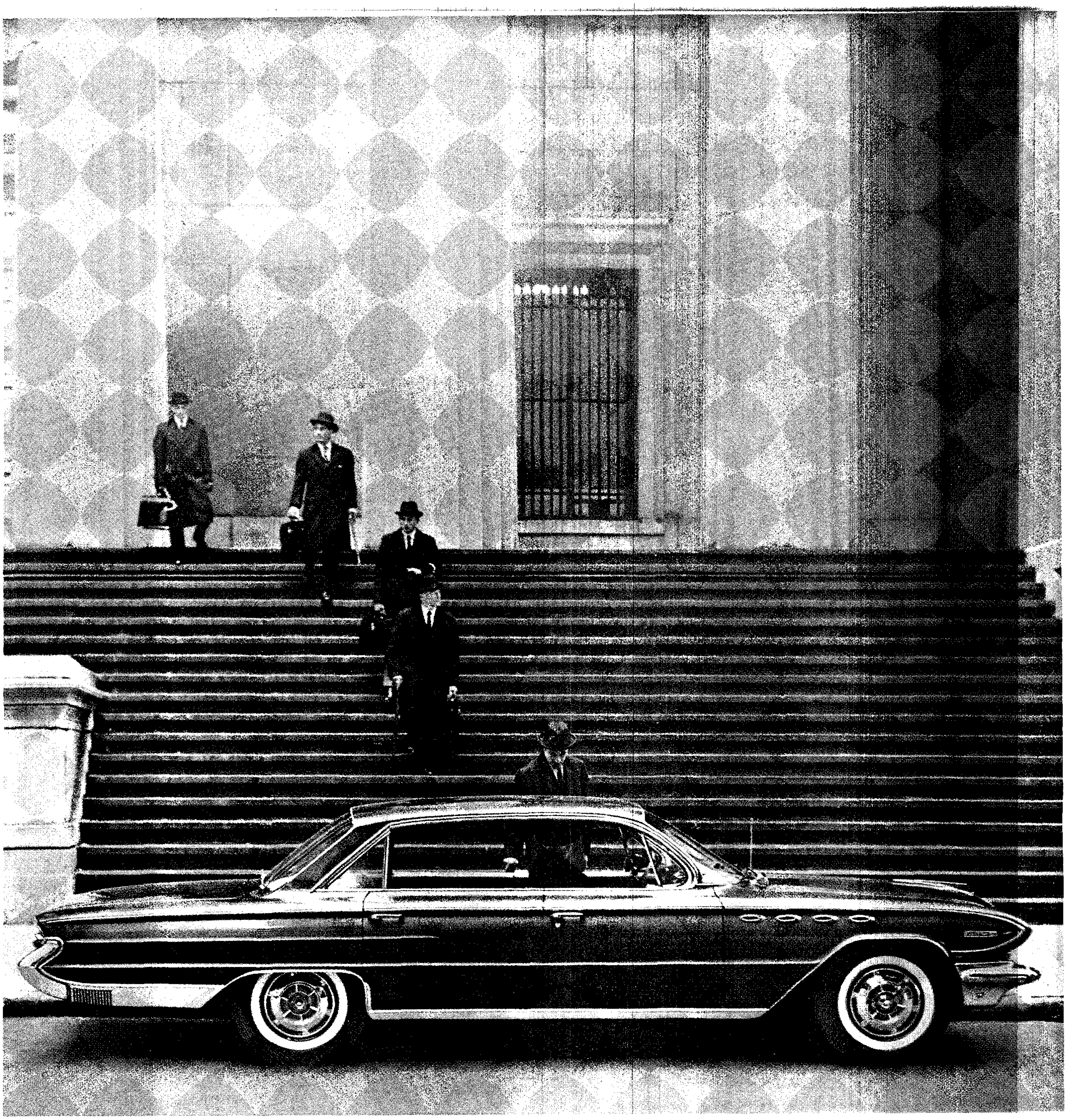

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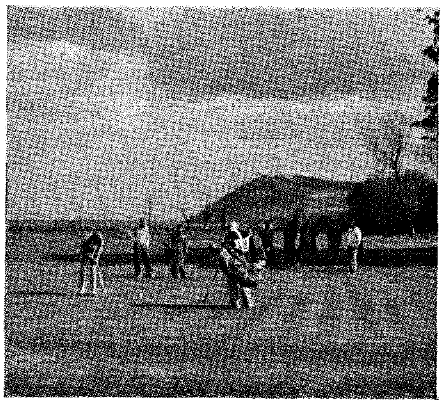

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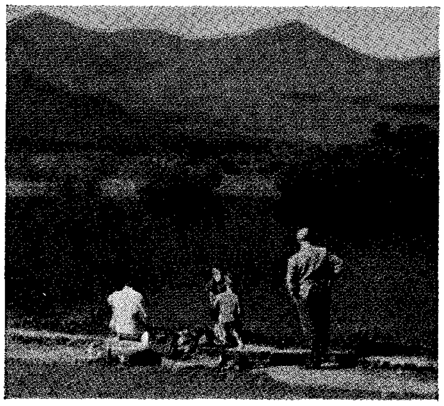

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one unpredictable series of waves after another. Between ten and eleven o'clock, both the telephone and the radio ceased operation, and the structure's sway and vibration became so pronounced that the crewmen could scarcely stand. They clung to the edges of bunks or gripped upright supports, waiting for the final topple into the sea. During the long night, they managed to keep a pot of coffee going—on a butane stove—but nobody felt like eating solid food until late the next afternoon. All of them admitted to having prayed silently, and all had queasy stomach aches, bordering on active nausea, for about eighteen hours.

When dawn broke, the frazzled Alligator Light crewmen unfastened their sprung doors and crept onto the iron catwalk surrounding their shack. "We looked out and saw a sight we'll never forget if we live a thousand years," Lucas said. Scattered over the ocean, like croutons on a dish of soup, were derelict small boats, pieces of boats, chairs, bedsteads, boxes, lumber, and trash, rising and falling on a twelve-foot sea that still ran frothy and gray. Through glasses, he and his companions studied the torn shore of Islamorada—trees uprooted or stripped, houses twisted and smashed, beaches shorn of sand, harbors and docks erased, boats half sunk, automobiles turned topsy-turvy in yards. What bothered the boys most was the fact that they could see no evidence of human life; they had no knowledge that the population by then had collected at the First Methodist Church, invisible from Alligator Light. As for the light itself, steel fittings had been ripped apart, rivets had been plucked out, several of the main supports were twisted, and one of the two precious water containers was gone, while the other was bitter with brine. The glass reflectors of the light—sixty feet aloft—were gritty with salt flung up in spume, but none of them was broken; they were, in truth, perhaps the only important part of the installation that had been left wholly intact.

"We figured to die off from thirst," said Lucas softly, "but in the afternoon a helicopter pilot came out and lowered down fresh water and gasoline for the battery engine; we were right tickled to see him." For forty-eight hours before and after Donna, the crew at Alligator Light raised no ship, visually or by instruments. Sometime in that turbulent storm night, however, the Inagua Arrow, of the West India Shipping Company, a hundred-and-twenty-five-foot vessel carrying deck cargo, had wallowed past them at the mercy of the

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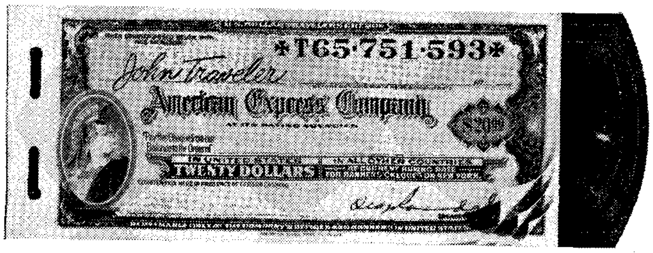

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hurricane, her diesels unable to develop sufficient power to make a right turn into the wind. It was this ship that came to rest far up on a lawn at Plantation Key, ten miles away. (Bulldozers spent weeks trying to nudge it down to a point where a high tide might set it afloat.) Judging by previous storms they had seen, Lucas and his companions estimated Donna's peak winds at the light to have been around two hundred miles an hour.

The sea continued rough for a week, but two days after the storm Lieutenant R. W. Willcox, commanding officer of the Key West Coast Guard Base, turned up at the light alone in a sixteen-foot boat. Lucas and his mates are still impressed; it was a tricky ocean trip for such a craft in that sea. "Hello, the light!" Willcox sang out; then, unable to board, he passed up tobacco, bread, meat, and a few books on the end of a line. He made several runs back and forth under the battered structure to accomplish this mission, and earned the deep admiration of the men on the light. Summing up the feeling, Lucas said, "He could have sent somebody else just as easy, you know. But, no sirree, he came right on out himself. Now, you just don't get very many of that *kind*."

When Green and I left, Lucas, Kime, and Smoak lined up at the railing of their new lower platform, wistfully watching us go. To us, the five miles that lay between the light and the shore was only a thirty-minute spin, at the most; to them, on continuous duty for twenty-four days, it was, in point of time, a voyage almost halfway around the world.

Despite his lamentations over venturing to sea in a cockleshell, Green found himself so stimulated by the boat trip—his first outing for pleasure since Donna—that three days later he borrowed a friend's patched-up skiff and we went fishing in the back country of Florida Bay, making our way through Ironwood Channel, past Spy Key, Jim Foot Key, Catfish Key, and Murray Key, then through lesser channels and past small, nameless keys and lakes to the banks off the remote Everglades. Now and then, on the way, obstructions like uprooted trees and ripped-away roofs slowed our progress, and the now familiar collection of debris could be seen strewn in the mangroves that grew thick on the islands. Here, for some reason, the vegetation had not yet sprung back to life; mangrove, palm, skunk cabbage, lignum vitae, buttonwood, poisonwood—the leaves of all were a dark, ugly brown. A distinct waterline could be seen eight or nine feet

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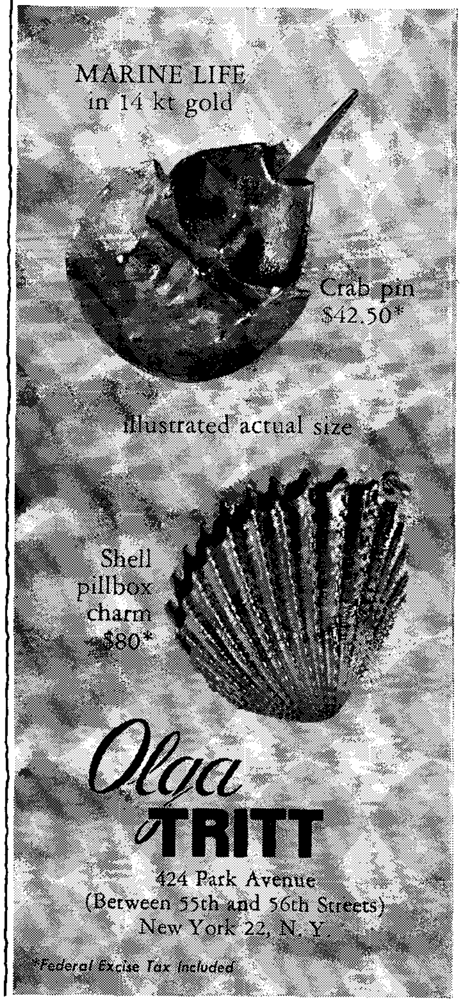

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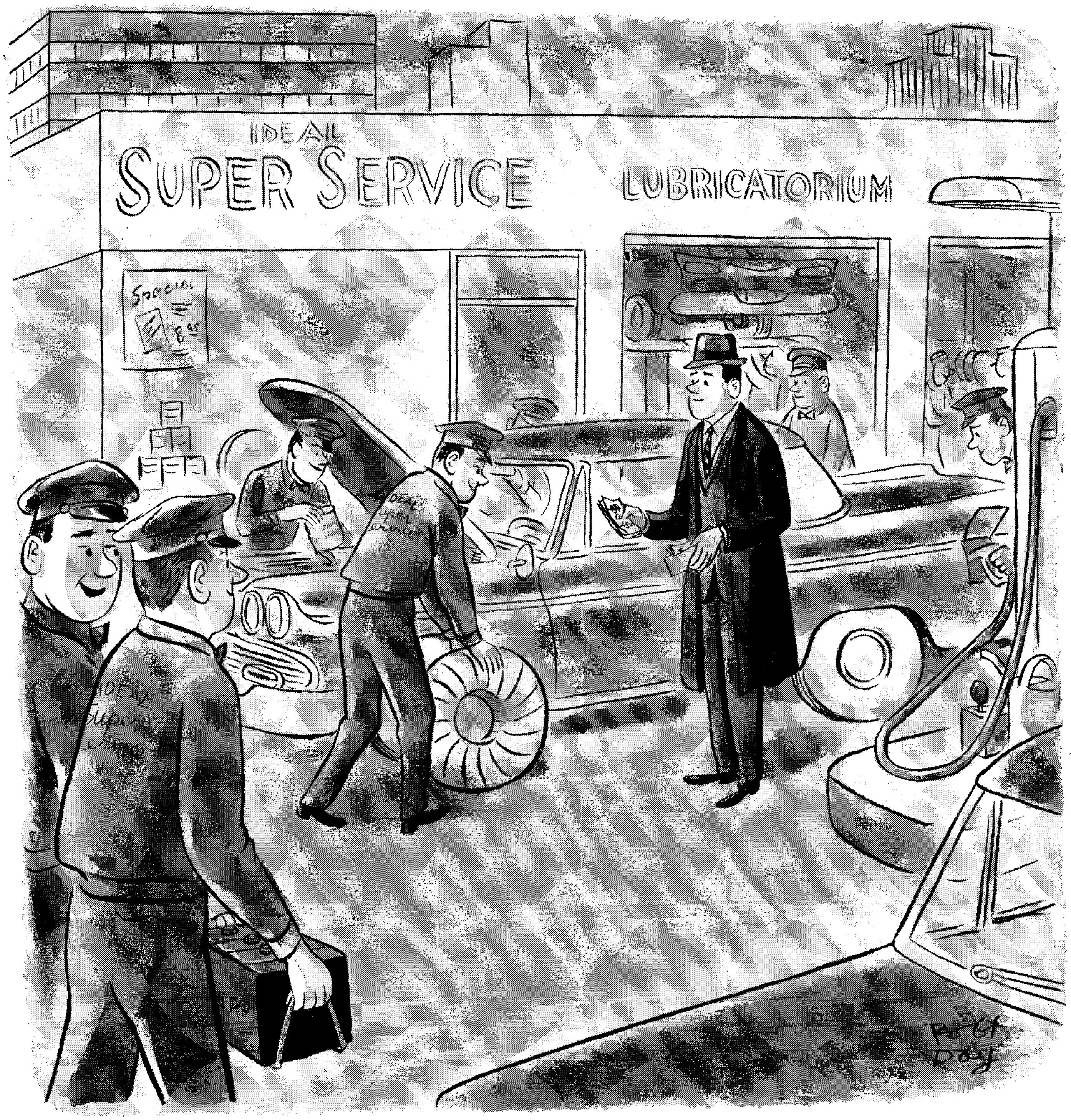
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up the growth, showing the highest point of the flood. Some wading birds had returned to their old hunting ground; with great craft, they stepped along beside channels, delicately, without rippling the surface, or drooped motionless from tree limbs, their wings spread out to dry. Most of the huge, bushy osprey and eagle nests that normally rode in the tops of the tallest trees were gone—dampened and shredded, I supposed, by the churning breakers that had rushed over from the main Key chain. It was the hottest day I have ever spent in a boat, lacking even a faint wisp of breeze, the sky cloudless, the sun a glowing, pulsating, outsize white disc that seemed near enough to touch. I ate lunch over the side, up to my chin in the bay, feet far down in muck, elbows on the gunwale, but I climbed out fast when sharks cruised up to investigate. The water was muddied all around by thousands of mullet (which will take no bait or lure, and must be netted), so it was impossible to see game fish tailing. We fished the flats, the banks, the channels, Green's best trout holes—every place that fish were supposed to be—but it was useless; they had fled north to safety, Green said, and would straggle back slowly, as the balance of food was restored. Once, while our boat was crossing a greenish clear pool, a long black shape—a tarpon of seventy-five pounds or more—flashed perilously close to the propeller, and another rolled near shore. Around three o'clock, brick-red from the sun, Green said "The hell with it" and headed for home, dispirited, I thought, by the storm-heightened air of desolation in this empty and silent land—his workshop—which is little better than a wilderness at best.

BEFORE I took the train home to New York, I dropped in at Gordon Dunn's office in Miami. Dunn, a radiant, strong-looking, gray-haired man, has a stunning array of titles; among other things, he is the Chief District Meteorologist for the Gulf States, Chief of the National Hurricane Center, and Chief Weather Forecaster at the Miami Bureau, which in the matter of tropical storms is the most important one in the United States. It would be difficult to find anybody happier in his work. Life for Dunn is a continuous chess game between him and the perverse forces of nature. Weather is an antagonist he esteems; like the antics of children, it steadfastly defies prediction. Certainly he had a warm respect for the intransigent caprices of Donna, about whom he gave me some facts. Altogether, the hurricane took a hundred and

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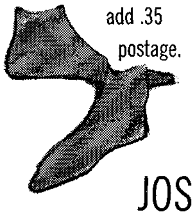

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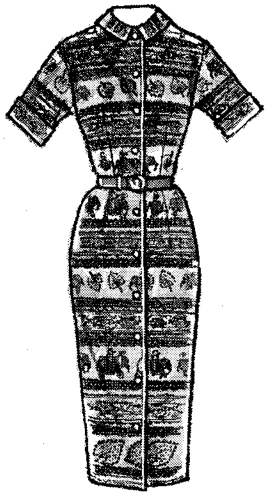

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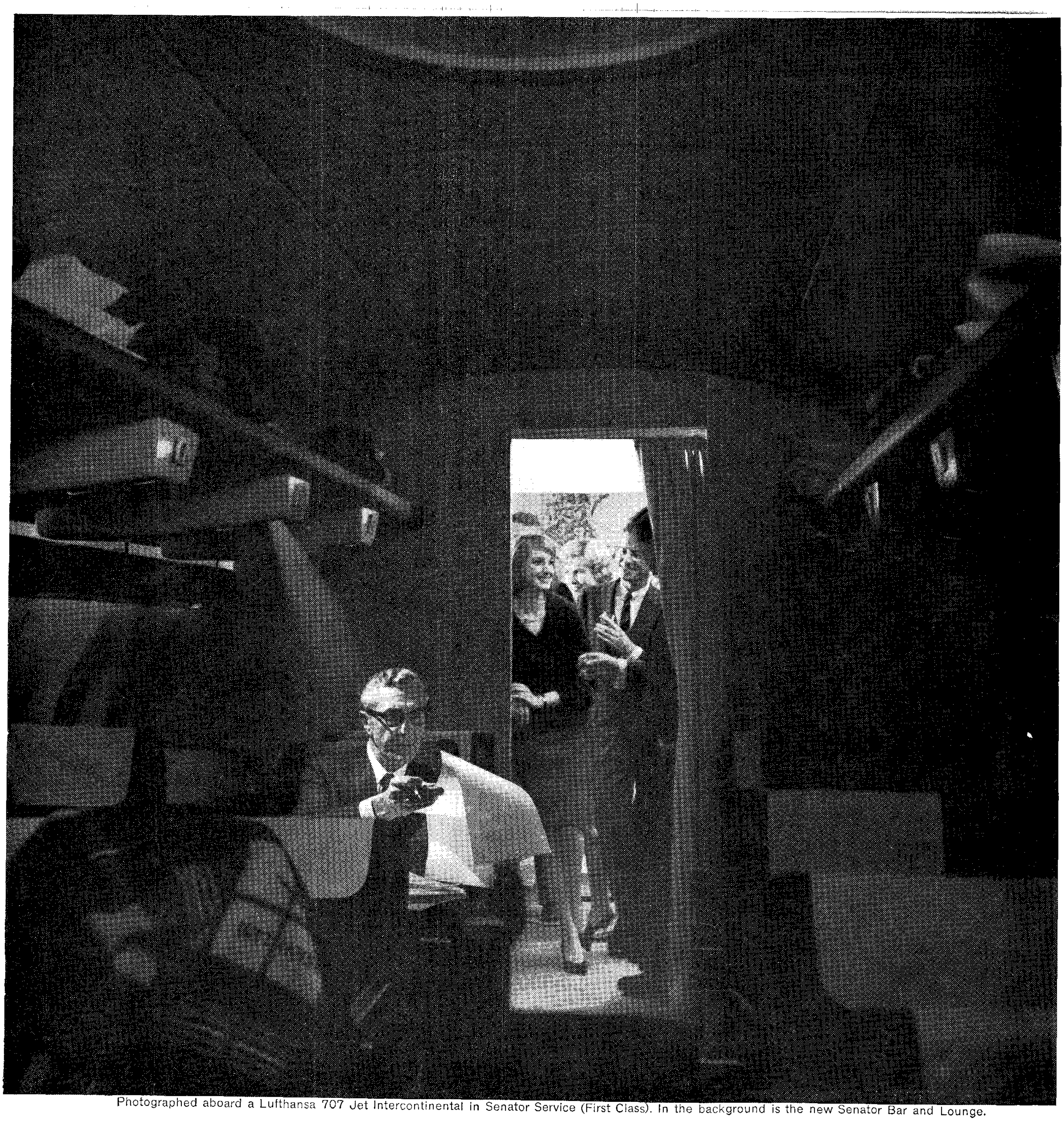

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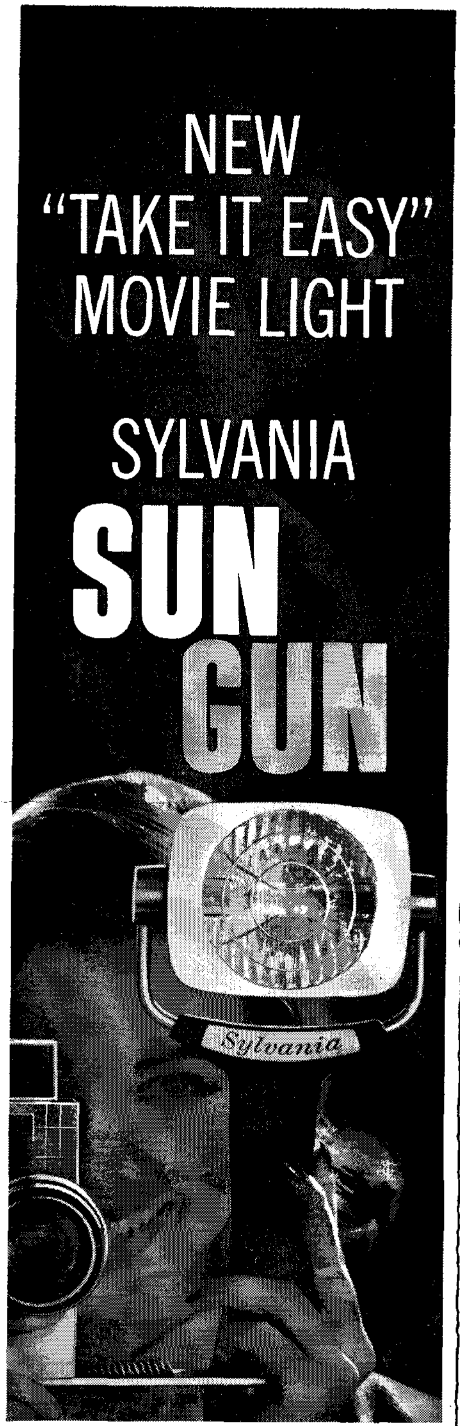

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sixty-four lives, fifty of them in the United States. Nobody seems quite able to explain the miraculously low death toll in the Keys, but Dunn justifiably lays some of the credit to an incomparable job of forecasting. "No hurricane in history was better publicized in advance," he said with satisfaction. "We've never had so many compliments on a storm." Dunn remains nonplussed at the poor newspaper coverage of the worst hurricane in this country's history. "New England has never had winds like these, you understand," he told me. Gusts of a hundred and eighty miles per hour were clocked, he said, and probably the wind rose higher than that in some places. On one anemometer, a reading of a hundred and forty miles per hour was sustained for over a minute; none but the strongest houses can escape damage in prolonged pressure of that sort. "If *I* were building a house in the Keys," Dunn said, tapping the eraser end of a pencil on his desk, "I'd put it on stilts about twelve feet high, have it constructed of steel beams and poured concrete—we think that construction made out best during Donna—and fix on a strong roof with steel straps. In that way, you'd miss the tidal water, and, with luck, you might get off scot-free from the wind." It is difficult to pinpoint the season for the storms, he added. The critical period runs through August and September, but June hurricanes are not unknown, and July and October have bred some winners. Donna was not the first blowy nuisance of the 1960 season. Abby, Brenda, and Cleo—dilettantes without verve—came before, in July and August, and Ethel and Florence were born just after Donna's death, in rare old age, somewhere near Greenland. Identification was ready and waiting for more of these secret, black, and midnight hags, but they failed to reach the unwelcome stage of maturity. Could anybody, Dunn wondered, mourn for Gladys, Hilda, Isbell, Janet, Katy, Lila, Molly, Nita, Odette, Paula, Roxie, Stella, Trudy, Vesta, and Winny?

If such a person exists, it seems doubtful that he lives in the Florida Keys.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

"My incomparable Father," was Tommy's way of epitomizing Doctor Joseph. The key word in this sentence was "incomparable."—*From "Woodrow Wilson," by John A. Garraty.*

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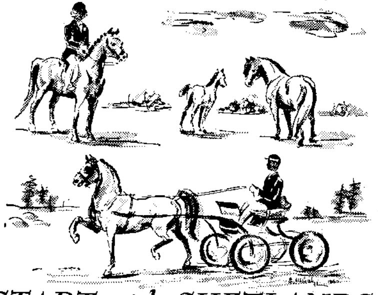

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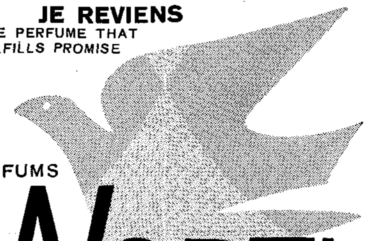

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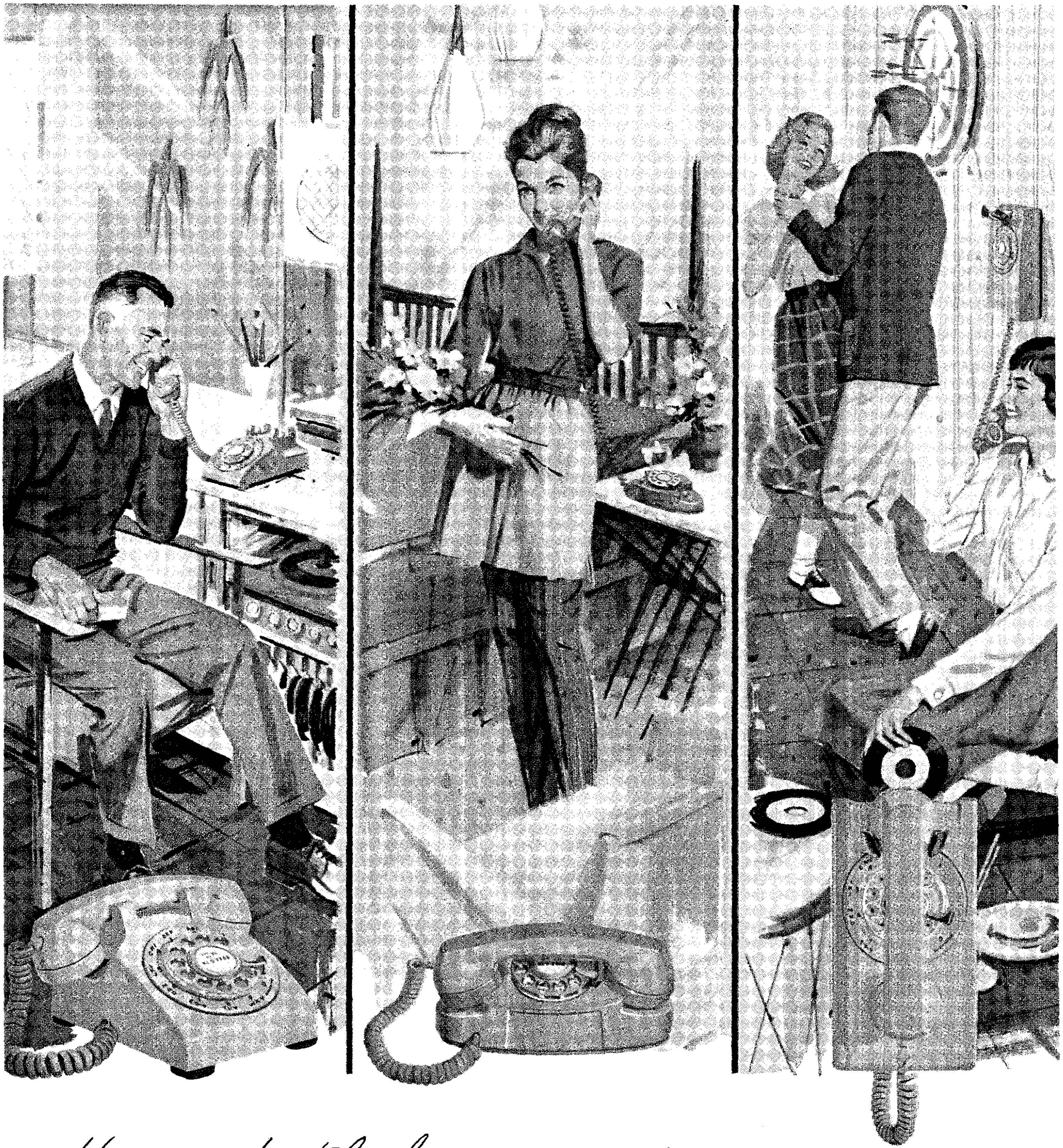

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ALL praise to everyone connected with the production, at the Jan Hus, of Rabindranath Tagore's "The King of the Dark Chamber"! Written in 1910 by the celebrated Nobel Prize-winning Indian poet, dramatist, and novelist (1861-1941), the play is a blend of the classic and folk elements of the Indian theatre, and offers a marvellous stew of spacious, subtle symbolism, poetry, singing, rhythmic chanting, music, dancing, and classical Indian acting—a non-subjective, non-emotional approach based on the synchronization of stylized speech with set facial expressions, bodily movements, and complex mimic gestures. Considering all this, the company at the Jan Hus, which is part Indian, part American, is admirable, if by no means faultless. An estimable amount of the elusive philosophical-religious content of the play comes through, to say nothing of its fascinating visual and aural effects, which range from the beautiful and grotesque (the costumes and makeup), through the graceful (silhouette dancing), and on to the delightful and foolish (mimic swordplay and wrestling, monosyllabic chants). At the same time, the cast, directed by Krishna Shah, maintains an unpretentious, almost childlike mood throughout, which offsets the play's abstruseness, which in turn primes its gambolling-on-the-green aspects. (This unpretentiousness is particularly true of the chorus, a device borrowed by Tagore from Indian folk drama, which chants, dances, and thunders genially about when it is not arranged on the stage as Lamps, Doors, Flames, Flowers, and the like.) The drawbacks in the production are inevitable but not bothersome. The pacing tends to fluctuate between the static and the mercurial, and many of the American actors have difficulty keeping their faces, arms, and hands in balance. Thus an overly expressive face may dim a series of gestures (few of which are comprehensible to the Westerner anyway), or a cumbersome action or bit of wobbling in the frequent motionless stances that are demanded will blot out a speech. But for the most part the cast succeeds in constructing composite portraits of speech, movement, and gesture that suggest not human beings but weightless, ethereal distillations of them.

The story of "The King of the Dark Chamber," as translated into English by its author, is episodic, and acts largely as a playing field for an array of endlessly elastic symbols. The King (Brock Peters) has never emerged from his Dark Chamber, and as a result has been seen by neither his people nor his Queen (Surya Kumari), who occasionally and fearfully visits him, without consummation of any sort. Then he reveals his face to her. It is dark and ugly, and she flees in terror to her father, who, in order to prevent her from being kidnapped by three wicked kings (the principals of a vague, polyphonic subplot), does battle with them. The Queen's father loses the battle, but the King of the D.C. intervenes, rescues his Queen, and pardons her pursuers. Her soul calmed, the Queen visits the King again, and their union is at last achieved. Well, the King is God, man's soul in a state of grace, or reality, while the Queen is free will, doubt, self-deception, or illusion, and all who come between the King and Queen are evil. The Dark Chamber is Heaven, grace, or self-knowledge. But these are only guesses, and ignore much of the high philosophical content that Tagore has attempted to squeeze into his play. It is not so much Tagore's thought that entrances one, however, as the play's heady visual fragments—the wicked kings with their towering gold-and-white templelike hats and garish clown faces; a dancer, bare to the waist, moving slowly toward the back of the stage, his arms straight out and waving like seaweed, his back muscles revolving incredibly in opposite directions; and the terrible King himself, whom we never see, gliding in a tall, muscular silhouette through the dark chamber toward his tiny, quivering Queen.

"THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER," by Denis Johnston, the gifted Irish playwright and journalist, is a dry, savage morality play (its author calls it an "anti-melodrama about war") from the nineteen-thirties that manages to be righteous and symbolic without being pompous and abstract. In fact, the play achieves its virtuous intent by indulging in downright foolishness, while its symbolism is never far from the realistic. (This has been the Year of the Symbol on Off Broadway.) A man who is guilty only of romanticism is shot to death in cold blood—a purely symbolic but, under the circumstances, also startling act. The same is true of an accidentally destroyed hydroelectric plant and of a story about a hunter in a dog cart who, when a rabbit races across the road, shoots his horse. "The Moon in the Yellow River" is, however, a slow, even meandering play that uses its occasional dramatic incidents only as energizing exclamation points. It is also a funny play, whose humor, praise be, is not so much quaint Irish as everyday-absurd. Thus an old Cockney seaman, Captain Potts, tells a metallic-minded German, Tausch, about his late wife:

> POTTS: Well, you see, sir, we was all out in the old "Mermaid," and we found out we only 'ad the one lifebelt as soon as she turned out to be sprung. Well, I was for drawing lots for it. But George, 'e says, "No, Potts, women and children first." . . . So I says, "You're right, George." So we fixes the lifebelt around the old missus and pitches her overboard.
>
> TAUSCH: Ah, your ship was sinking!
>
> POTTS: Well, yes, sir, in a way. So we thought at the time. But that's just the queer thing, sir, for when the fog lifted . . . there we was aground in about 'alf a fathom 'ard by Fairview.
>
> TAUSCH: Ach, so. That was fortunate for you. You escaped?
>
> POTTS: Sure. We just waded ashore. All but the old missus, poor soul. We didn't get 'er till the next day.
>
> TAUSCH: She was safe in the lifebelt?
>
> POTTS: Sure she was safe in it. Floating a cable or two off Salthill. The wrong ways up.

"The Moon in the Yellow River," which had a brief run on Broadway in 1932, is at the East End Theatre, and it deals with the disastrous conflict between Tausch, who operates a government powerhouse at the mouth of an Irish river, and Darrell Blake, a young Republican who opposes the Irish Free State. (The time is the late twenties, after the close of the British-Irish hostilities.) Blake is a romantic who resents industrialism and government, and Tausch is a progressive, priggish engineer. Blake decides that he and his men should blow up Tausch's powerhouse, but their dynamite gets wet, and they borrow a homemade cannon from Potts and George, along with four homemade shells. They fire the gun just as the constabulary, summoned by the

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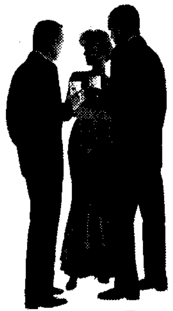

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alarmed Tausch, arrives. There is nothing but a dull clunk. The commandant of the police, Lanigan, is a former friend and revolutionary colleague of Blake. After inspecting the situation and exchanging a few words with Blake, he shoots him dead. (This is handled perfectly. One doesn't see Lanigan draw his gun, and it is clear what has happened only when Blake is flat on the floor.) Tausch, his righteousness at the ready, demands that Lanigan turn himself in as a murderer. But Lanigan, who we soon realize is War, with all its idiotic licenses, explains that he is simply a gunman, no more and no less, who will eventually receive an avenging bullet *in the back*. Furthermore, the power station is paramount, and jailing Blake would have saved it only temporarily. Lanigan departs, and when the night during which the play takes place is almost over, George and Potts, their cannon confiscated, dump their one remaining workable shell on a nearby slag heap. It rolls off and explodes against the power station. No one has won. Blake (Inconoclasm) is dead, the powerhouse (Conformity) destroyed, and Lanigan free to shoot at will. Nothing has been solved, Johnston explains quietly, because there is no solution.

The cast, under the direction of David Fulford, handles this funny, bleak business in a sustained low-key fashion that tends to double the impact of Johnston's message. James Coco, round-faced, intense, humorless, and flat-eyed, is a fine Tausch, and Jonathan Frid has just the right dishevelled, hawk-nosed air for Blake. By simply lifting one eyebrow slightly and half closing the other eye, Roy Poole, as Dobelle, a sour existentialist and one-man Greek chorus at whose house most of the action occurs, mirrors patient, long-hardened cynicism. Neil FitzGerald, as George, and Joseph Bird, as Potts, fill their parts without overflowing once. Also commendable are Philippa Bevans, as a robust cook, and Nancy Acly, as Dobelle's young daughter. Considering the primitive conditions of the East End stage, Mary Ann Reed's sets, complete with rough-hewn stone walls and shiftless furniture, are better than adequate. The only flaw in the evening was technical. When the powerhouse went up, there was no explosion—only a sudden dousing of lights. That moment needs to be thunderous.

NOT surprisingly, Upton Sinclair's "Cicero," at the St. Marks Playhouse, is—in contrast to Johnston's non-

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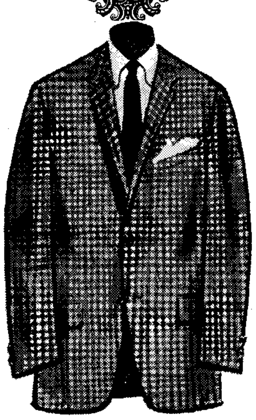

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proselytizing exasperation (the most persuasive form of proselytizing)—an undisguised and baleful warning about Western decay. This warning is embodied analogously in the last nineteen years of Cicero's life, when Rome was awash with corruption, civil wars, and libidinous doings. (But incest, riotous parties in the altogether, and nymphomania at least demand a certain measure of get-up-and-go, while watching the telly takes almost none. Perhaps Sinclair is not pessimistic enough.) Cicero is our chief informant in the play about the mess in Rome, which he reveals through lengthy excerpts from his speeches and his letters, and occasional fervid conversations. In fact, he orates for the better part of two hours, and while this is ringing, it is also fatiguing. Equally enervating is the name-dropping we are exposed to—Caesar, Caesar's wife, Mark Antony, Brutus, Pompey, Claudius, Sophocles, Plato, Socrates, Thucydides (pronounced, hillbilly fashion, as Thewcydides), Jupiter, Saturn, and on up. This expostulation all but conceals arresting glimpses of Cicero's contradictory and complex nature—his preening before a copper mirror, his self-confidence, his wit, his flexible morality, his energy, his eggheadedness—that, expanded into good hard looks, might have provided a sympathetic human being to go along with the rhetoric. The burden of all this falls on the unfortunate James Forster, a stocky, short, aquiline-faced man with an excellent memory and an indefatigable larynx. It is not Forster's oral skills that hypnotize one, though, but his left arm, which, hooked through the overflow material of his toga, ceaselessly flaps—its speed regulated by the emotional temperature of the moment—against its owner's stomach, like a wounded wing. The rest of the cast is free from such tics and manages to decorate Jack Cornwell's shiny black-and-white simulated-marble set agreeably. One further thought: The Romans, according to Sinclair, seem to have known all about such clichés as "throw him away like an old shoe," the encomium "that's a knockout," and "heartless" women, which, all else having failed, almost makes them as accessible as the folks next door.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

Q.—Do canaries molt every year or every two years? I have been told both.
—O. O. L.

A.—A healthy canary molts.—*Denver Post.*

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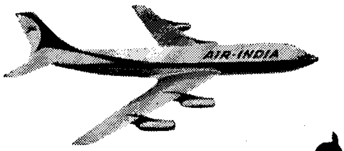

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THE RACE TRACK

Easy Does It

THE Hialeah Turf Cup last Saturday was more of a cheerful romp for Wolfram than most of us had expected it would be. The jaunty French-bred racer, and Rotz, who rode him, followed the pattern set in the Bougainvillea Turf Handicap a fortnight before, and came through handsomely. Beginning slowly, Wolfram improved his position steadily, and, going around the leaders in the last quarter of the mile and a half, he won by nearly three lengths from Merry Top II. Civic Guard was third, and the nine other runners, including the well-thought-of Harmonizing, were down the course. Well, there are no more stake races on the turf at Hialeah for Wolfram to snap up this season, but there's the San Juan Capistrano at Santa Anita next month, and that should be just his cup of tea. There's already talk of shipping Harmonizing out there for both the Washington's Birthday Handicap and the San Juan Capistrano; his stable thinks his races at Hialeah were too bad to be true. That's as good a reason as any.

WITH Prove It a non-starter, last weekend's San Antonio Handicap, the traditional preliminary to the Santa Anita Handicap, had little to recommend it—unless you bet on American Comet, in which case you would have collected $22.40 for a $2 ticket. From all accounts, Grey Eagle, Oligarchy, and How Now were the most prominent of the eleven starters until they reached the stretch, where American Comet scooted into the lead. He won going away from How Now, and Grey Eagle was third. The two big disappointments were Tompion, who was up close early in the running, and T. V. Lark, who was never in the picture. The latter's lack of interest in racing has perplexed his stable so much that it may have him psychoanalyzed. They do that to horses these days. American Comet, a five-year-old gelding, is owned by C. W. Smith, a Detroit businessman and an old football blue, who bought him out of a claiming race for $15,000 during the summer of 1959. The beast earned $107,270 in prize money last year, and his share of the San Antonio, which was his first victory this season, was $35,300. Mr.

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Smith, who races in the rather unusual name of the C. W. Smith Enterprises, Inc., campaigned Hillsdale, as you may remember. You may remember, too, that for a while Hillsdale was unbeatable on the California tracks, but then, after winning the Santa Anita Maturity, he finished second in the San Antonio and the Santa Anita Handicap. That's how the luck goes.

The obvious reason Prove It skipped the San Antonio was that he would have had to carry 127 pounds—twelve more than the weight allotted him in next Saturday's Santa Anita Handicap. I have a notion that Rex Ellsworth, who owns him, wasn't sure how well the colt would carry the impost, and decided that this was hardly the time to find out. As you know, Prove It wasn't started as a two-year-old, because, as Ellsworth put it, he was such a weedy little old thing. Owing to his size, he was relegated to the stable's second string, and there's a story going round that he was very nearly traded for a motorcar. It seems that one morning early last spring, at Agua Caliente, Prove It galloped so smartly in a workout that a trainer who had watched him offered to give Ellsworth his brand-new Cadillac in exchange for the colt. As the tale goes, Ellsworth thought seriously of making the deal, until several of his retainers talked him out of it. Though his stable still thinks Prove It is on the small side, he has grown into a well-made four-year-old. From pictures I've seen of him, I'd say he resembles Porterhouse, who once beat Swaps.

Earlier last week, incidentally, Ellsworth's most fancied three-year-old, Olden Times, won the California Breeders' Champion Stakes in such style that he'll have a big following for the Santa Anita Derby a fortnight hence.

POOR old Bowie! If it isn't one peck of trouble it's another. Having been closed for more than a week by blizzards, it opened last Saturday and closed again after two races were run. Following a spill on the muddy track in which three horses went down, all the jockeys refused to ride. What next?

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Brendan Behan's play "The Hostage" has been booked into the Civic theater for a limited engagement beginning Monday, Feb. 20, by Leonard S. Field and Caroline Swann.

The comedy recently closed on Broadway due to a successful five-month run.

—*Chicago Daily News*

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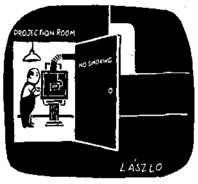
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Off Season



SUMMER used to be the time for really bad movies, on the film companies' assumption that by July or August the public was sufficiently heat-dazed and uncritical to be willing to look at *anything*, in return for being cooled off at the nearest air-conditioned nabe. After studying various wares recently put on view at local cinema emporiums, however, I must make an ill-tempered guess that the film merchants have lately concluded that there is a second season in which to unload distress merchandise—a week or two in midwinter, when their customers will think of movie theatres primarily as places in which to warm up and to dry out their galoshes and bootees.

Take, for example (but for no other reason), "The Facts of Life," the latest and possibly the most vulgar model of the Hollywood sex comedy. The humor here is wintry indeed, since it depends upon demonstrating, with almost vindictive detail, that American adults simply cannot conquer their flabby nerves and escape the details of their over-organized lives to the point where they may indulge in a brief bout of adultery. The mixed couple in question, played by Bob Hope and Lucille Ball, is composed of long-married members of a wealthy and paralyzingly clubby set in Pasadena, and their efforts to be briefly alone are frustrated by P.-T.A. obligations, the nosiness of their neighbors, and their own furtive fears. Since the script requires the two to exchange quips in slick Wilshire Boulevard argot, they are no more attractive or interesting than a pair of standup night-club comics, and after we have seen them punished again and again by nasty coincidences, acts of God, and their own unpleasant quarrelling, it becomes clear that we in the audience are being invited to demean ourselves with our own knowing snickers. Ruth Hussey, Don De Fore, and Louis Nye are the other unhappy householders.

DOUBTS appear to have afflicted the makers of "The Wackiest Ship in the Army" long before the film was completed, for midway through this inept work about a ramshackle schooner chartered by our armed forces

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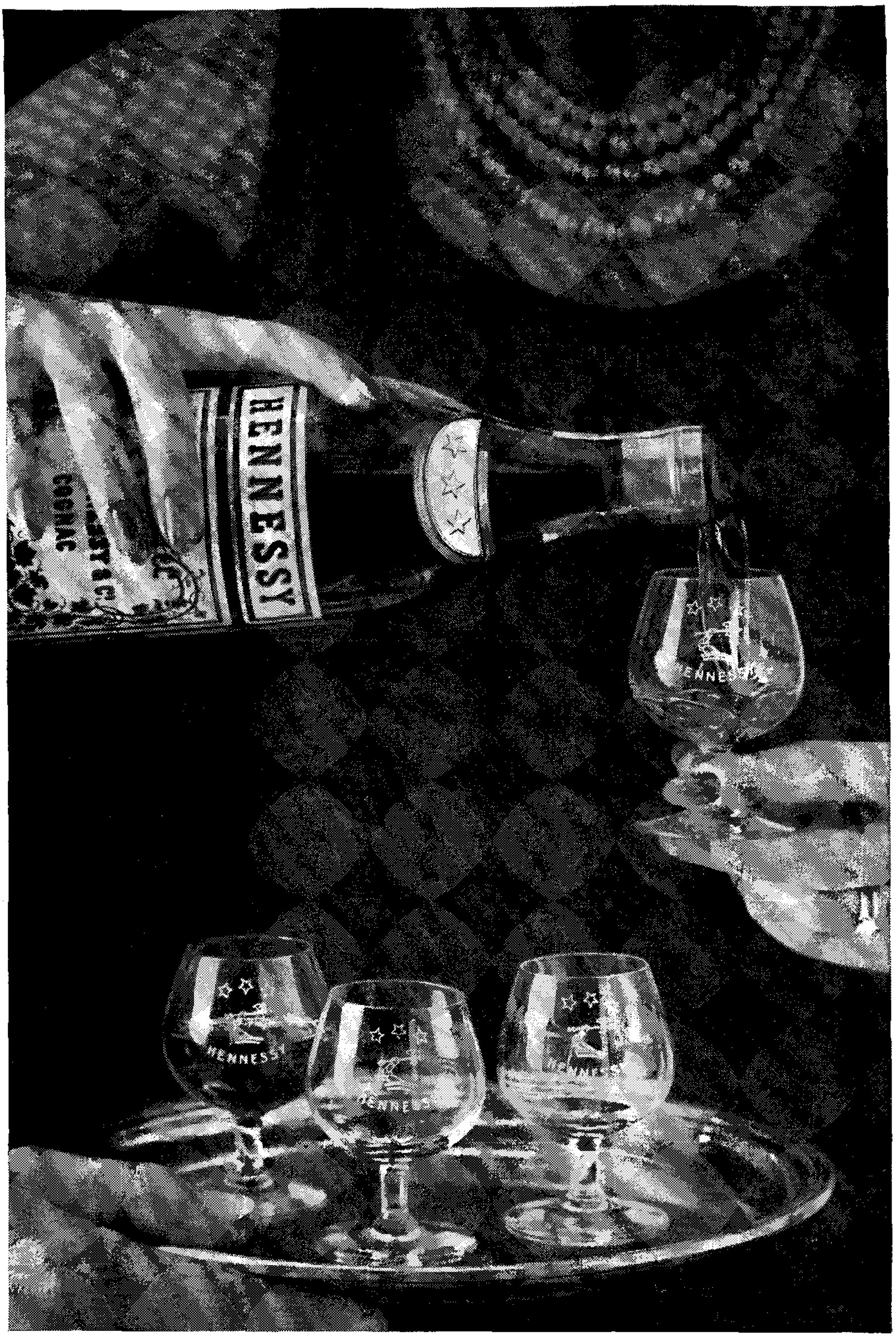
for a secret mission against the Japanese in the South Pacific, all efforts at comedy are abruptly jettisoned, and the movie limps its way into port in the guise of a war epic. This farce-drama, although sporadically cheerful, fails to rise much above the level of its title, and demonstrates our irresponsible American habit of wasting great natural resources. Jack Lemmon, the richest deposit of comic topsoil in the land, here blows away to the winds, having been asked to produce nothing but a sterile crop of double takes, slow burns, and hollow groans. The bumbling hands on the ship he commands repeatedly conk their heads on booms and bulkheads, but they are no more landlubberly than the film's producers, who have permitted a scene in which the schooner tacks through a minefield without benefit of keel or centerboard. That isn't wacky; it's downright impossible.

A THIRD recent work, this one made in England, is "Hand in Hand," which was produced by Helen Winston and is at least notable for its modest dimensions and for the evident sincerity of its intentions. Its purpose is to demonstrate the painful consequences of inflicting religious intolerance upon the young. The principals weighted down with this contemporary burden are *very* young, a boy and girl of eight—he Catholic and she Jewish—whose intimate friendship is threatened by the mild bigotry of their elders and then restored by the kindly intervention of a priest and a rabbi. I can take no exception to the heart-warming message of the film, but I must regretfully add that if my heart was warmed, my stubborn head refused to believe a word of it. My own somewhat intimate observation of the elementary-school set has made it clear to me that boys and girls of eight, being totally invisible to each other, do not go steady, and, further, that their attention span, which approximates that of a hamster, mercifully exempts them from long thoughts and fears about prejudice. Loretta Parry and Philip Needs, who play the tots, are winsome, but they deliver their lines with those tiny, painful pauses that invariably mark the dialogue of those who are too young to act. John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike, and Finlay Currie appear briefly, bearing counsels of love, but the involuntary moral of "Hand in Hand" as a drama is delivered by Master Needs when he pipes, "If we were grownups, they couldn't do this to us."

—ROGER ANGELL



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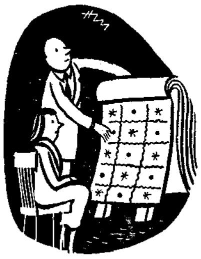
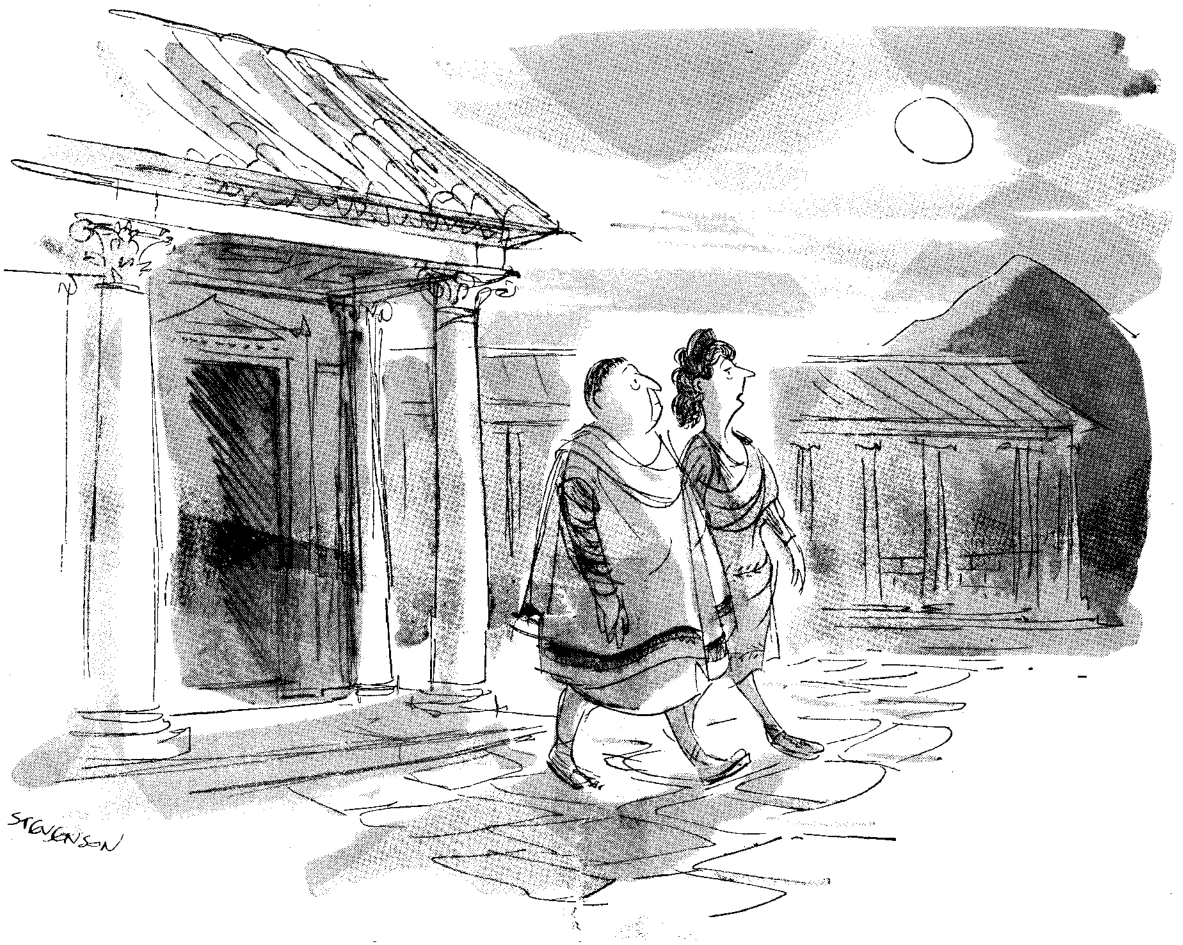
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

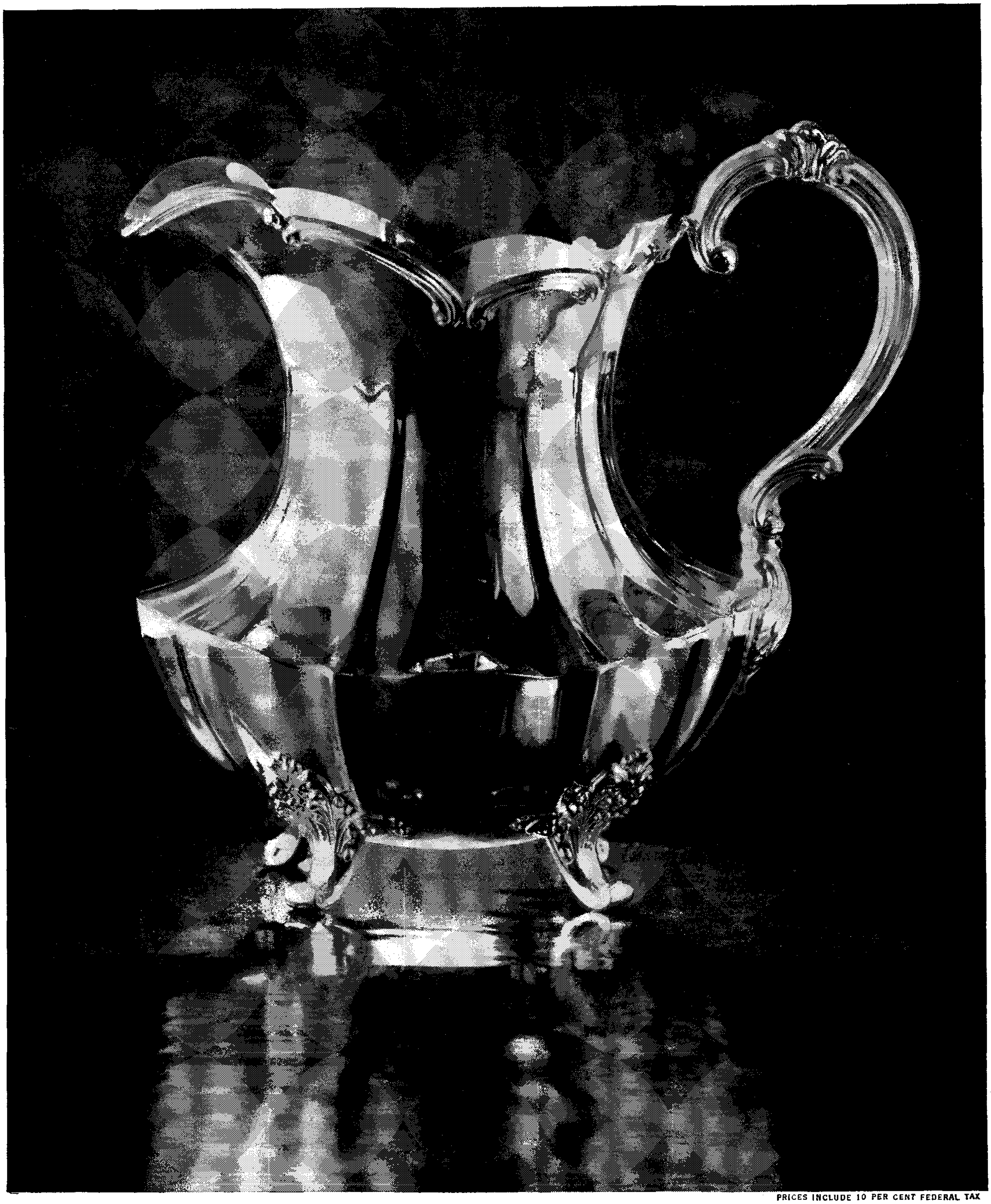


SO heady and so easily accessible are the pleasures of the art collections at the Cooper Union Museum, and such is the cozy friendliness pervading the place, that I never pay it a visit without being overcome by a rapturous desire to dedicate the rest of my days to the study of whatever it is—usually some form of applied art—that I have come to investigate. Even so, I wasn't prepared to get quite as absorbed as I did recently when I sat in on a session of Erica Wilson's needlework class, to which the Textile Division of the museum offers its hospitality on Thursday evenings. Before reporting on the activities of this class, perhaps I had better say something about Miss Wilson's qualifications as a teacher and about the general nature of her work. Well, Miss Wilson is a personable young Englishwoman who has devoted more years to studying and, later, teaching at the Royal School of Needlework, in London, than seems reasonable from her appearance, and most of the classes she is currently conducting happen to be concerned with that traditional form of wool embroidery known as crewelwork. Actually, what's going on down at Cooper Square involves a lot more than mere needlework, for the course entails a study of the samples of Tudor, Jacobean, eighteenth-century French, and even Colonial American wool embroidery that the museum so lavishly spreads out for its guests to examine. This gives the pupils an interest in the subject that goes well beyond the perfecting of needle techniques. Perhaps it is just as well that those dead-and-gone lady embroiderers were not themselves exposed to any such cultural distractions, since their almost incredible skill might have suffered sadly if there had so much as crossed their minds any notion of the kind of controversy that ruffles art circles today, such as whether East Indian decoration influenced seventeenth-century English crewelwork design, or vice versa, and what the true origins are of the curious Jacobean fashion of depicting large branches of trees in embroidery.

On the evening I attended the Cooper Union class, one of our famous blizzards had reduced attendance to a mere three (the full quota at the moment is ten), but from what I observed of the students' work in progress and of Miss Wilson's precise instruction, which never degenerated into finickiness, it was plain that here was not only a remarkable talent for creative needlework but a very real gift for teaching. As for the work going ahead under her supervision at that time, one pupil was embroidering with extraordinary *expertise*, for the back and seat of a small chair, a design taken from an eighteenth-century French piece in the museum's collection; another was transposing onto a footstool cover a charming pattern with a strong Oriental influence from an eighteenth-century English teapot; and the third was decorating a pillow cover with a delightfully lighthearted arrangement of strawberries that had been evolved from her own imagination. Only the chair-back lady, I was told, had had more than six lessons—a fact that I found hard to credit in view of what, if I were surer of myself in this field, I should call the perfect execution of these bits of fancywork. Life seemed somehow to have been breathed into a medium that I had thought might hold no more than an antiquarian interest, and, beyond that, these women were exploring the museum's wealth of patterns with an enthusiasm that carried over into the whole field of applied design. The fee for a course of six of Miss Wilson's two-hour Thursday-night lessons at Cooper Union is $21. In addition to these classes, which are open to as many as sixteen students, Miss Wilson gives private instruction



"*Now we owe them an orgy.*"



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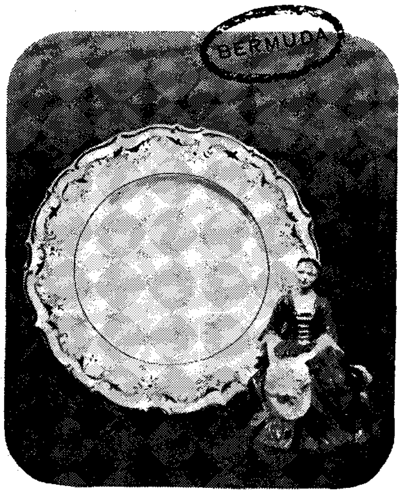
to individual pupils at her home on Park Avenue (the price is $10 per one-hour lesson, and appointments can be made by telephone; the number is Atwater 9-6685), or, if it seems preferable, at the student's home (also $10 per lesson), and she offers a correspondence course, through P.O. Box 148, Gracie Station, New York 28.

A few days after attending the class at Cooper Union, I looked in on one of the private lessons at Miss Wilson's home, and was privileged to examine many beautiful examples of her own embroideries, some of which I thought rather defeated their aim by being almost indistinguishable from paintings. There was, for example, an ecclesiastical piece in which, having been unable to obtain silk thread fine enough to use for the angels' tresses, she had used hairs from her own blond head, producing the effect of a *quattrocento* masterpiece. The pupil on this occasion was a lady from Texas who had taken the correspondence course and had been so carried away by her own progress on a sampler that she came to town for further tutelage.

During this visit, also, Miss Wilson explained to me the workings of the correspondence course and showed me the book of instructions sent out to pupils, in which greatly enlarged drawings of all the stitches involved accompany the most detailed directions. The fee asked for this course is $35, which covers not only the book but all the necessary materials (wool, needles, and a sampler design drawn on linen twill by Miss Wilson) as well. The pupil proceeds at her own pace, and when she finishes an assignment, she sends the work back to Miss Wilson for criticism, or, if she gets bogged down anywhere along the way, she can write in for help.

If you know anything about London's Royal School of Needlework, which was founded by Queen Victoria's daughter Princess Christian in 1872, and which traditionally makes the royal family's coronation robes, you are surely aware that anybody who has graduated from the institution—let alone anybody who has taught there—is entirely proficient in every branch of needlework, so you will not be surprised to learn that Miss Wilson is prepared to teach every kind of white embroidery (she will give instructions in anything from decorating a chalice veil to embroidering a trousseau), needlepoint, quilting, appliqué, needle lace, and even the Scandinavian specialty known as pulled work. It's easy to see, though, that



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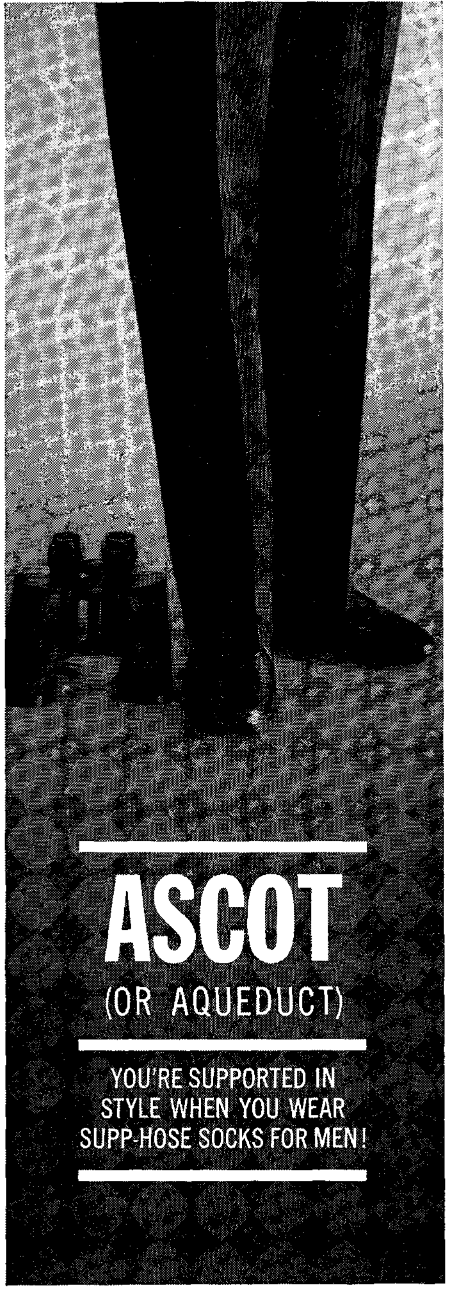
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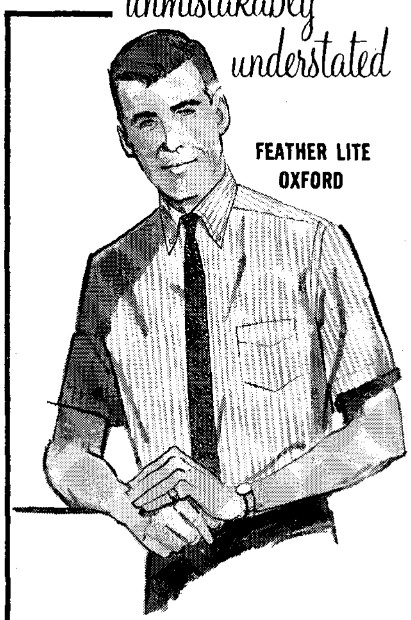
NOTHING could be further removed, either in technique or in feeling, from the archaic patterns of the embroideries done by the Wilson classes than the brilliant creations, part collage and part embroidery, by Maginel Barney, which can be seen, by appointment, through her representative, Peggy Cooke, 300 East 57th Street (Plaza 3-7785). Comparisons—unpleasant anyway—would be completely irrelevant in this case, and, indeed, while visiting the exhibition on Fifty-seventh Street you had better forget all about traditional needlework technique and simply enjoy the spontaneous and imaginative freedom of these remarkable objects, for which nobody (including Mrs. Barney, who is a sister of the late Frank Lloyd Wright) seems to have found a name that is in the least adequate.

The collection consists almost entirely of Wisconsin landscapes (Mrs. Barney has a studio there, near her brother's famous home, Taliesin) and studies of the state's endless variety of wild flowers. Among the most delightful of the pieces are a sunset view of the Wisconsin River, with deep-blue hills, a foreground of rich plowed earth, and a field of springlike wild flowers; a view of a Wisconsin lake, in which a swan is floating; a Wisconsin farm landscape centered on a red barn (these three measure eighteen inches by twenty-two); some branches of red sumach that have much the feeling of a van Gogh painting (thirty inches square); an artfully composed, vividly colored arrangement of pink spider flowers (also thirty inches square); and a couple of small studies of native Wisconsin woodland flowers (eight inches by fourteen) that have the precise look of botanical prints. These compositions are done in media so varied that description is just about impossible. For example, the hills, water, and plowed earth of the river scene are of wool in a long stitch of Mrs. Barney's own invention, while the flowery meadow of the foreground is made of hundreds of beadlike plastic ornaments hardly bigger than pinheads. The landscape with the red barn is a combination of the wool stitch and felt collage—a term that has acquired such wearisome connotations (probably because a great deal of collage is a terrible bore) that I prefer to think of the felt as appliqué. As for the striking studies of sumach and the spider plant, they are composed entirely of snippets

unmistakably understated



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of felt on a splendid background of gold leaf. As nearly as I can make out, Mrs. Barney uses her wool stitches to give a feeling of movement, and the appliqué for a static effect. This, though, is just a generalization of my own, and may be quite wrong.

I don't know whether it is permissible to discuss this unique handwork as art, even if the word is cautiously modified by "minor," or whether Mr. Gilbert Seldes will allow it over in the "lively" column; there can be no doubt, however, that these compositions—striking out so effectively in a new stylistic direction—are a serious contribution to our applied decoration. The prices range from $150, for the small wild-flower studies, to $550, for a very large landscape of the Garden of Eden—the only example in which Mrs. Barney allows herself to stray beyond the State of Wisconsin. Most of the pieces are magnificently framed, and the frames are included in the price.—S. H.

•

Whenever I do a music review, always at lightning speed in about a half-hour since time and presses wait for no man, I think humbly of Edward Burlingame Hill. If ever I succeed in doing anything half as good as my aim, it must be through his constant inspiration.

"Copland on Music," by Aaron Copland (Doubleday, 3.95), does not seem to be very frank in regard to this outstanding composer's life. Why, for instance, didn't he tell about his wonderful, non-public performances at parties on Cape Ann, Mass.?

But he does give tribute to one of the greatest conductors I ever knew well, Serge Koussevitzky of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. I remember doing a 20-page special roto section on the Boston Symphony years ago, while I was art editor of The Boston Herald, and also I remember doing the first major story on plans Koussevitzky had composed, all in his head then, for that wonderful music project, Tanglewood.

Likewise I recall doing the story of Koussevitzky's death in Boston, and his magnificent funeral—perhaps the best piece I ever wrote—in a swank Episcopalian church at the foot of Beacon Hill. —*Lawrence Dame in the Sarasota Herald Tribune.*

The heck with Koussevitzky. Tell us more about yourself.

•

Chamber of Commerce President Carl Larsen was away on vacation, so Mrs. Doud, first vice president, welcomed members and guests to the third monthly luncheon session.

She also welcomed "Manhattan's newest merchant, Louse Kelly of Kel's Casuals."—*Redondo Beach (Calif.) Daily Breeze.*

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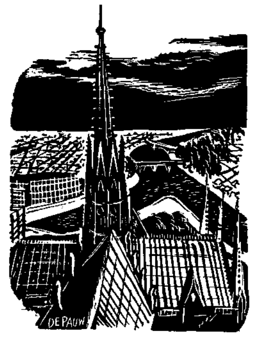
LETTER FROM PARIS

FEBRUARY 9



A NEW kind of Paris boarding school for rich American girls—who, along with their parents, are warned before enrollment that they are going to have to keep their noses in their textbooks, and no nonsense—is now entering its second semester, having opened here last October. It was created and is directed, as an international educational experiment, by Mme. Maggie Vaudable, a graduate of the University of Lyon and the wife of M. Louis Vaudable, owner and manager of Maxim's, and it is simply called L'Académie (of which Paris, of course, already has one, founded in 1635 by Cardinal Richelieu, whose forty elderly literary-gentlemen members meet every so often to edit a dictionary). The nineteen Académie girls, aged from seventeen to twenty-one, are individually housed with socially impeccable Parisian families, where they have to speak French; attend the Cours de Civilization Française at the Sorbonne every weekday morning from nine to twelve; and in the afternoons are lectured to by outsiders, or are tutored by the Académie teaching staff (in a big room with a picture window that gives on the trees of the Parc Monceau), or are taken to museums, historic palaces, and so on. The unique basis of the Académie's Paris education is, quite frankly, that of intelligently organized special privileges. Through an arrangement with the Sorbonne that was set up by the Foreign Ministry's Directeur Général des Affaires Culturelles et Techniques, the girls are given their French-civilization course in a private room, La Salle des Archives (with their tutors present to help in translating and note-taking, since some of the girls could speak very little French to start with), the Académie's aim being to make them learn, to help them learn, to arouse and extend their curiosity so that they even want to learn, and all in French. They have just finished their first-term Sorbonne exams, written and oral, on their civilization course. It is likely that some of the girls who already spoke pretty fair French squeaked through, though French exams, compared to American exams, are fiendish. The civilization course centered on French literature and art of the Middle Ages and the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These are some of the exam questions: "State the theory of the Pleiade." "Give Montaigne's ideas on education." "Define Jansenism." "What is the philosophical content of 'Candide'?" "Enumerate, chronologically if possible, the works of Rousseau." "Discuss the character of Figaro in Beaumarchais' theatre." "Give the regional classification of the Romanesque churches, the principal iconographic themes of their tympanums." "Give a summary description of the main façade of Amiens Cathedral." The last afternoon's exam devoted three hours to fine points of French grammar and vocabulary. On alternate half mornings at the Sorbonne, the girls had studied French (the language being naturally part of the civilization), learning irregular verbs, reciting phrases and vowels by the hour to get the French voice and pronunciation, making phonograph records to hear their own errors, and using all the other modern linguistic methods by which even beginners today have so good an accent in their hundred words that you think they speak French.

Apart from the classical Sorbonne subjects in the girls' education, the Académie's private curriculum leads them up to and into familiarity with French modernism, since, with their youth, this is to be their twentieth century. These special courses are certainly varied, and as rich as fruitcake with special privileges. Once a week, in the Parc Monceau study room, a well-known music critic lectures to them on European music, with records, from Mozart up through Bartók, Prokofieff, Schoenberg, and Boulez, and there have been two special-guest meetings, attended by conductor Igor Markevich and composer Olivier Messiaen. With their art professor, an erudite lady formerly attached to the Louvre, the girls have been taken to Louis XIV's theatre at the Château de Versailles, recently restored and regilded; the magnificent seventeenth-century Hôtel de Lauzun, where the city of Paris occasionally dines royal visitors; the Château de Vincennes; the Musée Nissim de Camondo, containing perfect period French furniture; the Louvre; and so on—but on Tuesdays, when the museums are closed to the public, they have been exposed to the twentieth-century influence with privileged visits to the Musée Nationale d'Art Moderne, where the curator, M. Bernard Dorival, has explained the paintings of the Nabis, the Expressionists, the Fauves, the Post-Impressionists, and the Cubists, as well as the abstract canvases. The girls have visited the Jeu de Paume, for the Manets, and the Dr. Gachet collection of van Goghs. They have seen the Baronne Edouard de Rothschild's fabulous family art collection, having been introduced by one of their professors who is the granddaughter of the poet Paul Valéry. Maître Rheims, France's famous art auctioneer and expert who last winter sold the great Biddle collection at the Charpentier Gallery, invited them to his house to view his extravagant collection of precious objects and period furnishings. Last week, the girls went en bloc to see the new Dior collection of M. Bohan's 1920 clothes—probably the most enjoyable history lesson they have had yet. Three times monthly, they are taken in small chaperoned groups to the Opéra, the ballet, the Comédie Française. Once every three weeks, Mme. Vaudable invites two girls to dine formally at Maxim's with her and a pair of well-brought-up French youths, so the girls will know their way around and not become misanthropes from overwork. On Saturday mornings, they take a cooking lesson with the Comtesse Mapie de Toulouse-Lautrec, preparing their own lunch (it began with onion pie last week) and washing their own dishes. The girls travel by bus or Métro to the Sorbonne, though four of them brought their own cars with them from New York, where most of them come from, the homes of the others being in Greenwich, San Francisco, Florida, and Detroit.

According to Paris playgoers and critics, there has been too much borrowing from other countries' theatres this winter to make a sturdy Paris entertainment season. The latest importation is "The Caretaker," Harold Pinter's London prize play of the year, about three tramps, which has just opened here as "Le Gardien" at the little off-the-boulevards Théâtre de Lutèce, behind the Halle aux Vins. Without a dissenting voice, it was panned by the first-nighters and the critics. "Logorrhea," one critic noted. "The sordid lifted to the point of supreme boredom. This kind of thing should have stopped with Beckett's 'Godot,' where it imaginatively be-

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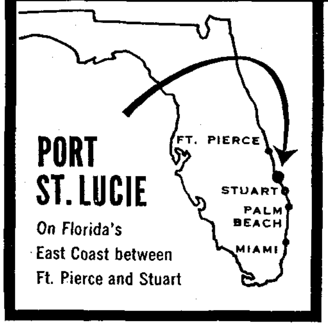

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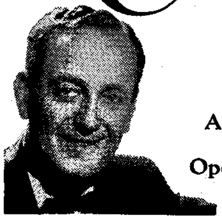

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gan." Clearly, the Récamier, the small state theatre for intellectual fare, should not have imported "La Bonne Ame de Se-Tchouan," the so-called dramatic proverb by Bertolt Brecht, since it demands good singing voices, intelligent acting, and that Germanic metaphysical theatre sense that the Récamier cast patently lacks. The main popular foreign exception has been at the Gymnase—"La Voleuse de Londres," an adaptation of Defoe's "Moll Flanders" and an utterly trashy evening's entertainment, but thoroughly enjoyable because it stars the irresistible Marie Bell, who would probably be attractive reciting the alphabet. As a final erroneous piece of foreign goods, producer Jean Vilar, of the avant-garde Théâtre National Populaire, has added jazz music by Duke Ellington, composed on a recent visit here, to his production of "Turcaret," by Alain Lesage, originally staged in 1709 and called the first anti-bourgeois comedy, because its real hero is the love of money. The powerful Paris bourgeoisie tried to prevent its being staged, but Louis XIV, perhaps shortsightedly, authorized it. Certainly it is a pre-Revolutionary play in that the servant ends up by becoming the master, if only by superior dishonesty rather than by egalitarian rights. For all this, Mr. Ellington composed flourishes of jazz piano, accompanied by trumpets, saxophones, and drums, which were recorded on tape and are played only in thirty-second snatches during the play, in between passages of dialogue; he also wrote a prelude, which is heard for somewhat longer periods before the two acts. It is interesting, strident jazz that obviously has nothing to do with Louis XIV and is apparently just what Vilar wanted, though nobody understands why. Luckily, theatregoers in New York, if they go to see the visiting Comédie Française performance there of Racine's "Britannicus," can enjoy not only native French classic drama but superb, noble acting by M. Robert Hirsch, as Néron, and Mme. Annie Ducaux, as Agrippine—emotional, traditional Parisian acting, with posed bodies, lifted, resonant voices, and beautifully breathed Alexandrine verse. It had only just opened in Paris when it was taken on tour to America, but it was recognized here as the Comédie's finest performance of the year.

IT seems an anomaly that France, which remains so persistently political-minded even in General de Gaulle's monarchical Fifth Republic as still to possess nine, or maybe even ten, major

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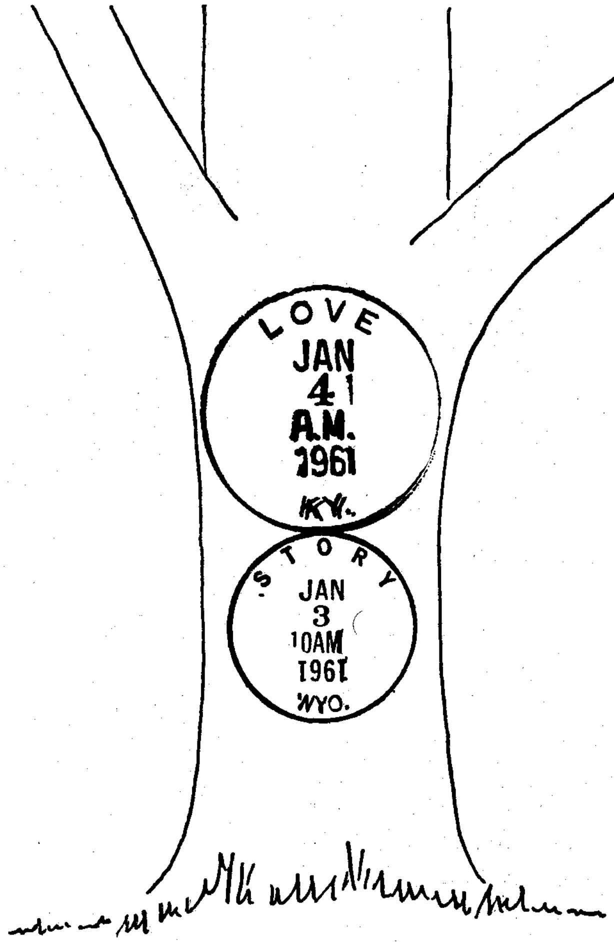
and minor political parties, should have fewer than half a dozen ranking political cartoonists operating in all the Paris press. Of these, the outstanding artist in caricature is conceded by most Parisians to be Tim, on the intellectual left-wing weekly *Express*, his signature being the first syllable of his last name spelled backward. His full name is Louis Mittelberg, and he is a blond, youthful-looking forty-year-old Pole who was born near Warsaw, was brought by his parents to Paris as a child, and eventually attended the Beaux-Arts. What he creates are satiric portraits of today's political characters—especially of those odd governmental intimates the imperial de Gaulle and the former revolutionary Malraux. Tim's likenesses are so close that the caricature exaggerations seem merely extra refinements of his strange, flowing lines, like threads tinted by his India ink, faintly defining the figures but concentrating in dark revelation around the face and skull. He draws with a sharp-pointed pen, so his cartoons look like ironic or malicious etchings of public characters and events. His political imagination often enough is quite startling. His most famous and daring cartoon during his two-year career on *L'Express* appeared last spring, following the fiasco summit conference here, and it showed Eisenhower as a robed figure bent low as he struggled uphill under the weight of a huge black cross-shaped U-2 resting on his shoulders. A few weeks ago, after December's bloody "Day of Truth" in Algiers, when anti-Gaullist whites mowed down the Casbah Moslems in their first native shouts for the independent republic that the General had finally proposed, Tim drew a tragic full-length sketch of de Gaulle, his face ugly with grief, carrying in his arms a dead turbaned Moslem who was still hanging on to a placard that said "Vive de Gaulle!" His treatment of the General is not always that sympathetic. Because de Gaulle also lends himself to extravagant literary comparisons and symbols, Tim recently depicted him as a ludicrous, outsize Don Quixote, mounted on a rickety French horse, lance in hand, and about to charge New York's glass United Nations skyscraper, specially equipped with a windmill for him to fight. (It was published just after the General's bellicose denunciation of the U.N., which he reportedly referred to as "*ce machin*"—"that what-you-may-call-it.") In portraying de Gaulle's face, Tim always supplies it with the peculiar pursed, pawky lips noticeable only when the General is



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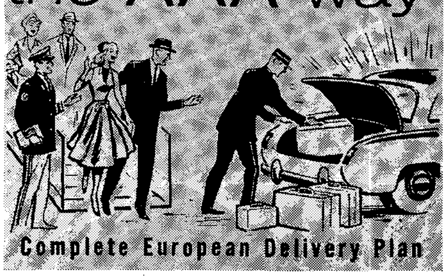

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officially articulating one of his magniloquent televised orations to the nation, as if for the artist there lay the statuesque leader's weak spot—the mouth itself, from which have emerged his paternal call to renewed French glory, seemingly so tarnished a sentiment to the younger generation, and, above all, his tergiversating, ambivalent statements as to where he stood on Algeria, which for a year and a half baffled all Fifth Republic listeners and permanently embittered the intellectual left. Tim scores off Malraux, de Gaulle's Minister of Cultural Affairs, in exactly the opposite way, maliciously exaggerating the melancholy grandeur of his visage, his theatrical, poetic eye, his noble, cerebral brow—the author, in his youth, of that first modern French literary classic on *l'homme engagé*, "La Condition Humaine," in which he describes the horrors of torture as he saw it inflicted on the Chinese revolutionary soldiers. Tim has caricatured him glancing fearfully over his shoulder, as if at his own past, while holding in his hands "La Question," the terrible book by Henri Alleg about the tortures practiced on him, among others, by the French Army in North Africa.

ALL France is once more waiting for the decencies of peace. The French had hoped that de Gaulle's referendum majority last month would lead to a negotiated peace as directly as might be possible for the stately de Gaulle and the Oriental-minded Moslems, neither side being likely to proceed by nature in a straight line toward any important settlement. Now we hear that each side says the other has got to start first on the humble pie of opening the negotiations. On Monday, everybody was hailing the Paris headline news, taken from a Tunisian weekly, *Afrique-Action*, that President de Gaulle, of France, would like to see President Bourguiba, of Tunisia, in Paris, at the latter's convenience—the eager interpretation being that Bourguiba, who needs some extra French good will on the question of the port of Bizerte, might serve as the honest broker between Algiers and Paris in peace talks. He has been quoted by *Afrique-Action* as saying that General de Gaulle is understandably feeling his way, is looking around, is taking precautions that may seem superfluous. "But it would be to nobody's interest to have him run too many risks or have him fail," Bourguiba is reported to have said. "That would be a catastrophe. And if three or four weeks from now the peace negotiation has not got under

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way, that will be an equal catastrophe." On Wednesday, M. Mohamed Masmoudi, Tunisian Minister of Information from Rabat, was received at the Elysée Palace by President de Gaulle in "a cordial conversation," though what about was not said. It is deduced that M. Masmoudi will next get in touch with President Bourguiba, now on holiday in Switzerland, who will get in touch with Ferhat Abbas, now in Cairo, who, as president of the provisional Algerian government, is the rebel in exile with whom the peace must be eventually made. Then M. Masmoudi will arrange for Bourguiba to have "a cordial conversation" in Paris with de Gaulle on how the land lies. But nothing so far has been said to the French public on any of these vital matters by General de Gaulle. It is a curious experience to be living under what is so often and for so long a silent government, led by a man who is the greatest speaker now in power in our hemisphere. —Genêt

•

Editor, *The American:*

I am 60 years old and I never saw times like they are now. Everything is pointing to the return of our Lord soon.

Back in 1922 it took six yards to make a pair of girls' athletic bloomers, now it takes about six inches.

The Bible says to train up a child in the way it should go, but instead it is trained to go naked from the time it can walk.

No wonder the Lord is angry with people and He is going to pour out his wrath upon this sin-loving world.

When Mothers and Fathers ought to have their children gathered around for family prayer they are looking at the TV which teaches the children to be murderers, robbers and gangsters.

I always enjoy seeing the pretty flowers blooming and the green grass growing. God intended it to be beautiful just as He intended for people to wear clothes and look holy. If it had been His will for people to go naked he would never have made cloth.

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The President's wife was also asking how the guests liked the portrait of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge in the Red Room. She was assured that the new spot was "simply stunning." This was the first time in recent years that a portrait of a President's wife, except for Martha Washington, had hung in the formal rooms on the first floor.

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THE ART GALLERIES

Backward, O Time

Judith Shahn

ONE of the charms of the "Precisionist View in American Art" exhibition, still on at the Whitney Museum—and one I didn't dwell on enough a couple of weeks ago—is its reminiscent quality. Art is relentlessly cyclical in its progress, and the purpose of each generation is not only to supersede but even to abolish the preceding one. Nothing was as dead as Impressionism after Cubism had got through with it—unless it was the Barbizon landscapists, whom the Impressionists obliterated. Abstract Expressionism is the vogue now, and when I speak of it as a vogue, it is with no intention of questioning its validity as a style; I refer only to its fashionable aspects, which involve the manipulations of dealers, decorators, and collectors as much as the activities of the artists themselves. In the face of all this it was a pleasure, at the Whitney, to see revived such once familiar but now lost-in-limbo figures as Charles Demuth, George Ault, Niles Spencer, and Joseph Stella.

Now, it seems, a similar wave of nostalgia is invading the galleries, and this past week we have had a number of backward looks of one sort or another to occupy us. The Yasuo Kuniyoshi exhibition at the Downtown will unfortunately have closed by the time this appears. A little and somewhat impromptu affair, it was designed to provide New Yorkers with a taste of a considerably larger memorial to open in Boston the end of this month, but it still managed, in small compass, to give an accurate résumé of the artist's development from his charmingly whimsical, deliberately naïve style of the nineteen-twenties, which brought him his first fame, through the phase of romantic melancholy that followed, to the sudden surge of acidulous bright color and semi-Surrealist design that marked his work in the years before his death, in 1953.

Meantime, two other shows of the same reminiscent nature have opened—a memorial of paintings by O. Louis Guglielmi, at the Nordness, and a retrospective of oils and drawings by Edwin Dickinson, at the Graham Gallery. Dickinson, now turning seventy, has

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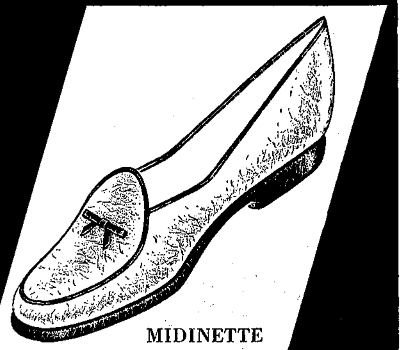
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for long been a curiously shadowy figure in contemporary American art. One reason, I think, is his apparent reluctance to exhibit. Except in group shows, his appearances have been sporadic indeed, and the present affair—a big one, by the way, with some hundred and fifty pieces on view, ranging from a small "Self-Portrait" done in 1914 to a group of paintings done in the last couple of years—is his first solo exhibition in New York in close to twenty years. Another reason for his obscurity, I'd say, is the difficulty one has in ticketing him as an artist. The "Self-Portrait," to be sure, has Expressionist undertones, as does "Provincetown Window," of a year later, though here the reference may be more directly to Matisse and the French Fauves. "Still-Life, White Plate," of the same era, suggests—with its strict geometric design—a mingling of Purist and Abstract tendencies. But for the most part Dickinson seems to have remained untouched by the great wave of interest in the new techniques that affected so many of his generation in their youth, and he has maintained much the same independent, rather solitary attitude ever since.

Indeed, he seems to have withdrawn more and more from contemporary modes and manners as time went on. Surrealism occupied him for a while in the twenties and thirties. But it was an odd manifestation, tangential to the movement itself, and, in fact, to a large extent anticipating its impact on this country, and it is the fantasist mood of the paintings of this period, more than anything else, that links him to the school. Otherwise, the tie is tenuous. It's Surrealism with a strange Old Masterish cast, and it is related as much to the painters of the late Renaissance (Caravaggio, Veronese and so on), along with the Englishman Turner, as it is to any of the moderns. The paintings in this section are big ones—too big,

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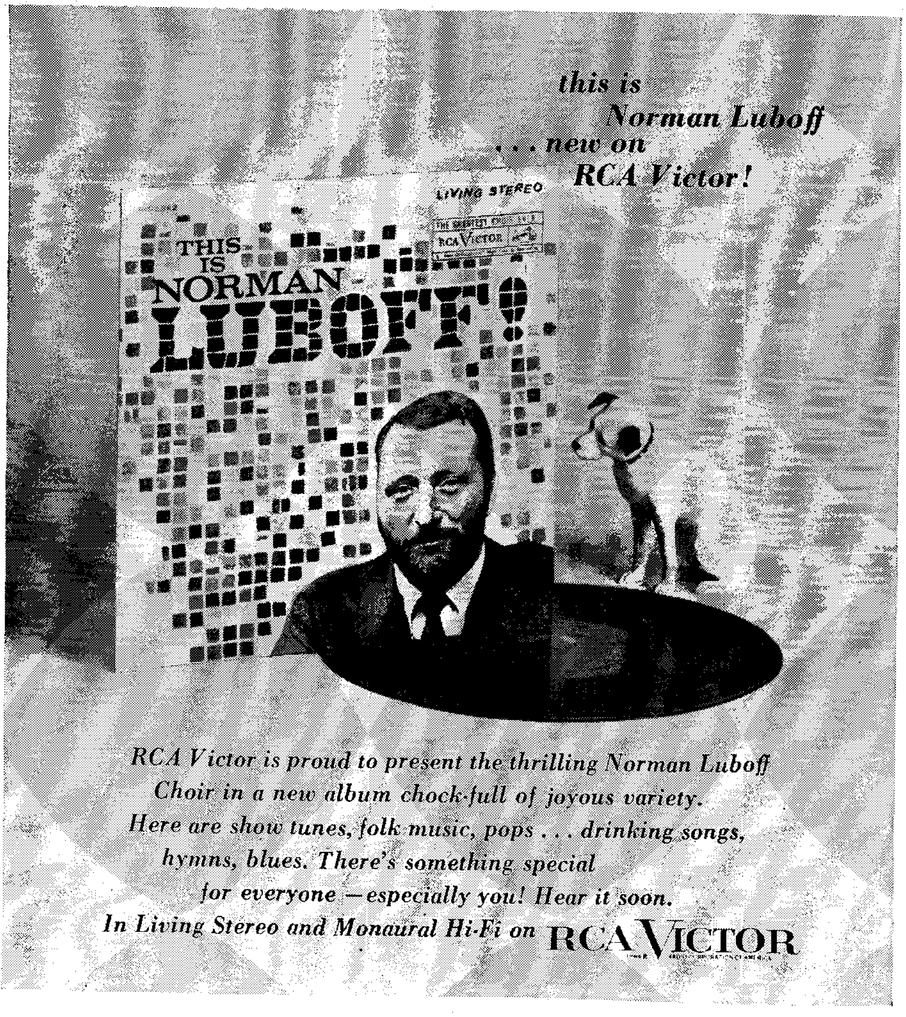

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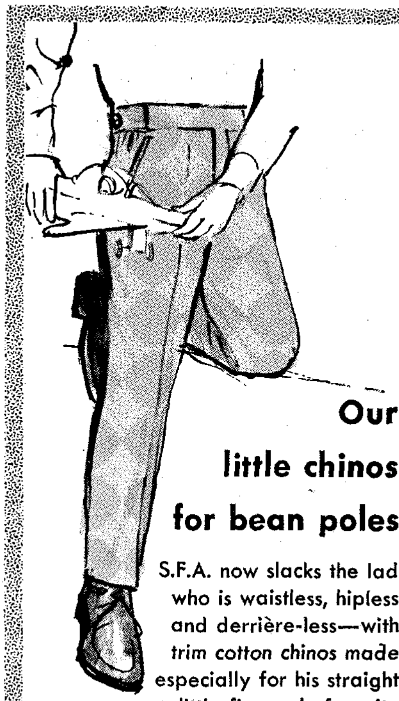

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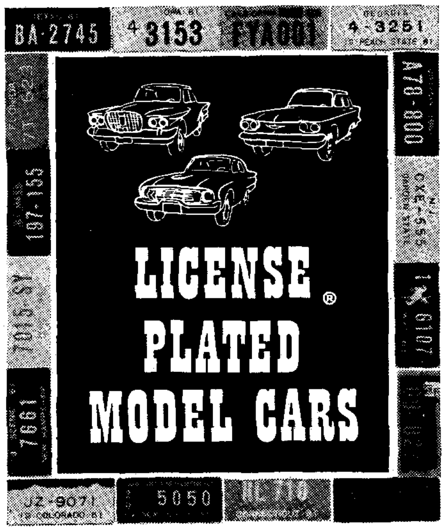

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perhaps, and too stormy for their content—and their persistently gray tonality can become a bit deadening after a time. There's a tendency as well for their main motivation to be occasionally lost sight of in the welter of draperies and other trappings that is crowded onto the canvas. (See, for instance, his "Composition with Still-Life" and the extremely enigmatic "The Fossil Hunters," both a trifle overblown in their development.) Yet Dickinson uses his grays with truly commanding fluency, making them pearly or smoky, silvery, lurid or satiny as he wills, and, for all their slight theatricality, the pictures carry a considerable power, while the best of the group—such as the superbly organized, concentric "The Cello Player," the "Woodland Scene" (in which the gaunt gray figure of the man, as he sits in the misty gray woods, sets the mood of the whole composition), and the truly Turneresque "Stranded Brig"—have a mixture of the macabre and unabashed bravura that makes them unique in our era.

After this, it seems to me, his work diminishes a little in vitality and emotional power, though not in technical assurance. There are exceptions, of course. "Ruin at Daphne," with its suffusion of reds illuminating a jumble of ruined arches, pillars, and pediments, is as exuberantly fanciful as any of his previous pieces. "Constant," a study of a small boy blowing a toy horn, with a ghostly violin hovering above him, recalls the musical references threading through Dickinson's earlier paintings. In the main, though, it is landscape that appears to have interested him latterly. The paintings are small, the tonality is green, and—all striving for the melodramatic completely abandoned—the general feeling is almost elegiac in its gentleness. I must confess that on the whole I preferred the stormier canvases. But I liked, too, for their misty translucence and serenity of atmosphere, such pieces as the "Wellfleet Harbor," of 1946, the attic view called "Windows, Paris," and the precisely patterned, summery "Through Two Windows."

THE Guglielmi affair, with only thirty pieces included, plus some drawings, is small for a memorial, yet it covers its allotted ground, from 1936 until the artist's death, twenty years later, at the age of fifty, with neatness and precision. As the show reveals, Guglielmi was as immersed in contemporary moods and movements as Dickinson has been aloof from them, and perhaps for this reason—as, too, for

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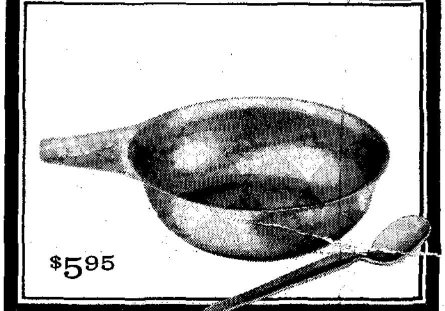

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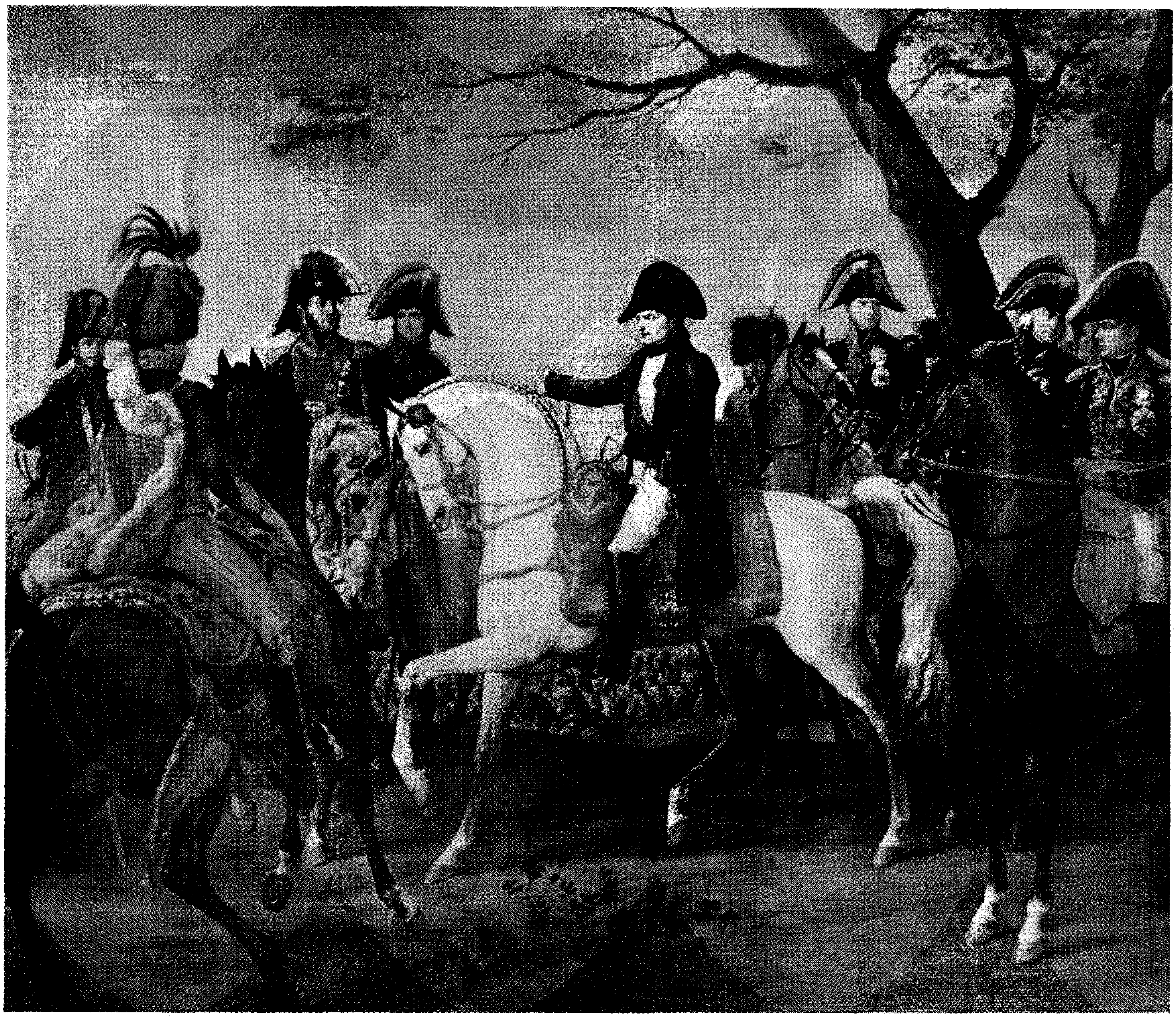

Napoléon donnant l'ordre avant la Bataille d'Austerlitz. Peinture par Antoine Charles Vernet. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon giving his orders before the battle of Austerlitz, December 2, 1805. Defeating the combined Russian and Austrian armies, Napoleon described the battle as "the finest of all I have fought."

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the fact that he was apparently late in finding himself as an artist—there are moments when his influences are more than usually visible. Chirico must certainly have had something to do with such an early painting as "Spring Comes to Fourth Avenue," with its stony arches and cold, empty vista, while a Flemish influence is strong in such works as "Sisters of Charity" and the sombre and moving raggedy parade called "Pilgrims." These were all done in the days of "social protest," and they still convey a deep sense of honest moral feeling. Later on, Guglielmi moved toward abstraction, and again at the start some contemporary debts are evident, most especially to Stuart Davis. It wasn't until the nineteen-fifties, one feels, that Guglielmi really began to reach artistic maturity. He seems, too, to have been happier in his outlook, or at least more detached in his attitude. A new lightness appears, of both color and concept, in such paintings as "At Play, Men and Birds" and "Third Avenue Doric," and though symbols of the city and its structures are still used (Guglielmi always was an exact observer of the physical aspects of Manhattan), they are now used more abstractly, and with more attention to their purely compositional values. I admired particularly his "Blue Spire" and "Vertical Suspension," both striking simplifications of architectural elements, as well as the jaggedly sun-spotted "Third at Nineteenth," while in the paintings of the very late circus series, like "Aerialist" and the luminous and almost completely non-objective study of looping guy ropes and cables against bare canvas walls called "Circus in Yellow," he seems to have been on the verge of achieving a really masterly assurance and refinement of design.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

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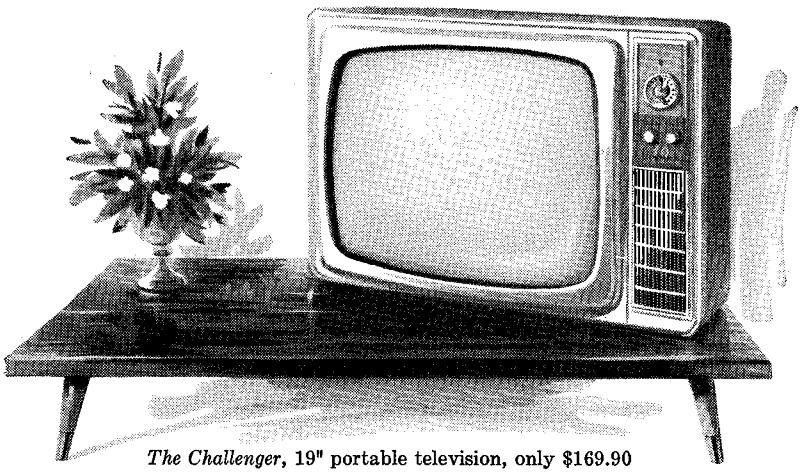
The Chinese pheasant
has bright-red feet to walk on,
and a golden sail
for a tail

stretched high in the wind.
The garnet of his eye
repeats the theme
from far away,

and, in Tibet, the dark hills
leap from sleep to sleep,
and the slow bronze bells
reply.

—ROSEMARY THOMAS



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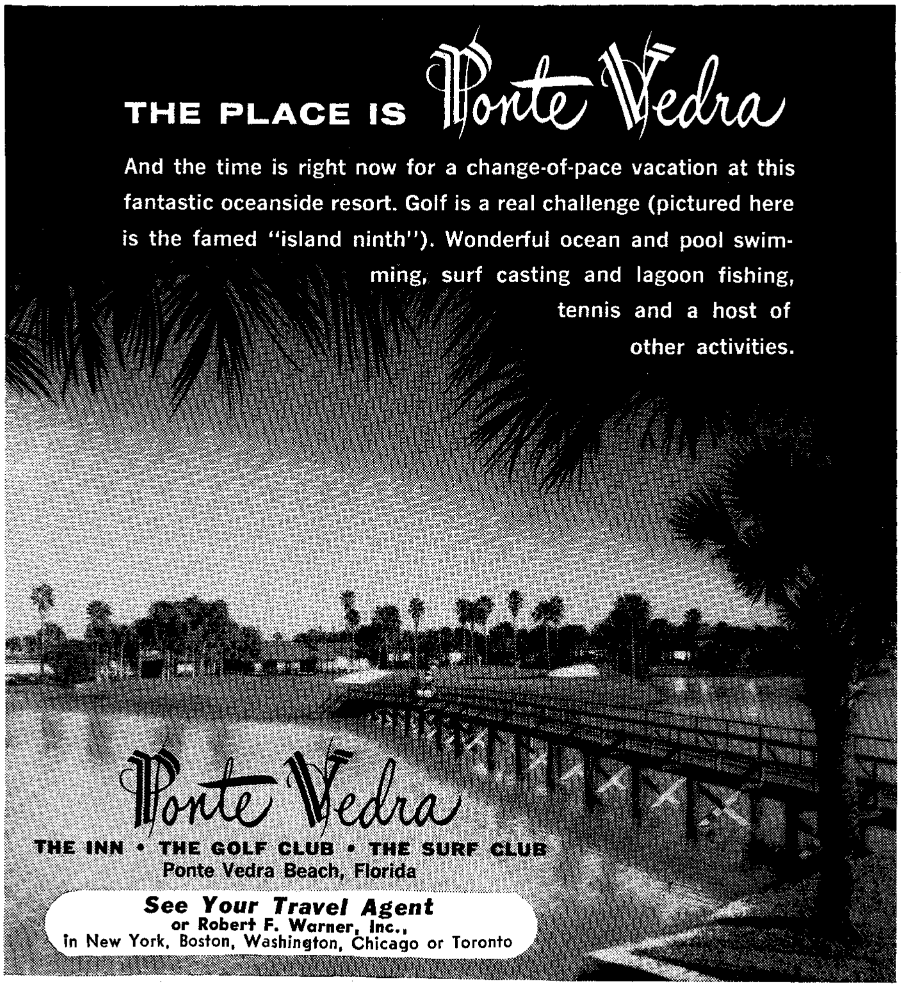

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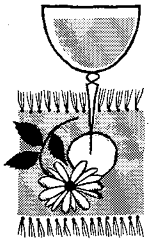

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NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XXVI—NEWARK, O.

ALT., 836. Pop., 41,790. The Mound Builders of Newark were enterprising Indians—friendly, industrious, filled with get-up-and-go. The fact that they got up and went something like a millennium ago in no way diminishes their influence on present-day Newark. Once a man reaches Newark, Ohio, and recovers from the initial shock of discovering that he is not in Newark, New Jersey, he could do worse, while waiting to catch a train or bus, than take the long view. The long view reaches back to the Mound Builders. The trouble is, nobody knows how far back. Some experts say 1000 B.C., and others say 800 B.C. Some say that the Mound Builders hung around Ohio until 900 A.D., and others place their departure at 1400 A.D. In any event, they showed up, they stayed awhile, and they cleared out. A number of the Indians were part of the Adena culture (they smoked pipes), and others were part of the Hopewell culture (they practiced cremation). Some archeologists call them Early Woodland Indians, others call them Old Woodland Indians. The wives called their husbands Chief, and smiled. One thing is certain; those Indians loved to build mounds. An Early-Woodland-Adena-Hopewell-Old-Woodland Indian chief's eye (circa 1000 B.C.-1400 A.D.) would light on a spot of flat land and he would say, without hesitation, "What this place needs is a mound." All hands would thereupon fall to and build an earthen mound, anywhere from eight to fourteen feet high. In some parts of Ohio, mounds were used for burial purposes, in others for ceremonial purposes, and in still others as building sites for the chiefs and their families. In addition to a view, a mound gave a chief a sense of power and security, and it showed who was boss. The mounds around Newark are another matter; nobody has ever determined *why* they were erected.

Today, there are two distinct sets of mounds in Newark. One set runs all over the golf course at the Moundbuilders Country Club. (There is no evidence that the Mound Builders played golf, and there is no evidence that they did *not* play golf.) A Newark man knocks off for an afternoon of golf, and there is no chance of his escaping the Mound Builders and their mounds. Any falling off in his score is more than compensated for by the sense of history that surrounds him on the links. "You hit into a prehistoric trap and it does something funny to you inside," one Newark man observed recently. The two major mounds at the Moundbuilders Country Club are ridges in the shape of a circle (enclosing twenty acres) and an octagon (enclosing fifty acres). A narrow, grassy passageway, banked with mounds, connects them. Smaller mounds stand just inside eight openings at the corners of the octagon. Newark golfers refer to them as tees, and use them as such, but archeologists refer to them as sentinel mounds, conjecturing that during tribal ceremonies sentinels were posted there. (The most commonly accepted theory about the Newark mounds postulates that Newark was a capital city back in the Mound Builder days; that it was neutral territory, where fighting was barred; and that it was a convention city, playing host to Mound Builders who came there to collect flint, dance around, and set policy.) A large mound adjacent to the circle mound is known to archeologists and golfers alike as Observatory Mound. Tribal bigwigs are said to have stood there during ceremonies. Eleven holes of the Moundbuilders course are blind; golfers cannot see the greens because of the mounds. The No. 9 hole is within the circle mound. The No. 3 hole lies in the octagon mound, just beyond the passageway; the green is behind a smaller mound. Newark's second group of mounds, the Great Circle Earthworks, lies precisely one mile from the golf course, in what is now Mound Builders State Park. Until the early thirties (*nineteen*-thirties, that is), the Great Circle Earthworks served as a county fairground, with horse races. The horses raced around the outside of the great circle, the betting booths were inside, and the spectators stood on the mound.

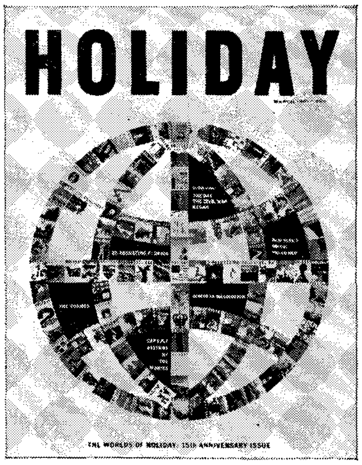
Unquestionably, there were once mounds all over what are now Parkview

Road, Moundbuilders Road, Westgate Avenue, Wells Avenue, Miller Avenue, Idlewilde Avenue, Jewett Avenue, and other built-up Newark spots, but there is not a trace of mound in these areas today, or of Indian. The headmen of today's Newark follow the old Indian practice of pitching their homes on hilltops. In addition to a view, it gives them a sense of power and security, and it shows who is boss, or at least who wants to be. Since all those mounds are gone, and since most of Newark is flat, the problem of the headmen is to find high ground, and there is considerable scrambling for property in what is known as the Welsh Hills, a series of wooded elevations on the outskirts of town. (The name derives from the fact that a group of Welsh Baptists emigrated to Newark during the nineteenth century, took one look at the hills, and were reminded of the old country.) To live in the Welsh Hills is to live it up, in Newark, and the woods are full of developments. A man who buys a house there cannot be completely satisfied until he has reached the top—the top of a hill, that is—and a good many promising young executives, having installed their families in satisfactory quarters an eighth of the way up a hill, or even halfway, spend a certain amount of their spare time with their heads out of their front doors, peering at the top. Almost imperceptibly, the executive group in Newark is inching its way up the hills, and it goes without saying that as a man rises on the employment chart of his company his house will rise, too—anywhere from several feet to a couple of hundred yards, depending on the magnitude of the promotion.

NEWARK has more than the mounds to remind it of its past, and is perhaps even more attached to mementos of the nineteenth century than to those of prehistoric times. Its major arteries downtown are double the width of an ordinary street—a holdover from the days when the city was originally platted, with specifications calling for streets wide enough to permit a Conestoga wagon to turn around. Elderly people crossing a downtown street often wish they had brought along a box lunch for nourishment en route, but nobody in Newark would entertain the thought of narrowing the streets. Similarly, nobody would think of passing the Hotel Warden, east of the Court House, without glancing up at the green trowel embedded in the brick front of the building, several stories up. The trowel means a great deal to the residents of Newark. It is a civic land-

war April 12, 1861, was filled with the sounds of spring—until broken by cannon fire at Fort Sumter. How did Lincoln and Jefferson Davis react to the fateful first shot? What were Sherman, Lee, Grant and others doing when the war began? Don't miss Bruce Catton's unusual report on the first day of the Civil War.

IN THE MARCH HOLIDAY



eleuthera A Bahama island more than 100 miles long and, in places, less than one mile wide, Eleuthera is as little known as it is lovely. It was the first republic in the New World. Now, Holiday visits this unusual island at a time when tourists are just beginning to discover its out-of-the-way charm. You'll enjoy this colorful picture story as it portrays the island from the soft, pink beaches to a performance of the "limbo" at French Leave.

success Nowhere is this great American goal pursued with more ardor than in New York City. More than ever before, it is being captured by *younger* men. What is the best way to achieve it? You'll get some good advice from young successes such as cartoonist Jules Feiffer, artist Jack Youngerman and ad man Bob Morris as Holiday discovers "Young Men of Manhattan."

and *John Steinbeck talks to his sons at Sag Harbor . . . The Thames . . . Part II of Khrushchev the Man . . . By Rocking Chair Across France . . . St. Augustine . . . Dining in Washington, D. C. . . . Utah Shunpike Tour . . . UNESCO (fifth in UN Series) . . . The Most Fashionable Woman in Dallas . . . Holiday Handbook of Trees . . . Antic Arts, featuring José Ferrer . . . Party of One by Aubrey Menen . . . Capsule History of the Movies by John Weaver . . . Personal Report on Nigeria. Don't miss the March Holiday. On sale now. A Curtis Magazine.*

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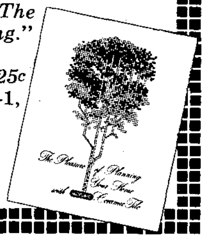
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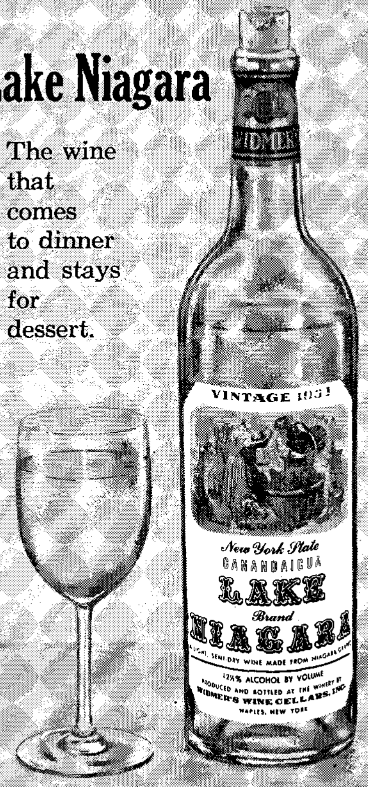

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mark. It marks the spot from which a bricklayer fell to his death, in 1878, while working on a fourth-story addition to the hotel. The trowel is the one the workman held in his hand when he fell; his fellow-workmen cemented it into the building, and the present owners of the hotel indulge it with perpetual care, applying a fresh coat of green whenever necessary.

The area around Court House Square is a welter of memories. Back in 1870, it was a mass of tumble-down shacks—hideous crude wooden buildings—one of which was occupied by Mr. Adam Kissel, who had achieved considerable notoriety as the town drunk. Kissel was familiar to every man, woman, and child in Newark. He scared children especially. When mothers saw him coming, they would gather their young around them and begin the long trek across the nearest street. One night in 1870, Kissel, who had spent several days tending a hacking cough, finished off the sixteenth bottle of cough remedy prescribed for him by a friendly veterinarian, set fire to his shack, and fled howling into the darkness. Within minutes, every building in the area had been levelled. The authorities were incensed, and resolved to indict Kissel for arson, but the townspeople took a different view. Overnight, he had become a visionary, a city planner, a one-man slum-clearance committee, and after casting about for some tangible means of expressing their gratitude to him for cleaning out a pest spot downtown they finally determined to mount a stone replica of his head over the doorway of the First National Bank building, which rose on the scene of the ashes. Today, Kissel's face—gargoyle-like, with beetling brows and a twisted mouth—looks down upon the people of Newark. He gives the impression of being a man who would gladly set fire to the First National Bank if given half a chance, or half a bottle of cough remedy, but he is permanently enshrined in the hearts of Newark's residents.

THOUGH Kissel still leers at the populace, times change in Newark. Just before the First World War, Newark was the stove-building capital of Ohio. More than a thousand iron molders turned out wood and coal stoves, most of them for the Florence-Wehrle Stove Company. The Wehrle Company has become the Newark Ohio Company (its president inserted "Ohio" in the title in order to avoid long delays in receiving mail, much of which was misdirected to New Jersey),

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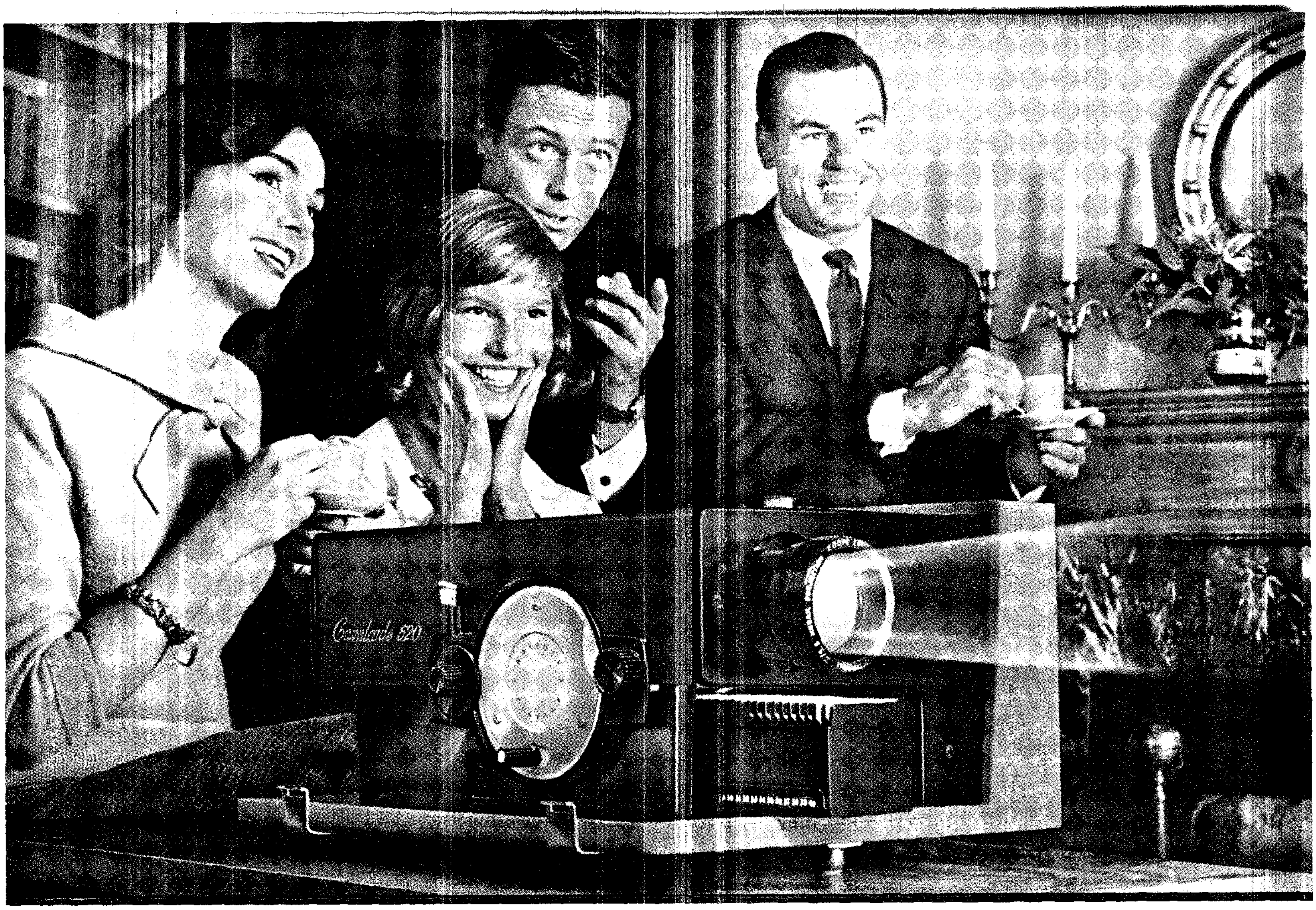

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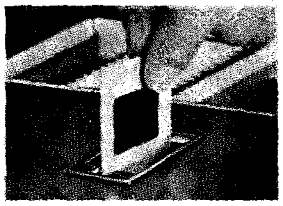

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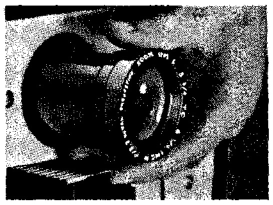

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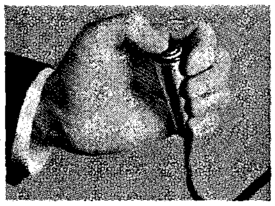

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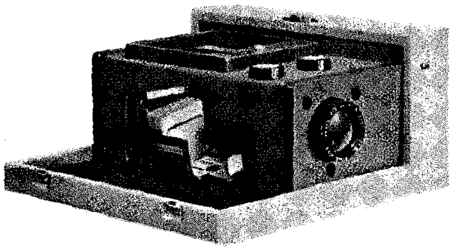

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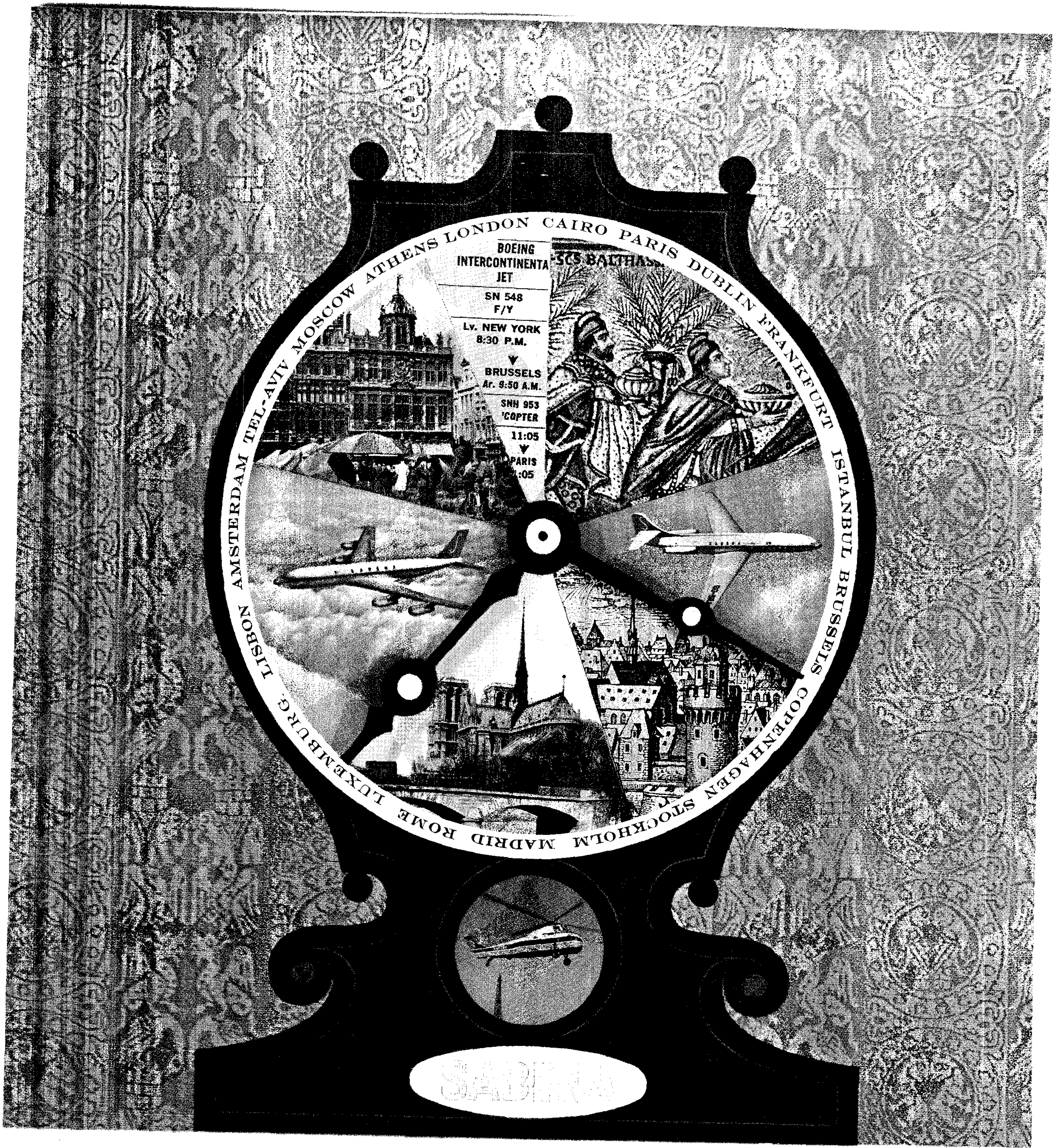

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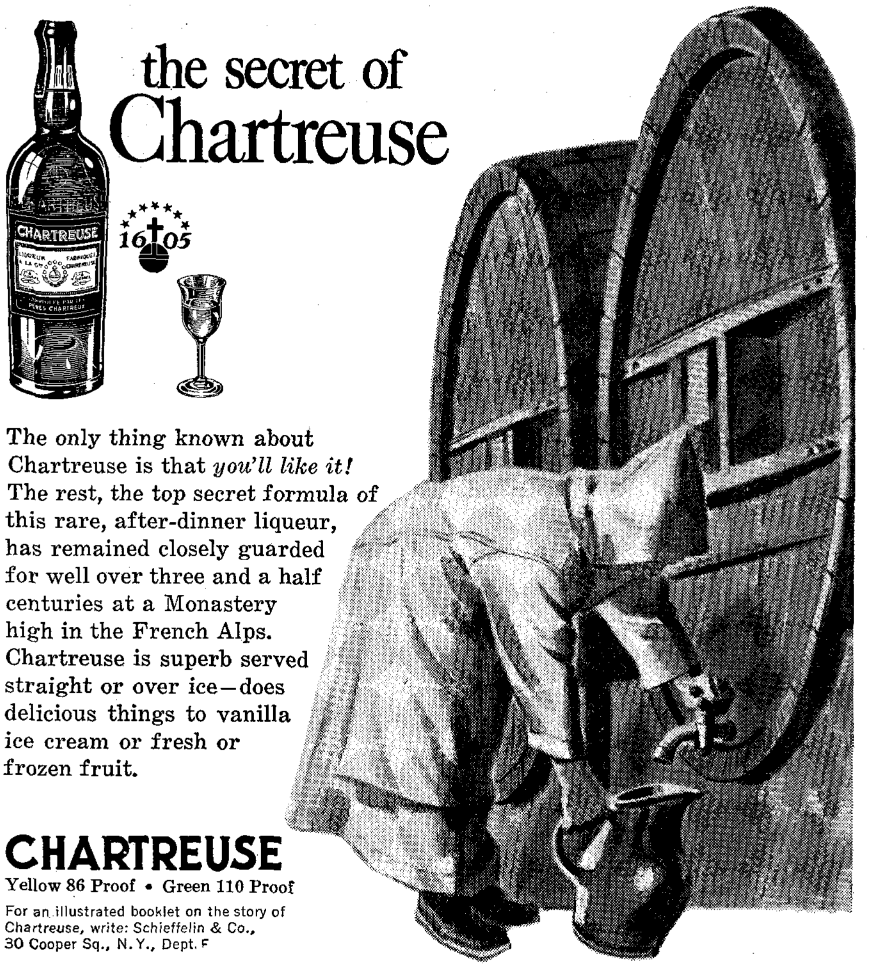

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Szell

AMONG the rather thinly scattered orchestral concerts that made up last week's calendar of noteworthy musical events, the appearance of the Cleveland Orchestra, under George Szell, at Carnegie Hall on Sunday night was by far the most rewarding. Mr. Szell, as many concertgoers are aware, is one of the few supreme masters of the baton currently before the public, and under his direction the Cleveland Orchestra has become one of the most disciplined and responsive ensembles in the country. His manner of conducting is without any trace of exhibitionism. His appearance on the podium suggests that of a stiff-necked military man who will brook no lapses from rigor. He has a reputation for extreme stubbornness and irascibility, but so did the late Arturo Toscanini, and there is something Toscanini-like in the absolute authority that Szell exercises and the scrupulous attention to detail that he demands from his players. Both the New York Philharmonic and the Metropolitan Opera lost a tremendous artistic asset when they permitted Cleveland to lure him away from the local scene, and nearly all his visits here with the Clevelanders have reminded us of the fact. There is an excitement about these visits that often exceeds that attending the performances of even such admirable groups as the Boston Symphony, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and our own Philharmonic, and the excitement comes from the assurance that, each time, one can confidently expect a rousing display of virtuosity as well as of artistic integrity.

Last week's program opened with Haydn's Symphony No. 102 in B Flat Major, a beautiful and not often performed work of that master's most mature period. Technically, it is an extremely simple work to perform—so simple that a child might go through the motions of conducting it without missing a beat. Yet this very simplicity has a way of disclosing immediately the difference between a superb artist and a mere symphonic hack. I have heard several performances of it that were indifferent, leaving one with the impression that it was just another Haydn sym-

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phony. In Mr. Szell's hands, however, it became a revelation, set forth with incredible polish and with every phrase exquisitely adjusted to its context, so that all the delicate details of its elegant classical structure became microscopically clear to the listener. This sort of composition, one realizes, makes a much stricter test of conducting talent and taste than any number of Strauss tone poems or of the heavier works by Brahms and other romantics. The conductor cannot wallow in it. He has to control every measure and every note—and this Mr. Szell did, with brilliant results.

The program also introduced Sir William Walton's Second Symphony to New York. I had looked forward to this première with no little anticipation, since Walton now stands in the forefront of contemporary British composers and is a man who can be counted on for sterling workmanship and at least some lyric inspiration. I was not disappointed. As contemporary symphonies go, this was an eminently respectable one, scored with Mendelssohnian clarity and written in a vigorous idiom that recalled Walton's oratorio "Belshazzar's Feast." Though the idiom is nowhere atonal, it lacks the forceful eloquence that might have been provided by sturdy dominant and tonic harmonies here and there. Perhaps one should describe it as basically an impressionist composition—a work that has its roots in Delius and Debussy, and that is impelled forward more by flashes of exotic color and striking scale structure than by pure melodic invention and logical development. At any rate, it was not a bore, and that, considering the generally low level of symphonic writing today, is saying a great deal. The Walton work was followed by Mozart's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in E Flat Major (K. 482), the solo part of which was played with considerable grace, if not with overwhelming virtuosity, by a Hungarian pianist, unfamiliar hereabouts, named Annie Fischer.

THE other orchestral concerts that I attended last week were somewhat less stirring. Thomas Schippers took over the leadership of the New York Philharmonic and, on Friday afternoon, performed a mixed program of familiar items, including Schubert's Fourth Symphony, Debussy's "Nocturnes," and Prokofieff's cantata "Alexander Nevsky." Mr. Schippers, like his colleague Leonard Bernstein, is at his best with music that is loud and tense, and less successful with the soft and re-

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laxed variety. The Schubert symphony, played with a too large component of strings, sounded a little thick and heavy to my ears, and the Debussy suite lacked the ultimate touch of elegance it requires, though it was done crisply and efficiently. The Prokofieff cantata was more congenial to Mr. Schippers' energetic talents, and was given a spirited reading. I confess that it is beginning to sound a bit coarse to me. It was originally written as background music for the movies, of course, and though it is very superior movie music indeed, it retains a good deal of the obvious theatricality characteristic of the genre.

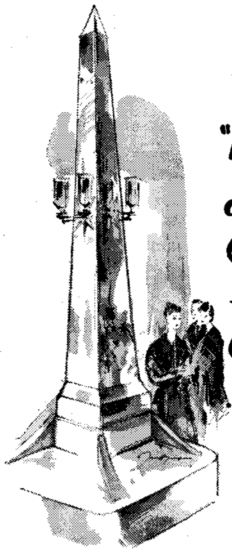
ON Monday night, at Town Hall, the Little Orchestra Society continued its policy of presenting neglected works, on this occasion under the baton of Guy Fraser Harrison, a veteran maestro who now spends most of his time conducting the Oklahoma City Symphony. Mr. Harrison showed himself to be a craftsman of obvious talent and experience, but I am afraid that most of the neglected music he presented richly deserves its neglect. This certainly proved true of Ildebrando Pizzetti's rather sketchy and sententious "Three Symphonic Preludes for the Oedipus Rex of Sophocles," and of Ignaz Joseph Pleyel's Symphonie Concertante No. 5 for Flute, Oboe, Bassoon, Horn, and Orchestra, which turned out to be a mass of eighteenth-century clichés and reminded one how bad some of the lesser music of the time of Haydn and Mozart really was. The program opened with the Overture to Rossini's "La Scala di Seta," which requires a much more brilliant ensemble than Mr. Harrison had at his disposal, and closed with Brahms' very early Serenade No. 1 in D Major, which, while not the best vintage Brahms, was at least moderately pleasing to hear.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ CONCERTS

Fountain of Youth

THE further bebop slides into the past, the more brilliant it seems. Indeed, placed side by side with the present where-do-we-go-from-here condition of jazz, in which the furibund (Charlie Mingus, Ornette Coleman), the cool (Miles Davis, the Modern Jazz Quartet), the funky (Cannonball Adderley), and the so-called third stream (Gunther Schuller) are assiduously banging heads, bebop was one of the most intent, single-minded, and original forms of jazz.



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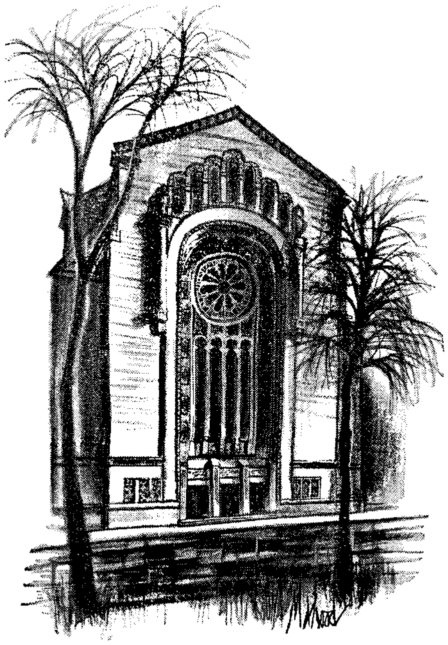
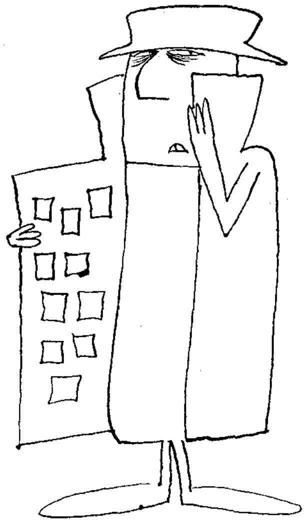
(Describing bebop in the past tense is not wholly accurate, for it survives, in diffused shapes, in the work of almost all modern-jazz musicians. At the same time, the majority of its inventors and ablest practitioners—Dizzy Gillespie and Thelonious Monk excepted—are either dead, not functioning, or living abroad.) Bebop was rococo but never effete. It was exhilarating but controlled. It was tough, unsentimental, and comic, but never barbaric or bawdy. It was full of technical innovations, and yet severely limited. It was a teeming music that ran in one pack. To be sure, it had faults—a rather self-conscious use of dissonance, exhibitionism, overly fancy rhythms, a lack of dynamics, occasional sloppiness, and a nervousness that led some of its lesser soloists into pure babbling. Since Monk is not really a bebop performer but the best of the bebop composers, Gillespie is the most persuasive bebop soloist, as well as the only one to have cast out the chaff from his original style, broadened his approach, and perfected his technique.

This was abundantly clear last Thursday night at the Museum of Modern Art, where Gillespie, together with Leo Wright, alto saxophone and flute; Lalo Schifrin, piano; Bob Cunningham, bass; and Chuck Lampkin, drums, offered the first of this season's "Jazz Profiles" concerts. Of the dozen numbers played, eight were bebop tunes and the rest either standards or Gillespie originals. Gillespie, by and large, was in springy form. (Like many equally gifted contemporaries, he has developed a tendency to rely in weary moments on stock phrases.) In contrast to his playing fifteen years ago, which





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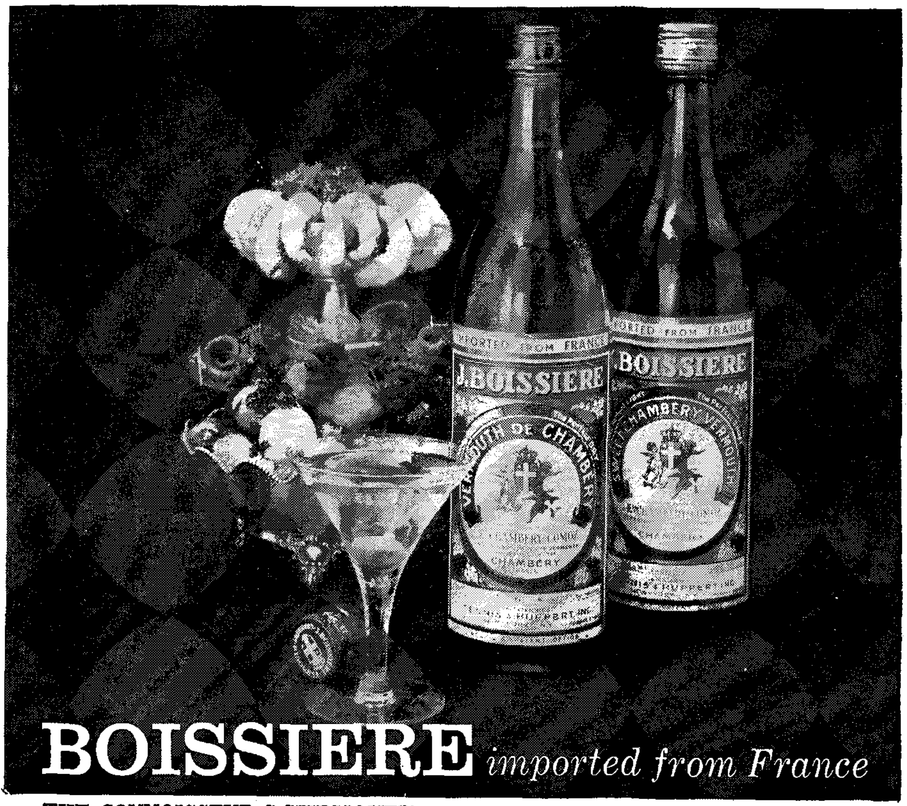

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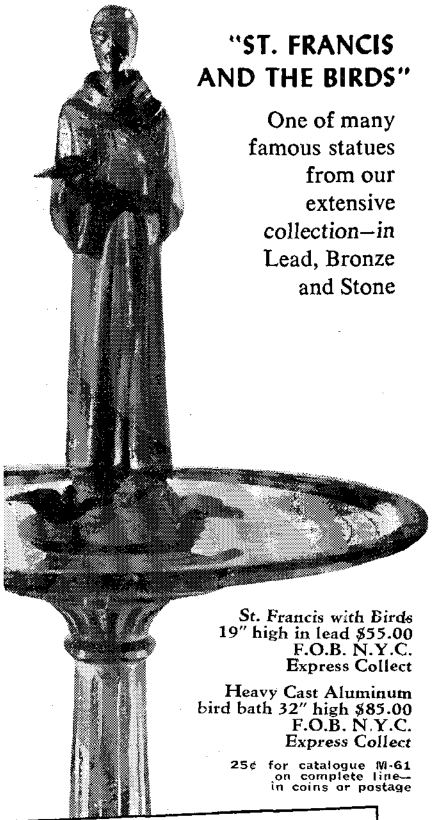

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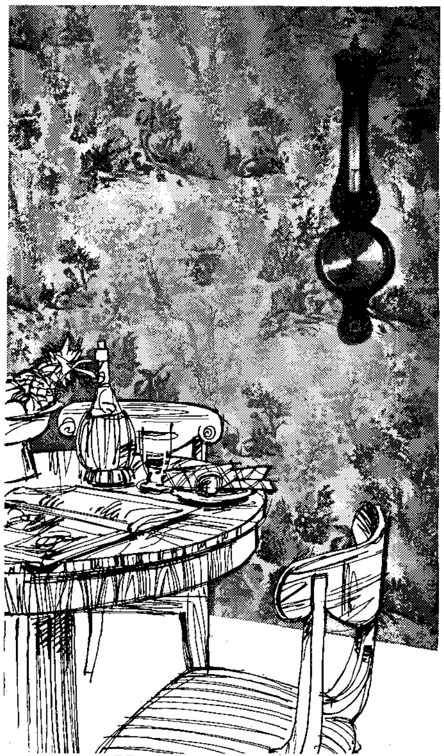

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was often a mixture of shrillness and showy baroque, Gillespie's work was an exemplary balance of extraordinary arabesque passages and lazy legato turnings, finished off with half-valvings and even blue notes; old-fashioned on-the-beat rhythms and labyrinthine dodgings; and bare emotion and restraint. The Paganini side of Gillespie's style, which sometimes suggests that Harry James had more effect on bebop trumpeters than is generally recognized, was most evident in "How High the Moon," "A Night in Tunisia" (with its celebrated break, into which he effortlessly pressed several hundred notes while travelling at the speed of sound), and "Confirmation," in which his solo was a blinding series of zigzags alternated with soft, idling passages. Gillespie's new, probing eloquence was on hand in slow, single-chorus investigations of "I Can't Get Started" and "'Round About Midnight," and in a couple of medium-tempo Afro-Cuban numbers, in which he used a mute for the only time during the evening. Gillespie turned to his stockroom just once—in a roaring version of "Manteca," much of which was given over to a drum solo by the visiting Candido, who, using elbows, palms, fingers, and the sides of his hands on three conga drums, issued a panorama of sounds that ranged from the padding of a bear to rifle shots. The rest of Gillespie's colleagues managed, with the exception of Lampkin, who kept trying to be heard on Fifty-third Street, to provide a satisfactory setting for their leader, and now and then were even moved by his example to surpass themselves.

—Whitney Balliett

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Out Today. Shell Advertisement Above with Vatican Photo Appears Full Color in Center Spread of February 11th Issue. Cover Story: Italian Anniversary. How Is That for Editorial Environment?—*Adv. for the Saturday Review in the Times.*

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•

Only a few hours after being selected Miss U.S.A. on July 18, 1957, it was revealed that she not only was married but the mother of two children. . . .

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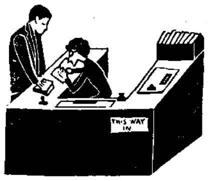
BOOKS

Mr. Forster's Pageant



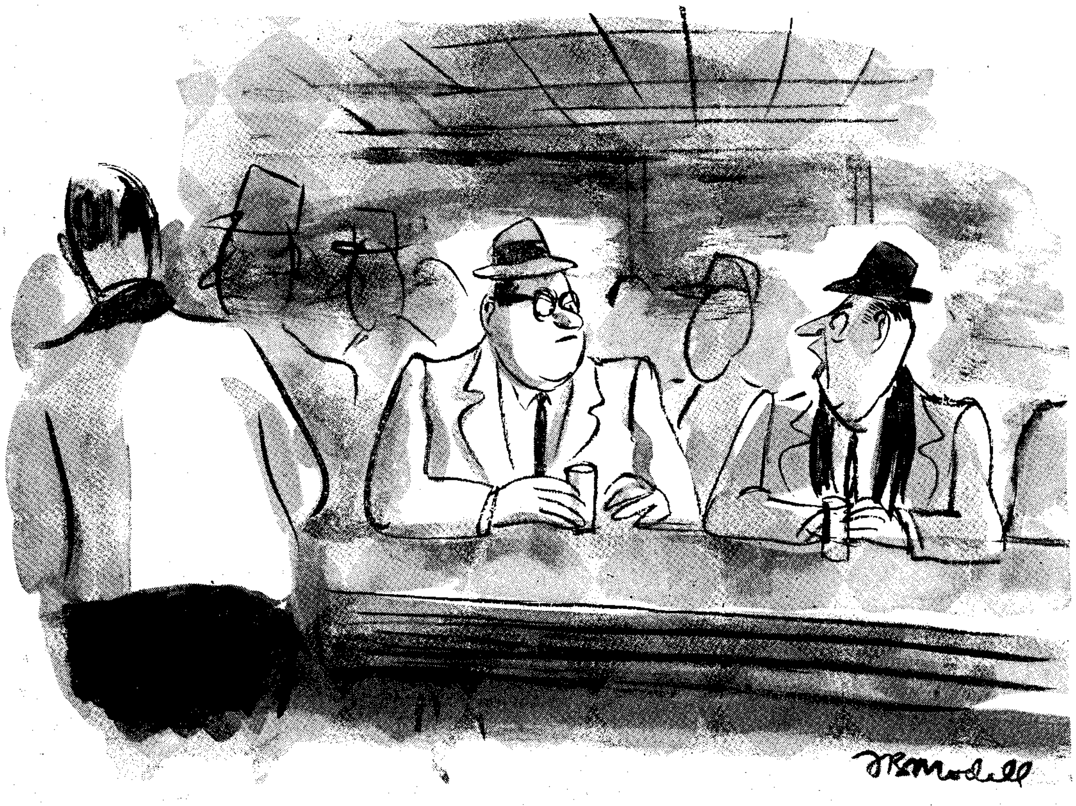
UNTIL recently, it was not known to very many readers that E. M. Forster had written a guidebook to the city of Alexandria. Even fewer readers had ever seen a copy of it. It was published in Alexandria in 1922, and nearly the whole of this first printing was destroyed in a fire. In 1938, a revised edition was brought out, again in Alexandria, and went unnoticed, perhaps because of the political situation, which did not encourage people to see their travel agent. Copies of this edition also are rare. The book's republication here, in paperback, is therefore a literary event.

"Alexandria: A History and a Guide" (Anchor) owes its existence partly to accident; during the First World War, Mr. Forster volunteered for service in the Red Cross and was stationed in Alexandria, and he spent three years visiting hospitals, collecting information, and writing reports. He was in his late thirties, and had already published "Howards End." The city made an impression on him, and he determined to write about it. "A guidebook suggested itself," he says. "I have always respected guidebooks—particularly the earlier Baedekers and Murrays. My friends encouraged me—English, Greek, American, French, Italian, Norwegian, Syrian, Egyptian were then among them, for I had inserted myself a little into Levantine life. And visions kept coming as I went about in trams or on foot or bathed in the delicious sea. For instance, I would multiply the height of the Fort of Kait Bey by four and so envisage the Pharos that had once stood on the same site. At the crossing of the two main streets I would erect the tomb of Alexander the Great...." So, writing his guidebook, he "tried to work in some history as well."

Alexandria lies on a long, narrow limestone ridge edged on the north by the Mediterranean and on the south by a lake and flat fields. Part of the city, now a peninsula, was once an island, the island of Pharos, mentioned in the "Odyssey." Other parts were originally under the sea. Needing a seacoast capital that would link Egypt with Macedonia, Alexander saw that the site offered an excellent harbor and other advantages. He gave orders for the creation of a metropolis, was deified in the course of a visit to the temple of Zeus Ammon, in the nearby Oasis of Siwan, and hurried off to conquer Persia. After his death, Egypt fell to one of his generals, Ptolemy Soter, whose descendants ruled for nine generations, and in upper Egypt were Pharaohs and in Alexandria were Greeks.

The famous lighthouse was built in the reign of the second Ptolemy. It was at least four, and possibly five, hundred feet high. The bottom story was square and contained some three hundred rooms, where mechanics and attendants were housed, as well as the beginning of the spiral ascent. The second story was octagonal, the third was circular, the fourth contained the lantern. How this worked is not known. Mr. Forster suggests two possibilities: the "mirror" of contemporary accounts may have been a polished steel reflector, for the fire at night and heliographic signals by day, or it may have been that the Alexandrian mathematicians had discovered the lens, and their discovery was lost and forgotten when the lantern fell, about the year 700. An earthquake in the fourteenth century finished off the rest of the marvel.

Ptolemy II married his sister, in imitation of the god Osiris, and so did most of his successors. Under their patronage, art, literature, scholarship, mathematics, astronomy, geography, and medicine flourished. The artists and men of letters tended toward the decorative and the pedantic; the scientists were more serious, and their discoveries and accomplishments are of the first order. The dynasty came to an end with Cleopatra VI (see Plutarch, Shakespeare, and obelisk in Central Park), and Egypt became a Roman province. There is a tradition that Christianity was introduced into Alexandria by St. Mark. The followers of the new sect were not, in the opinion of the Emperor Hadrian, well behaved. Their refusal to worship the emperors resulted in mass martyrdom under Diocletian. With the conversion of Constantine, the Christians captured the machinery of state and promptly turned it against one another. In the fourth century, the disputations of the early Church Fathers



"Yeah? Well, there's a woman behind every man that isn't a success, too."

gave way to the rule of the monks who had gathered in formidable communities outside the city and made periodic raids on it. They had, Mr. Forster says, "some knowledge of theology and of decorative craft, but they were averse to culture and incapable of thought." It was they (and not the Arabs, as is commonly believed) who burned the famous library. They believed bathing was sinful, and introduced racism into a city that had happily been free from it, but they were not against reading; the disaster was incidental. The Patriarch Theophilus led a mob against the temple of Serapis, and the books, arranged in the cloisters that surrounded the temple, were destroyed with it. Thanks to this particular moment of bigotry, we have seven out of the, roughly, hundred and twenty plays of Sophocles.

In 639 the Saracen general Amr, with an army of four thousand horsemen, crossed the border into Egypt and pursued the imperial army down the Nile to Alexandria, and after a siege of twelve months the Patriarch Cyrus signed an armistice. Protected by its superb walls and by the sea, the city ought not to have fallen to a cavalry force. "Indeed it is not easy to see why Alexandria did fall," Mr. Forster says. "There was no physical reason for it. One is almost driven to say that she fell because she had no soul. . . . The following year Amr entered in triumph through the Gate of the Sun that closed the eastern end of the Canopic Way. Little had been ruined so far. Colonnades of marble stretched before him, the Tomb of Alexander rose to his left, the Pharos to his right. His sensitive and generous soul may have been moved, but the message he sent to the Caliph in Arabia is sufficiently prosaic. 'I have taken,' he writes, 'a City of which I can only say that it contains 4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 400 theatres, 1,200 greengrocers, and 40,000 Jews.' And the Caliph received the news with equal calm, merely rewarding the messenger with a meal of bread and oil and a few dates. There was nothing studied in this indifference. The Arabs could not realise the value of their prize. They knew that Allah had given them a large and strong city. They could not know that there was no other like it in the world, that the science of Greece had planned it, that it had been the intellectual birthplace of Christianity. Legends of a dim Alexander, a dimmer Cleopatra, might move in their minds, but they had not the historical sense, they could never realise what had hap-

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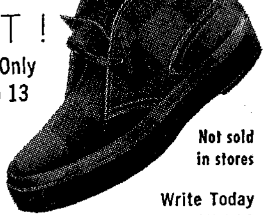

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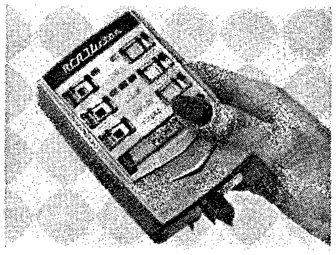

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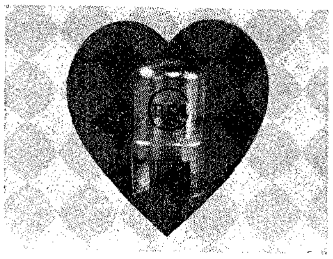

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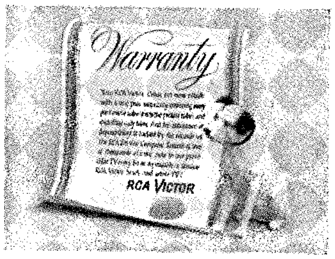

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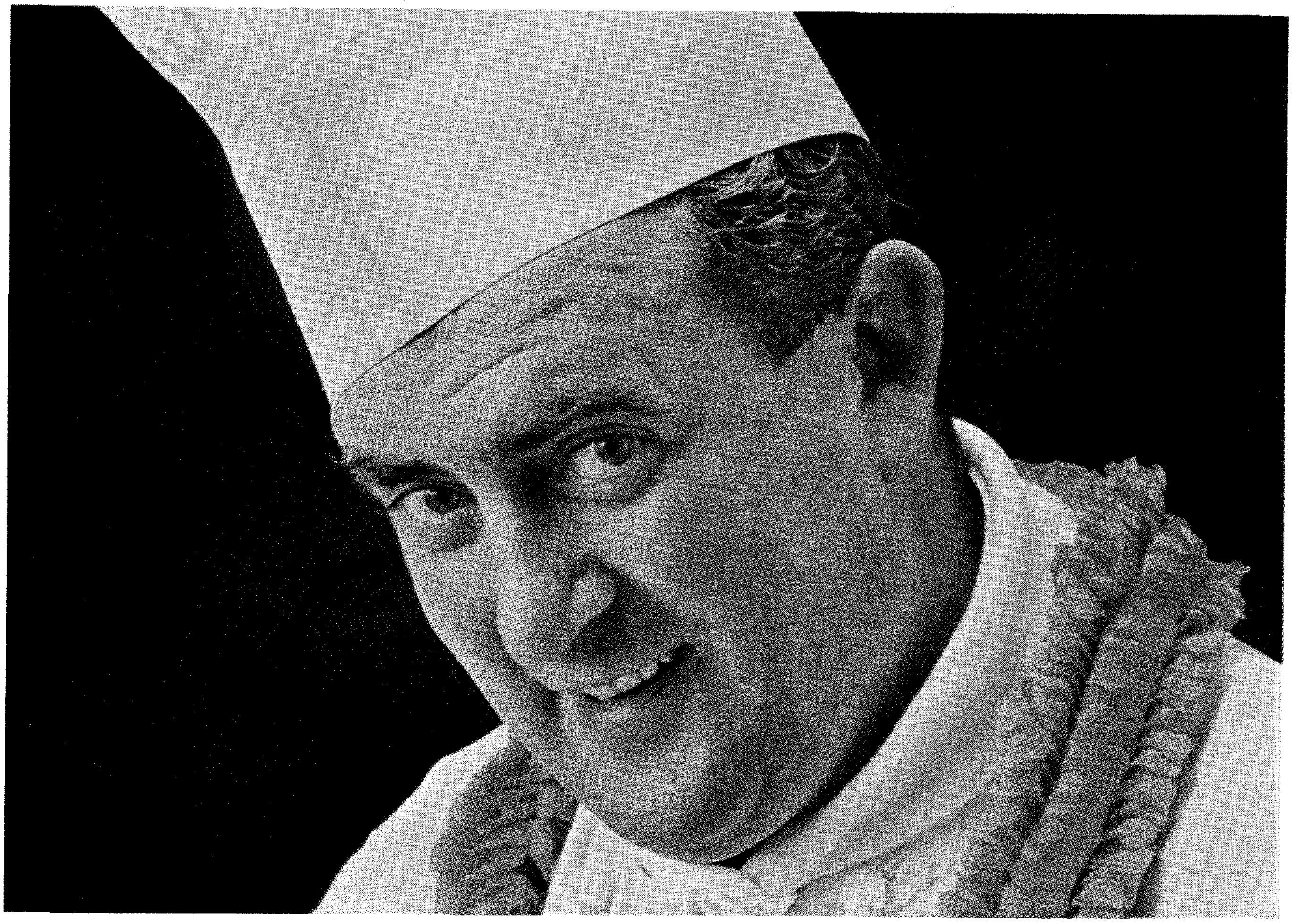

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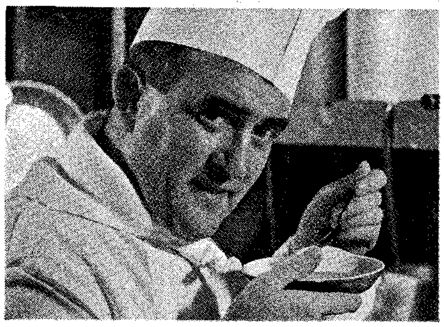

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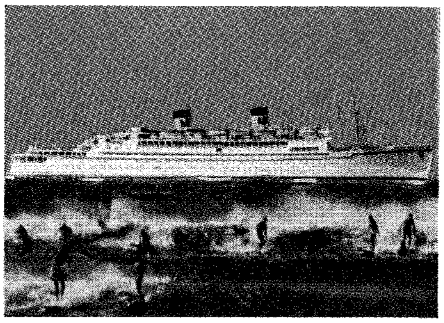

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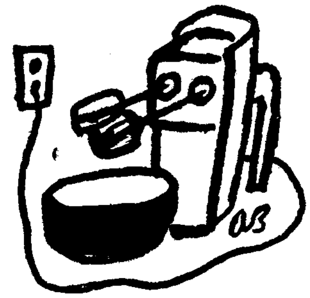
HAWAII • TAHITI • RAROTONGA • NEW ZEALAND • AUSTRALIA • FIJI • PAGO PAGO pened on this spot nor how inevitably the city of the double harbor should have arisen between the lake and the sea. And so though they had no intention of destroying her, they destroyed her, as a child might a watch. She never functioned again for over 1,000 years."

It took another conqueror, French this time, to bring the city back to life. The modern Alexandria dates from Napoleon's campaign in Egypt but is largely the work of Mohamet Ali, the founder of the most recent reigning house of Egypt, who was an Albanian, born in Macedonia, and began his career as a tax collector. It was he who presented us with the obelisk. His city doesn't compare favorably with the city of Alexander the Great, Mr. Forster admits. "On the other hand, it is no worse than most nineteenth-century cities. . . . Material prosperity, based on cotton, onions, and eggs, seems assured, but little progress can be discerned in other directions, and neither the Pharos of Sostratus nor the Idylls of Theocritus nor the Enneads of Plotinus are likely to be rivalled in the future. Only the climate, only the north wind and the sea remain as pure as when Menelaus, the first visitor, landed upon Ras-el-Tin, three thousand years ago; and at night the constellation of Berenice's Hair still shines as brightly as when it caught the attention of Conon the astronomer."



THE first half of the book, the History, covers a hundred pages. The second half is planned like any guidebook, by routes, with the chief points of interest listed, with maps of tombs and catacombs, the groundwork for visits to the Greco-Roman Museum carefully laid, and the environs of the city accounted for. "The 'sights' of Alexandria," Mr. Forster says, "are in themselves not interesting, but they fascinate when we approach them through the past, and this is what I have tried to do by the double arrangement." The History is written in short sections, with, at the end of each one, references to pertinent passages in the Guide, such as "Ras-el-Tin (Homer's Pharos): p. 140," or "Departure of the God Hercules: p. 104," or "Caricature of a Roman Senator as a rat: Museum, Room 13." "*On these references*," Mr. Forster says, and the italics are his, "*the chief utility of the book depends*, so the reader is begged to take special note of them: they may help him to link the present and the past." They do. By the time I had finished Part I, I found that, pursuing references, I had read most of Part II, and many of the passages several times. The geography of Alexandria, at first confusing in spite of the maps, had become clear to me; the history took place in a place. Conversely, in reading the Guide, I found myself turning back to the History. This worked so well for an armchair tourist that in the hands of a peripatetic one the book should be a godsend.

But it is characteristic of the author that, in what he insists is a merely practical undertaking, there should also be something more: "The 'History' attempts (after the fashion of a pageant) to marshal the activities of Alexandria during the two thousand two hundred and fifty years of her existence." As in most pageants, there are historical and legendary persons: Caesar and Mark Antony, Octavian, Ptolemy Philadelphus, St. Mark, St. Catherine of Alexandria. Carrying a short sword and a shield or a sextant or the mystic symbol of their martyrdom, they are on the stage long enough for a tableau to form around them, and then the whole company passes into the wings. Here is Octavian: "He is one of the most odious of the world's successful men and to his cold mind the career of Cleopatra could appear as nothing but a vulgar debauch. Vice, in his opinion, should be furtive." Here, viewed rather more kindly, is the second Ptolemy: "The closing years of his reign were divided between his mistresses and the gout. During a respite from the latter he looked out of his palace window on some public holiday, and saw beneath him the natives picnicking on the sand, as they do at the feast of Shem-el-Nessem today. They were obscure, they were happy. 'Why can I not be like them?' sighed the old king, and burst into tears. His reign had been imposing rather than beautiful and had initiated little in Alexandrian civilization beyond the somewhat equivocal item of a mystic marriage. He could endow and patronize. But, unlike Alexander, unlike his father, he could not create. He completed what they had laid down, and appropriated the praise." Here is Claudius Ptolemy the geographer: "Possibly he was a connection of the late royal family, but nothing is known of his life. His fame has outshone Eratos-

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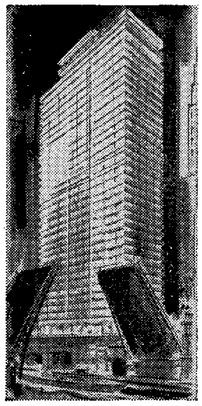
thenes', and no doubt he was more learned, for more facts were at his disposal. Yet we can trace in him the decline of the scientific spirit. Observe his Map of the World (p. 43). At first sight it is superior to the Eratosthenes Map. The Caspian Sea is corrected, new countries—e.g. China—are inserted, and there are (in the original) many more names. But there is one significant mistake. He has prolonged Africa into an imaginary continent and joined it up to China. It was a mere flight of his fancy: he even scattered this continent with towns and rivers. No one corrected the mistake and for hundreds of years it was believed that the Indian Ocean was land bound. The age of enquiry was over, and the age of authority had begun, and it is worth noting that the decline of science at Alexandria exactly coincides with the rise of Christianity."

As in most pageants, there are changes of scenery. The Heptastadion, the dike that connected the island of Pharos with the mainland, silts up and becomes a neck of land; the great library is sacked; the lighthouse crumbles and is replaced by a fort; the Canopic mouth of the Nile fills up, and Alexandria is isolated from the rest of Egypt; where there were buildings, a palace, a temple, there is merely the base of a column down among the rocks; where there were triremes there is Lord Nelson's fleet, taking the French fleet by surprise, performing the impossible, at the Battle of the Nile; the sand advances from the east and the west, through palm groves and into streets; the ruins of the temple of Osiris stand in a field of marigolds; in the city of Alexander the Great there are minarets everywhere, and then, still later, when a building is put up in the Greek style, it is by a German, regardless of taste and expense.

The scenery of the mind also is changed, as tableau follows tableau. Paganism of a most tolerant kind, able to think of all gods as perhaps the same few deities worshipped under different names, is replaced by the rigid insistence that there is only one God, whose relation to the universe and to man poses a problem: "Was God close to man? Or was he far away? If close, how could he be infinite and eternal and omnipotent? And if far away, how could he take any interest in man, why indeed should he have troubled to create him?" The problem gives rise to three great schools of Alexandrian philosophy.

The Alexandrian Jews, Greek in spirit as well as in speech, and diverging increasingly from the conservatism of the



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Jews in Jerusalem, conceive of an intermediate between Jehovah and man—the Logos, or Word, the messenger, the outward expression of God's existence, who created and sustains the world.

The Neo-Platonist God has three grades. There is the One, about which nothing whatever can be said, not even that it exists, and the One, overflowing, generates the Universal Mind (that is to say, all thought of things), and, by thinking, it creates the All Soul, which is the cause of the universe we know—animals, plants, stones, all matter. And not only do all things flow from God like water from a fountain, they strive to return to him.

For the Logos of the Jews and the fountainlike, overflowing emanations of the Neo-Platonists, the Christians substituted the name and nature of Jesus Christ, and then proceeded to quarrel over it like dogs over a bone. The Gnostics said that Jesus was a man and Christ a spirit who left him at death. Orthodox Christians, in their early phase, accepted from Origen the belief that Christ had been with mankind not only at his incarnation but since the beginning of Creation, and had in all ages linked human beings with God. The Arians held that Christ was after God, of like substance but not the same substance, and made the world. The Monophysites said that Christ had one nature, that the divine in him had consumed the human. At the Council of Chalcedon, in 451, it was determined, once and for all, that he has two natures, unmixed and unchangeable, but at the same time indistinguishable and inseparable. The Monothelites said that he had two natures and one will. And the Arabs riding into the city of colonnades said, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God." They did not discuss this statement with themselves or anyone else, and neither did they attempt to bridge the gulf between the human and the divine. The whole subject was dropped.

Using Mr. Forster's phrases, I have oversimplified where he does not. The twenty-one pages he devotes to Alexandrian philosophy are one of the high points of the book, a model of compression and of clarity. They are witty and at the same time careful. The insights of Philo and of the Neo-Platonists have a certain appeal as poetry, but the fantastic controversies and the theological fantasies of Early Christianity are not very sympathetic to the twentieth-century mind. As if asked to bear more weight than they were designed to bear, words give way under the strain of such

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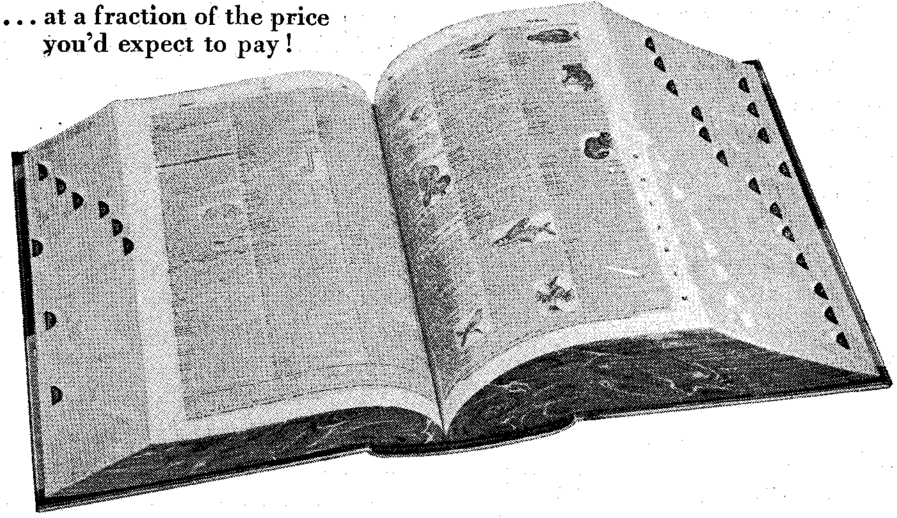

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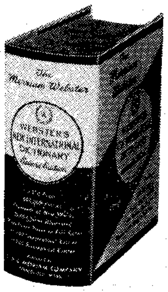

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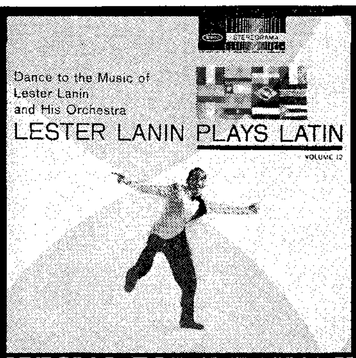

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intense unreality. Every once in a while Mr. Forster says he doesn't think something *can* be explained, and then, after this initial hesitation, with the most beautiful expository virtuosity he goes on to explain it. Twenty-five years ago, the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo had in its repertoire a ballet called "Union Pacific," in which Massine, in the role of a bartender, let go with God knows how many *grandes pirouettes*. Spinning exactly like a top, he defied gravity for longer than I have ever seen it defied again. Like a top, his outlines blurred. Particular movements became a general movement. It always brought down the house. In much the same way, Mr. Forster defies the downward pull of an uncongenial incomprehensibility.

"ONLY through literature can the past be recovered," he says, speaking of the Fifteenth Idyll of Theocritus, "and here Theocritus, wielding the double spell of realism and of poetry, has evoked an entire city from the dead and filled its streets with men. As Praxinoe remarks of the draperies, 'Why the figures seem to stand up and to move, they're not patterns, they are alive.' " The same praise we can apply to this guidebook to Alexandria. Leaving the Murrays and Baedekers far behind, he has produced a work of literature, in the strict sense of the word. He has held back nothing. Every sentence has the particular stamp of his mind. The architecture of the book is as remarkable as the style and the content. He no doubt sweated like a dancer in producing this effortless-seeming effort, but effort is the last thing in the world one is aware of. What one *is* aware of is the rapture of reading, and it stands to reason that a book that one reads with rapture must have been written with it. How conceivably but in a state of rapture could the following sentence have got put down on paper? "Plotinus was probably born at Assiout; probably; no one could find out for certain because he was reticent about it, saying that the descent of his soul into his body had been a great misfortune, which he did not desire to discuss."

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

More American Slang

THE publishers of the "Dictionary of American Slang," compiled and edited by Harold Wentworth and Stuart Berg Flexner (Crowell), are in error when they describe it as "pioneering" and claim that the compilers have included, "for the first time in any dic-

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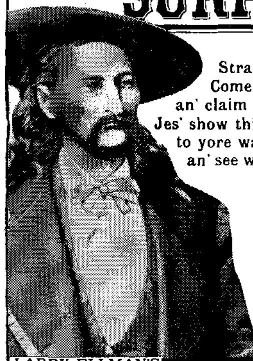

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tionary, those derogatory and taboo words which play such an important part in American slang." The truth is that an impressive amount of work has already been done in this field and that the "taboo words" have been included in the dictionaries of Eric Partridge and in "The American Thesaurus of Slang," by Lester V. Berrey and Melvin Van den Bark. The statement above seems particularly strange in view of the fact that this latter book—a considerable achievement of research, the most nearly complete compilation of the kind that exists—is also published by Crowell. What seems even stranger is that the Messrs. Wentworth and Flexner, though they list a few papers by Berrey, have omitted to include this book in their "Selected Bibliography." Nor do they refer to the unique "Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo" assembled by a group of convicts.

Compare Wentworth and Flexner with this last, with the "Thesaurus," or with Eric Partridge (who has collected Americanisms as well as British slang), and you will discover the deficiencies of the "Dictionary." Many other omissions will suggest themselves to anyone who has served in the armed forces or been at all attentive to colloquial speech. If the editors are really going in for grasping the nettles of the "taboo" vocabulary, why do they leave so much of it out? What has the principle of selection been here? (*Short-arm inspection*, by the way, does not date from "circa 1930;" it was in general use throughout the First World War.) This whole work is curiously unsystematic, at the same time that its tone is rather academic. The problems of derivation are circumvented; "etymologies," say the editors, "are given only when they are valuable and of interest." Others are omitted as "obvious" or "unknown" or already accounted for in "standard etymological works." Only slang etymologies are given, and those only if the word did not "originate from a standard English or a foreign word." (Yet *wop* is explained as derived from the Italian *guappo*.) But this leaves many words unaccounted for, and the editors violate their principle in the case of the puzzling expression *for the birds* (why is this not listed under *bird* instead of under *for*, where nobody would be at all likely to look for it?) by explaining it, rather implausibly, as meaning "for the crazy or old people." Some of the editors' errors could easily have been avoided by consulting an ordinary dictionary. Thus, *to win one's spurs* is very old and not American; it originally

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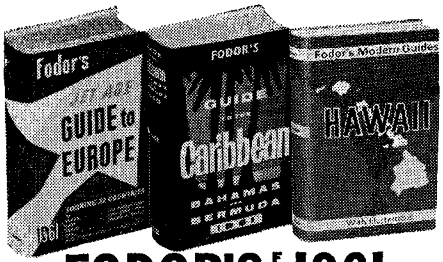

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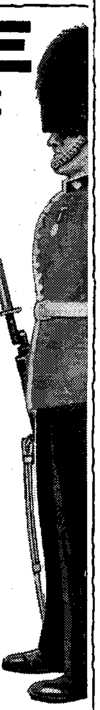

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derived from knighthood, not, as the editors think, from cowboys. *Katzenjammer* is the German word for *hangover*, and the use of it in America in that sense is not based on the Katzenjammer Kids; their name is derived from the original word. It is surprising to find that a *four letter man* is someone who is simply *dumb*, rather than someone disagreeably described by a familiar four-letter word. This meaning is explained as college slang, but the editors' knowledge of student speech seems to be mainly based on the writings of F. Scott Fitzgerald of a quarter of a century or more ago. Where, for example, is *white shoe*, which has now become a part of the standard collegiate vocabulary?

The impression this compilation makes is of having been much too hastily put together and kept down in price, and hence in size, in the hope of a popular market. It does, however, have the merit—which also serves this interest—of being more up-to-date than its predecessors, and containing a very full vocabulary of the jive-junky-beatnik lingo. The current use of such words as *pad*, *flip*, *cool*, *tea*, *like*, and *man* is carefully and, so far as I know, accurately treated. The volume will take you through Jack Kerouac, and it could also help a foreigner with John O'Hara. That is its principal value.

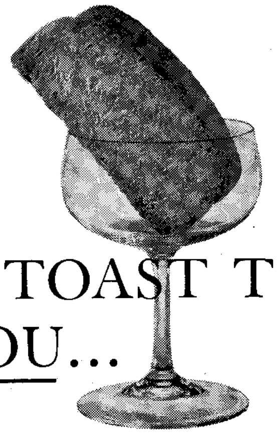
—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FAMILY FAVORITES, by Alfred Duggan (Pantheon). Mr. Duggan describes the reign of the Roman Emperor Elagabalus, who ascended the throne at the age of thirteen and was murdered four years later. Elagabalus, a cheerful, charming homosexual, devoted his energies mainly to planning entertainments for himself and his friends. These entertainments were marked by increasing lewdness as the lad grew older and wearier, and it is probably well for him that he died young, because he would undoubtedly have turned into an intolerably bored young man. The story is told by Elagabalus' bodyguard Duratius, a middle-aged man of many good qualities, not the least of them his sense of humor, which pervades the book, giving it proportion, style, and a nice edge of irony.

A LAMENT FOR BARNEY STONE, by Robert Glynn Kelly (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Professor Barney Stone, forty-four years old, has spent eighteen timid, hard-working years



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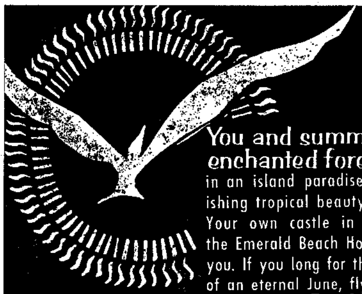

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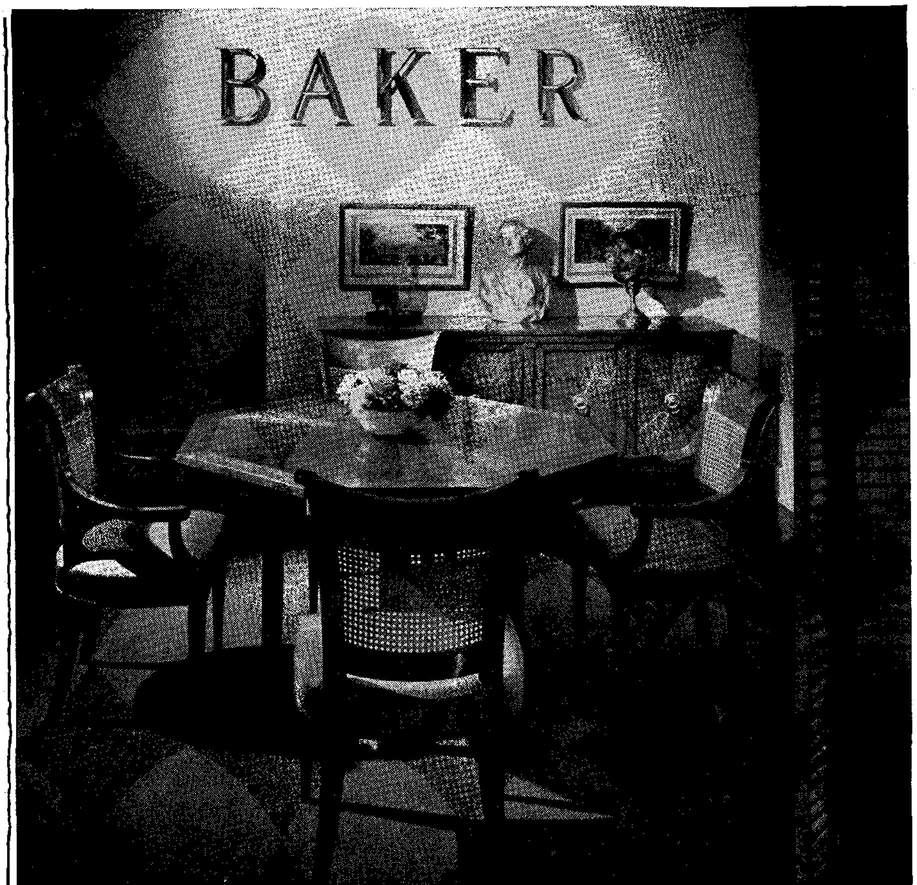
in the service of the English Department of an obscure Western university and is about to be appointed Dean when a plot involving a tempting young woman student threatens to upset his hopes, and even to put an end to his career. Mr. Kelly writes amusingly, but it is beginning to appear that unmarried professors of English, here and abroad, all look and behave exactly alike—at least to the people who write novels about them.

THE WEDDING BAND, by Samuel Yellen (Atheneum). Mr. Yellen's novel is very short. Perhaps it is too short. The marriage he examines here—of Meyer Davidov, an immigrant Jew of remarkable vitality and good nature, and Eleanor Harper, a native American Gentile whose submissiveness hides her resentment against a husband she does not understand and who makes no attempt to understand her—is too complicated to be properly described in what is little more than a long short story. The scene is Cleveland.

GENERAL

A HERMIT DISCLOSED, by Raleigh Trevelyan (St. Martin's). Like A. J. A. Symons' masterly "The Quest for Corvo," which it much resembles, this book is the product of an obsession. It is an attempt to illuminate the superficially uneventful life of one Alexander James Mason, a solitary from boyhood and a total recluse for half a century, who died of exposure in a barricaded hovel at Great Canfield, Essex, some thirty miles from London, in January of 1942, at the age of eighty-four. Mr. Trevelyan's interest in this man is understandable; he grew up in the house in which Mason was born, and shortly before the hermit's death he found in the attic there a diary that Mason had kept during the three years immediately preceding his complete withdrawal from the world. The diary, local gossip, and the inevitable "revelations" of the sensational press combined to suggest that Mason was a victim of unrequited love, but the truth, or as much of it as Mr. Trevelyan could unearth in the course of two years of intensive probing, was very different. The sources from which Mr. Trevelyan acquired his partial enlightenment are a measure of his own compulsion. After exhausting the memories of practically all the Great Canfield natives, he turned to a Freudian psychiatrist, a



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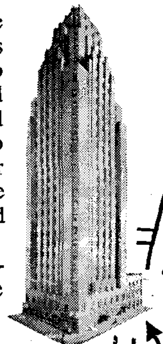

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We'll eat capsulated meals if we must, and wear disposable paper clothes in the ready-made climate to come. But at heart we're invincibly old-fashioned, and we're pleased to think that the differences of opinion that make the stock market will go on and on.

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psychometrist, a graphologist, an astrologer, and a medium—and, it might be added, it is a measure of his ability to draw us into his almost fanatical frame of mind that we find all this perfectly natural. Illustrated with photographs (though none, unfortunately, of Mason) and an end-paper map of Great Canfield.

THE GOLDEN CONQUISTADORES, edited by Harry M. Rosen, with an introduction and commentaries by Irwin R. Blacker (Bobbs-Merrill). An anthological history of the ferocious Spanish invasion of the New World ("to serve God and to get rich," as Bernal Díaz del Castillo put it, or, in the plainer words of Pizarro, "to take away from them their gold") in the first half of the sixteenth century. Except for Mr. Blacker's prefatory essay and occasional elucidative bridges, the book consists entirely of contemporary documents—memoirs, reports, letters—and these recount with enduring vigor the variously stirring and sordid adventures of such men as Cortés, Balboa, de Soto, Coronado, Alvarado, and Cabeza de Vaca. Maps.

THE HISTORY OF SURREALIST PAINTING, by Marcel Jean, translated from the French by Simon Watson Taylor (Grove). Surrealism was such a deliberately, delightfully unpredictable affair—such a mixture (to mention only one aspect of it) of the calculated and the impromptu—that the very idea of attempting to sort out its governing impulses and define its place in the history of contemporary art might seem to be more than any man in his right mind would think of undertaking. Marcel Jean, however, who comes fully equipped for the task, having more or less grown up with the movement, tackles it with discernment and assiduity, and has produced a book that is remarkable both for its breadth of vision and for the minuteness of its documentation. Three hundred and eighty-six illustrations, thirty-six of them in full color.

•

Strong support seems to be developing in Iowa for insisting that "mincemeat" contain meat.

L. B. Liddy, chief of the Iowa dairy and food division, expressed doubt last week whether it is accurate to sell a meatless product as "mincemeat." He pointed out that old-fashioned mincemeat always contained meat.—*Des Moines Register.*

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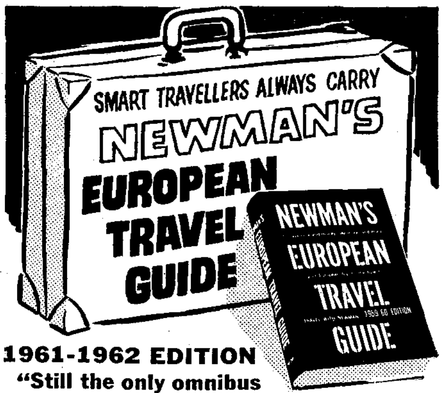

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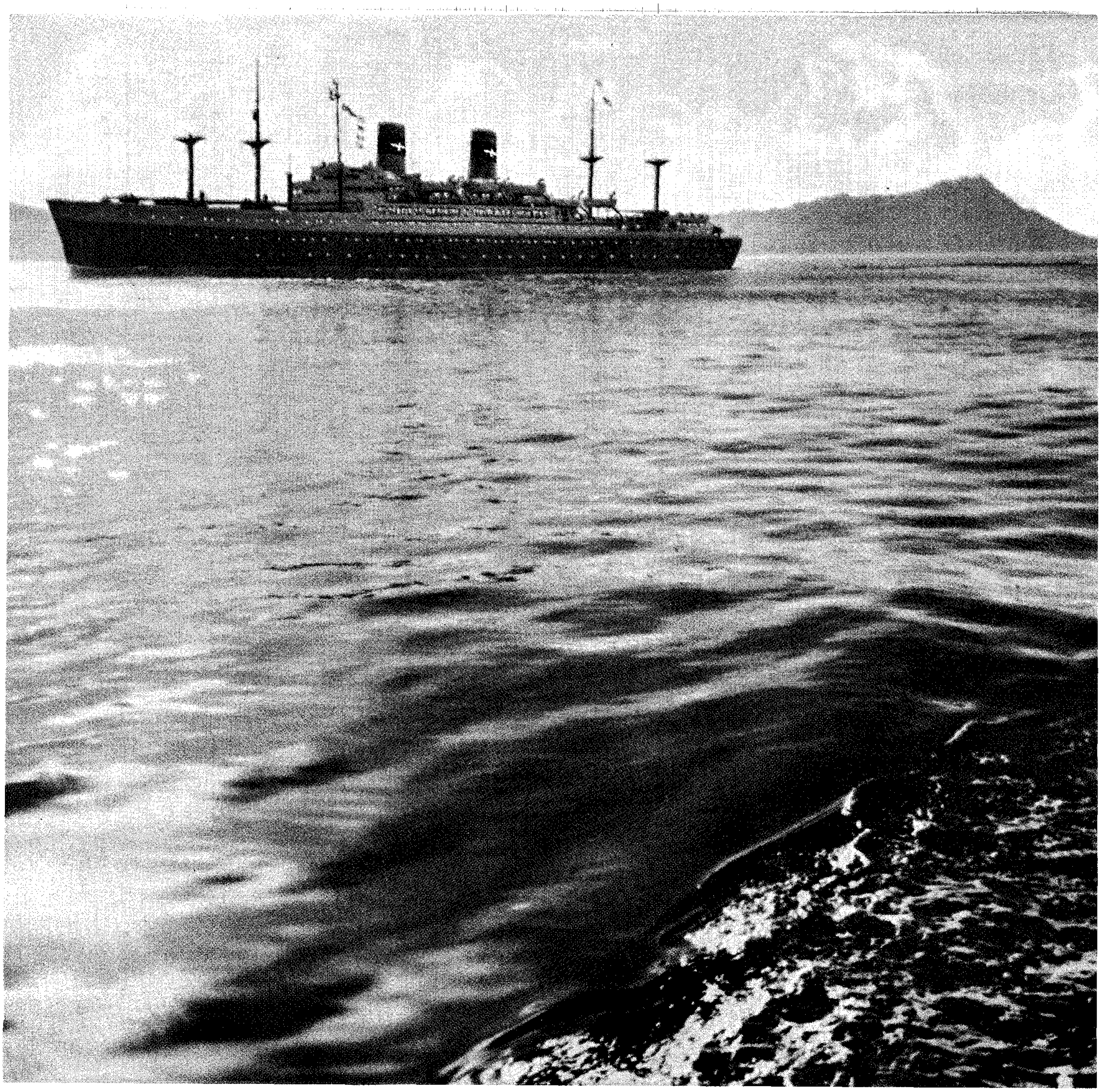

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